

Current Literature

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VOL. XIV. No. 2. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing. . . but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. OCT., 1893

IMPRESSIONS AND SKETCHES OF THE FAIR

THE ARABIAN TORTURE-DANCE*

Hildegarde Hawthorne.....For Current Literature

The Algerian Theatre on Midway Plaisance is a square, white structure, with three small domes, each surmounted by the Crescent of Mahomet. The arched, stained glass windows are bordered with blue and green tiles; a strip of similar tiles run along below the coping of the façade, and a broader band crosses it lower down. The pillars supporting the triple arch of the entrance are also decorated with tiles. A deep porch opens into the auditorium; within its shadow pace continually, with a long, swinging stride, two Arabs, dressed in white burnouses and red boots, with curved scimitars at their thighs and long guns, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, in their hands. Their dark eyes and swarthy skins are emphasized by the straight, white folds of their head-dress. The whole effect of the theatre and its appurtenances is light, beautiful and foreign.

Here is given every evening a performance by the Aissaous, or tribe of Sidi Ben Aissa. I had heard reports of it, and one day made up my mind to go and see it for myself.

I arrived early and waited outside. Soon, approaching down the Plaisance, I heard the shrill, exciting sound of the Algerian fifes, mingling with the dull, steady beating of the Arabian hand-drums. A procession came in view, followed by a rabble of spectators. In front strode two

gigantic Nubians, black as night, wearing the burnous supporting banners. The Aissaous followed nine or ten young Arabs, bare-footed and bare-headed, in snowy caftans bordered with blue, reaching to the knee, with wide, short sleeves. Their Sheik led them—a man of middle age, distinguished from them by his turban. All had drums in their hands—large tambourines without bells. The rear of the procession was brought up by the musicians, in purple and scarlet embroidered with gold; they were piping their heart-piercing strains with imperturbable gravity.

The troop wheeled into the Fountain Court, in front of the theatre, and all—except the Aissaous themselves—passed on into the building. But the Arabs, facing about under the porch, broke into a chant, wild and deep, at the same time striking their drums with their hands. This ended, they, too, passed within, and I followed them.

I chose a seat in the second row from the stage that I might distinctly see what was to befall. The pretty, white interior was filled, gallery and all. The stage was decorated with Oriental arms and armor, and with soft-tinted rugs. Along the back extended a divan, opposite the center of which, and close to it, stood a small inlaid table supporting a brass brazier full of live coals.

In a few moments the Aissaous filed in and seated themselves cross-legged on the divan, their Sheik in the center, just behind the brazier. A fat, jet-black Nubian woman, with

*This sketch, by Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, has been awarded our prize of \$100 for the best article on the World's Fair.

a kindly, motherly face, and wearing the vivid, picturesque garb of her country, took their drums from them, one after the other, and warmed them over the coals to tighten the parchment heads. When she had returned them to their owners, a man stepped in front of the audience and requested silence during the "Torture Dance."

The Aissaous now resumed their chant, beating as before on their drums. The heavy sound thrilled through my body, vibrating with almost insufferable power on a chord in my breast. As it went on I seemed to become one with it, and I desired passionately that it should not cease. The Nubian woman threw a handful of incense on the coals, and a cloud of thick, sweet smoke arose and spread outwards over the audience. Suddenly, in the midst of the throbbing uproar, a young Arab leapt from his seat to the stage, clasped his hands behind his back, bent his face over the brazier, and deeply inhaled the stupefying incense. Then the chant grew wilder and quicker, and he began to dance.

It was a whirling, leaping, maddening dance; and the muscles of his shoulders, and especially of his neck, were relaxed, so that his head seemed to swing loose from the vertebræ. Ever and anon he gave a cry, or paused a moment to inhale more incense from the brazier.

The master of ceremonies appeared again, with his indifferent, affable smile, carrying a handful of sharp steel spikes, and a frond of prickly cactus, covered with fine needles, intolerably painful to the touch. These were passed among the audience for inspection, and I myself felt of them.

The chanting now ceased, but the drumming continued. The young Arab had stopped dancing, and was forging up and down the stage, glancing uneasily about him, and making at intervals in his throat a low, moaning or whimpering noise, like a beast at feeding-time. Presently the drumming, too, died away; and

the Sheik, coming down to the foot-lights, took the piece of cactus and the steel spikes, and knelt in full view of the audience.

The Arab at once came up to him, with lithe, noiseless tread, his gaze fixed on the cactus with an expression of intent animal craving. But he suddenly turned and passed by, uttering that whimper that made something tighten in my throat. Again he came up, and, as the Sheik presented the cactus, he snapped at it, and buried his teeth in it with fierce eagerness, biting off a large piece and masticating it like a wolf champing human flesh. All the while he kept making that terrible, low sound, nor did he ever take his eyes from the remainder of the prickly frond. The Sheik restrained him with his right hand, holding the cactus in his left, which was protected from the thorns by a handkerchief. So ravenously did the man—if he were now a man and not a beast—snap at the morsel with his slaving jaws, that once or twice the Sheik's fingers were nearly bitten.

But suddenly the Arab left the cactus, gulped down what remained in his mouth, and seized the spikes. These, with savage grunts of delight, he drove, one after the other, into the flesh of his arms and legs, through his tongue, and even his eyelids, ranging restlessly to and fro the while with impatient steps. Coming near the brazier, he caught up a red-hot coal and crammed it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth. Then, all at once, he drew out the spikes, which were dangling from him in all directions, and flung them on the stage; at the same time the chanting and drumming recommenced. The Sheik seized him by the elbows and whirled him round; he began dancing as before, but soon reeled towards the Sheik, who resumed his place; he kissed him on the turban, then slid in behind the others and lay still.

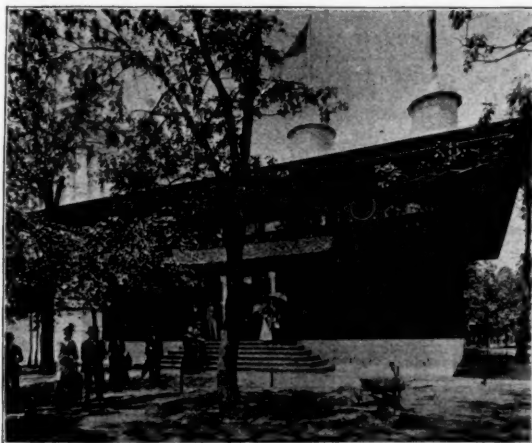
My breath was now coming unevenly, and a silk handkerchief which I had been unconsciously twisting round

my wrist was biting into the flesh; but the pain, so far as I was aware of it, was a relief.

But again was incense thrown on the embers; the wild chant rose and eddied with the bewildering fumes over the audience, and into my heart and brain. Another Arab sprang out upon the stage. This time a glass tumbler was brought and broken into fragments before the footlights; and when the dancer had reached the pitch of his delirium, two men from the audience put piece after piece of the sharp, curved glass into his mouth, and his teeth gritted and crunched

the floor and caught it just as it was about to escape; put its head between his teeth and held it so, while the tail stung and stung again his upper lip. Sometimes he knelt with hands and knees on the floor, sometimes he paced up and down like a caged beast. At length, unable longer to restrain himself, he threw his head back, dropped the reptile into his mouth, champed it once or twice with terrible relish, and swallowed it. A shudder went through the house.

A handsome young fellow, with the biggest and blackest eyes I ever saw, came next. While dancing, he sprang



THE TURKISH BUILDING

against them as he chewed them up and greedily swallowed them. I gave another twist to the handkerchief. A live scorpion was now passed about for inspection in one of the drums.

I saw a deadly and vicious little animal running round and round, with quivering tail erect. The drum was handed up to the Arab, who gave vent to a snarl of joy on receiving it. He took out the poisonous creature, and played with it, as a cat plays with a mouse, tantalizing both the scorpion and his own horrible appetite to devour it. He lifted it in his fingers and let it drop again; set it on

high in the air, uttering crazy shouts. A glare of madness was gradually kindled in his eyes. Two men held a straight-edged sword by both ends in a horizontal position; he leaped upon its edge, stamped with his naked feet upon its razor sharpness. He bared his stomach and threw himself prone upon the weapon, while another Arab jumped on his back. Planting the hilt on the stage, he bent over it and drove the point into his belly till it hung swinging from it. He put the point of a steel skewer in his mouth and thrust it through his left cheek, and on the end that pro-

jected from the flesh he hung a handkerchief, which he twitched repeatedly, each twitch going through me like a stab. And all the while the incense drifted in my nostrils and the chanting clamored in my ears.

I leant back in my seat and felt strangely; a part of me wanted to go out and see no more; but something stronger kept me there, and let me not miss the slightest thing that was done. It was the turn of the Sheik himself now; and the man who talked was monotonously informing the audience that this performer would push his eye from its socket with the steel spike which he handed about for us to see. All I could do was to look, and tighten the handkerchief round my wrist.

The Sheik had taken off his turban to dance; and now his dance was over, and he had the spike in his hands and was rolling it between them, walking up and down like the others and emitting anxious cries. At length he halted in the center of the stage; with a muffled exclamation he lifted the spike high over his head in both hands, and then brought it swiftly down and drove the point into the inner corner of his right eye. He twisted it round and round there, working it further and further inwards; then he pressed the handle of

few moments—which seemed as many long years to me—he kept it there. Then the spike fell; the Sheik pressed his eye back, passed his hand over it once or twice, and it appeared the same as before. In the case of all the dancers, no sign of blood or wounds followed their mutilations. The skin immediately returned to its original smoothness as soon as the sharp instruments were withdrawn.

The drumming and shouting began once more. The Sheik whirled round and round a few times, and fell on the divan, while an Arab replaced his turban. It was all over.

I got up and left the theatre, for I had no desire to remain to see the Nautch dances. Outside, a soft wind was blowing, and the moon shone out of a clear sky. But the smell of the incense still hung about me, and my heart was yet beating to the rhythm of that strange music. A couple of the Aissaous came out of the doorway together, and glanced up at the moon. They sauntered off, drawing their long cloaks about them. I turned and walked away down the Plaisance. My wrist was lame for a week.

THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD

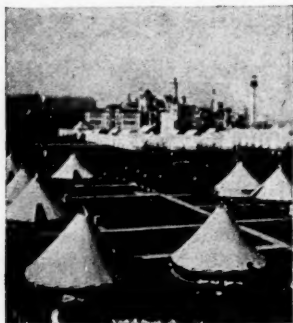
V. Q. Aunalle.....For Current Literature

Since early morn, Philander and I had been a-marching through the long White City. Philander was tired. Philander was cross. Philander had found his true love at Machinery Hall, in the shape of a curious machine disgorging cotton batting.

It seemed wise to leave his meditations undisturbed.

So we parted, and alone I began a search for that which should satisfy yearnings of a hungry imagination.

Chance led my footsteps toward the east and then southward, until finally they entered the south door of the Anthropological Building. They tarried a moment beside the detachable manikins, the cases of skeletons, the jars of microbes and fever germs, the health lifts and sanitary apparatus. They wandered past the play-



WEST POINT CADETS IN CAMP

the instrument to the left, and the eye started from the socket, and was forced out clear of the eyelid. For a

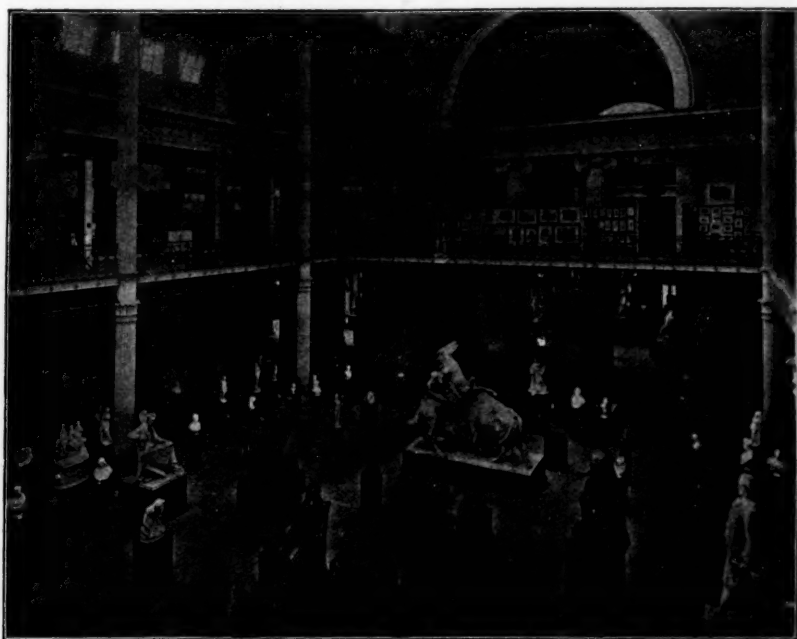
ing cards of all nations, in and among Yucatan antiquities, and then the turning of a corner brought me unexpectedly face to face with a sight at once shocking and fascinating.

They who have visited the Fair need not to be told that I had found the Peruvian mummies from the Ancon necropolis.

Describe them! How can I? I might tell of brown bones and dried skin, of rusty, tangled hair, of matted

tangled locks. And there were men and women, children and babes. Ghastly relics of life and love, of hope and joy—and only Heaven knows what else beside—all calling upon the hills to cover their nakedness and hide them from the idly curious: I fell to musing.

"One hundred years before the conquest," so the card says—here is a grandmother, and here a mother and her child—this one was, mayhap, a



A CORRIDOR IN THE ART BUILDING

eyebrows and yellow teeth, of lank arms folded over bare ribs. But can I show to you the atmosphere of personality which hung around each awful form? The distorted features of each countenance bore the impress of a nameless horror. I could fancy the shuddering air held yet faint echoes of woeful cries once issuing from those half-opened jaws!

"Oh! God!" were the agonized words they seemed to say.

The aged were there, with gray and

person of consequence—was there an earthquake?—or plagues!—or wars? or famines?—

And then over my idle dreaming a change seemed to pass.

My surroundings faded. I felt myself lifted up into an unknown region. The air grew cold and clear.

The sun shone bright. Far, far away stretched long lines of snowy peaks, with purple shadows between. I could see "heaven-kissing" Schama and Chungara and Chuquibamba,

Chimborazo—the sleeping lion—and Cotopaxi, with its heart of fire.

Below me sank unfathomable abysses, spanned by frail bridges of twisted osier cables. My feet pressed the stone of a royal highway.

I caught the gleam of Alpine lakes and the rising mists from plunging cataracts. A strange shadow passed over me. Was it a cloud?

No. High in the blue air, far above the painted condors on the rocks, the

the deer, and vultures waited for both. I swam great rivers.

I peered through tropical forests where pumas and ocelots hide and peccaries and chattering monkeys troop. Through the languid air flitted beetles and moths, humming birds and butterflies — “flying gems” and “winged flowers.” Among thick foliage or by the waters, flamed tanagers and parrots, towcans, flamingoes and the scarlet ibis.



THE FRENCH EXHIBIT—ART GALLERY

“winged giant” of the Cordillera sailed in majestic flight.

Long trains of llamas, laden with gold and silver and copper and wool, crept around the dizzy mountain-sides and disappeared.

I saw the blue Pacific. I heard its yellow sands singing at dawn about the tips of the crescent dunes.

I watched the sea lions gambol among the waves and rocks. Upon eastern plains the jaguar watched for

Near them stealthy serpents coiled their slimy lengths.

And the people! The patient, busy, happy millions!

I heard at evening, from each village tower, a proclamation of the morrow's labor.

I watched the peasantry go forth at morn to work among the fields of maize, to plunder from the jealous mountain side the hidden “tear drops of the sun,” to tend the

flocks of llamas and vicunas, to rear the temples and the palaces, to build the aqueducts and fortresses, to lay the mighty roads that climb o'er mountain tops or skirt the margin of the sea, to fight with spear and arrow against the Incas' foes.

I beheld light-footed couriers speeding swiftly at their king's command.

Across the lakes went sailing balsa rafts with sails of skins or rushes.

But thou, oh, sacred Cuzco! How shall I declare the shining glory of thy marble palaces! thy walls adorned with gold and emeralds, with coral and with pearl! thy gardens, where the very flowers were gold! thy baths, whose waters flowed through silver pipes to golden jars! thy temples, where dead Incas sat in state before the golden image of the sun!

There were the convents where the high-born, sacred virgins of the sun sat spinning finest raiment for the Inca, and weaving, with the wool of the vicuna, bits of gold and pearl and feather work and deft embroidery. And there were theatres where noble actors moved to laughter or to tears the Inca and his court. In the gray dawn of early morn I saw a grand procession moving from the palace door.

I saw the Inca, barefoot, walking at its head, and after him the nobles and the priests, the governors, the

captains and the sages, the poets and the singers—and all arrayed in great magnificence and decked with jewels, with feathers and with gold!

And after them pressed close the common people.

I saw the great throng pause before the temple door to wait the rising of the sun, their god. And when

above the hills his rays shot forth, I heard the people shout and sing. I heard the trumpets and the drums, the bells and flutes and flag-olets sound clamorous welcome.

I saw the Inca offering wine, and altar fires renew their blaze. I saw the priests make bloody sacrifice and read from it their sacred auguries.

And the people—oh, the common people! I saw them cry aloud for joy and raise their hands in thankfulness that life and light and warmth should yet be theirs.

So all year long was heard the sound of music and of feasting. And not a creature in the land lacked food or shelter from the night.

While over all the white Sun still shown benignly.

Oh, golden, happy days!

Even as I gazed, a mist arose from out the sea, and hid you from my eyes. I thought a dismal sound of wailing voices filled the land. The sunshine faded and the glory fled.

And now where e'er I go, their voices echo ever in my soul. I cannot rid me of their dreary soul-cry, this haunting plaint—"Oh God! If this be all of life, if this be all of life—"

IN THE CITY OF WONDER

John J. O'Shea.....For Current Literature

It would be a sublime sensation if one could forget for a little while that he was an inhabitant of this practical work-a-day spheroid, and, standing below the Peristyle fronting the Lagoon and the great triumphant fountain, gazing upon the fair scene which unfolds itself by Lake Michigan, imagine himself carried by magic spell into the land of the genii.



TEMPLE OF LUXOR—EGYPT



CANOE ON LAGOON

Man, so contends the new school of literary exegetists, is a creature of environment; his soul is permeated by his surroundings, and he can only lift himself above them just about as high and as long as that captive balloon yonder, only to come back to his native earth. A fig for such philosophy! This glorious vision outspread before me scatters such a theory to the four winds of heaven. In what environment did the mind which planned such a marvel find its inspiration? Not surely in the mighty city of grimy commerce, lying beyond, under its canopy of smoke, whose dull roar of traffic can be heard even here, throbbing faintly on the sultry breezes. Not amidst the cliff dwellings of New York, not amidst the brick and marble incongruities of the Quaker City. No, it was in the vision of some Oriental Venice, some maritime Palmyra, where the alabaster glories of the Taj-Mahal were multiplied and mirrored in the blue depths of broad, naiad-haunted fountains. The White City stands alone among a score of expositions—peerless, original, unique.

Vastness, beauty and uniformity were the dominant ideas in the conception. The unbroken expanse of sky above the great prairie city, the sapphire bosom of the lake, melting away into mist on the northern horizon, suggested the natural complement. The picture to fill in such a background must be one of colossal proportions; and what stands out so well against the hue of sky and sea as white? Moreover, white grows so large in the eye. All other hues have a dwarfing tendency in the sunlight. And the simple lines of the earlier architecture best suited the design and the surroundings; gothic or broken composite would altogether mar the effect.

Such appears to have been the outline idea; the details involved the harmony of the picture no less. It was a noble thought to turn the waters of the lake into the heart

of the landscape, and while they furnished the scene with long lines of mirroring beauty, make them serve as magnificent highways for the multitude. This is a feature in which the Chicago Exposition immeasurably surpasses all its predecessors. In the world of life and movement and architectural adornment, it would be impossible to conceive a combination more delightful to eye and fancy than that vista down the lagoons, spanned by graceful bridges and enriched all the way by velvet lawns and exquisite flower pots. The introduction of the bright and graceful gondolas from the old Mediterranean water city was indeed a felicitous thought. It gave the finishing touch to the great living picture.

To many very worthy people it may seem to be a waste of time to dwell much upon this apparently outward showing. Some may say, it is not the buildings we want to see; it is what they contain. They are the heart and soul of the enterprise, for they show us how we are faring in the race for intellectual and manual superiority in utilizing the resources which science and nature have placed at our disposal for the welfare of the community at large.

This is a narrow view of our position. The soul of a nation shines through her ideals in art, as the soul of a man reveals itself in every action of his physical life. And while the heart of a great industrial and manufacturing people may justly rejoice in the vast triumphs of engineering and mechanical skill which attest its progress so forcibly in the Chicago Exposition, there is a still higher satisfaction in the revelation of the power of noble conceptions in the grander field of art, of an enduring and monumental form which is given thereto.

America is a land of great opportunities. It must be in the future the home of many new cities, for every indication points to the increase of her population on a gigantic scale in the course of another century. Cities

must, consequently, be built in many places which are now covered by the forest or the prairie. They will not be like the cities of the Old World, the slow growth of centuries of commerce, with a gradual evolution from the era of narrow streets and heterogeneous architecture, but may be regularly laid down with a perfect plan as to public buildings, squares, and streets. Hence it is not delusive to hope that the minds of the architects of the future may be informed by the lessons and impressions of the architectural effects witnessed at the Columbian Exposition, so that the home of the noblest Republic may be in time embellished with a cincture of stateliest cities, grouped around some great central acropolis of peace.

It was in the meridian of her glory that the civilization of Greece attained that artistic expression which gave the world an imperishable school of sculpture. The spirit of the Greek sculpture was a striving after the true no less than the beautiful—the recognition of the fact that what is true is, in fact, what is beautiful; hence a fidelity to natural action and exactitude of proportion was kept constantly in view. Our school of sculpture is young, very young, but it seems to have caught the Greek idea, if not the Greek genius. In much of the work which adorns the Exposition the American mind and hand have found exercise, and if some of the earnest practical character of the race can be detected in face and form, the fact shows that fidelity to truth has been the dominant desire in the sculptors' mind, as in that of the Greek. Though many blemishes in detail may be detected, the larger compositions prove that this desire for the practical does not necessarily warp the power of imaginative conception, which is no less than essential in the higher realms of art.

In that imposing mass of modeling which represents the greeting of America to the nations, this truth is strikingly manifest. The disposition

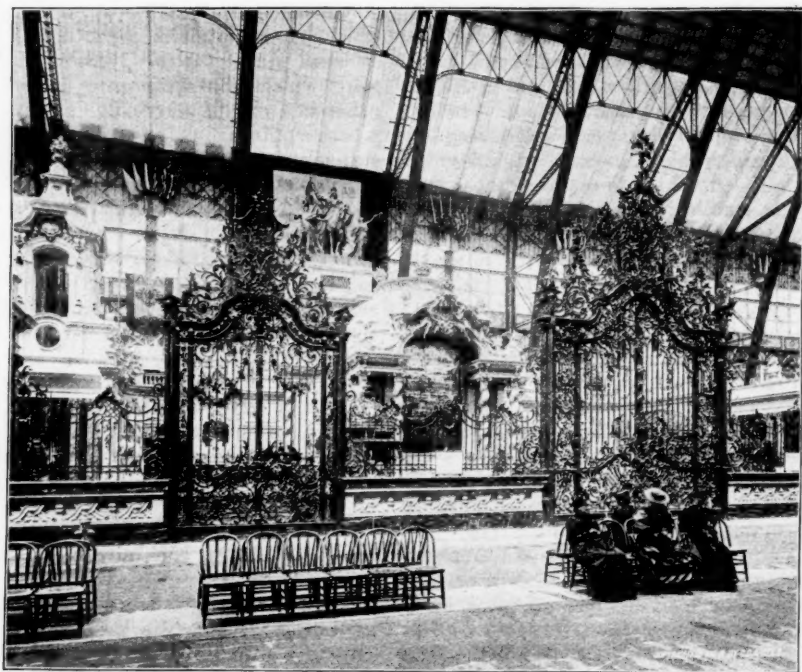
of the many figures around and upon the classic gallery, in which the goddess sits, is most harmonious, and the effect of the whole picture that of the most joyous sportiveness and glad-some grace. The only fault of any moment in the composition is in the ideal figure of America herself. It is not modelled after the accepted types of perfection in the female form; in the dorsal pose and development it is painfully awkward and stiff.

Neither, surely, can real unalloyed satisfaction be felt on beholding the colossal statue of the Republic, all gilt, which fronts the groups at the other side of the Lagoon. The pose is not natural. Under no circumstances, outside the gymnasium, does a woman hold both arms rigidly aloft; and even were this not the case, such a pose ought not to be selected, because it violates the natural instinct of graceful action. In striving after majestic effect the sculptor was led into an extreme of dramatic expression, such as that in which the French school of a past couple of generations was prone to err. In all these things the sculptor would do well to imagine that the advice of Hamlet to the players was intended for other artists than those of the stage—"Suit the action to the word;" "Hold the mirror ever up to Nature."

With respect to painting, as seen at the Exposition, the case is different in many respects. The Art Gallery, while it displays much originality in theory and in color, shows less of an advance towards any distinctive style. America has already produced a good many eminent painters, but the school has yet to be founded. Sargent and Whistler are undoubtedly men of genius—critics like Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding—but their style is eccentric and some of their pictures *outré*. This seems to be the spirit of the age, and it is inimical to the founding of a school. There is abundance of the raw material here, in the shape of

artistic talent, and it may be frankly said that it makes a better display in the magnificent colored posters which adorn the walls of every city. These are, in many instances, sterling works of art, showing the truest perceptions of proportion and effect, as well as a correct standard in color. Art is more abundant in a hundred ways throughout the United States in the uses of modern life than in the

crete. To describe this object-encyclopædia is beyond the power of any single hand. A work on animated nature would be an easy task in comparison. As the proper study of mankind is man, here is a school for the pursuit of that study such as never was afforded before, mayhap never may be afforded again. Man and his handiwork may be studied here, from the time "when wild in



WROUGHT IRON GATES TO THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT

older countries, and this is a fact full of promise for the future. But a great American school of art, in the sense that we speak of an Italian, a German, or a Spanish school, is a thing neither of past nor present.

The casket in which this marvelous world-offering is enshrined is, then, the revelation of the intellect of the present America on the subject of beauty and form. Inside is to be found an education in the con-

words the noble savage ran "down to the present when, not satisfied with swaying earth and sea, he aspires to pierce the clouds and makes heaven's lightning his bond-slave. All the nations of the earth are gathered there as in a premature Jehosaphat Valley muster. It is not given to every one to read this great polyglot book as a whole; the only hope of practical study, for any useful purpose, is by taking it in detail.

The mass of machinery and the multitude of mechanical appliances is perhaps the most instructive field for the student of human ingenuity; and here, it must be owned, the inventive genius of the American people is best exemplified. But we are attracted more by the brilliancy of a comparatively new industry—that of electricity. This agency has been brought into play here upon a scale never attempted before. It transforms the vast scene at night-time into one of bewildering beauty, so multiplied and far-stretching that the human eye at last wearies of the witchery.

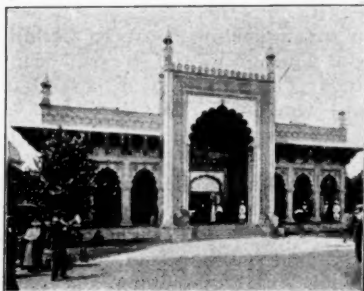
Imagine what the manhood of such a healthy infant may be! Is it an abiding genius, too. It will remain with us for other service when this beautiful white city, with its cloud-capped towers and marble palaces, like the baseless fabric of a vision, has left no wrack behind but a memory of delight.

SUNSET VIEW OF THE GROUNDS

Seen from Wooded Island.....Garden and Forest

The place to stand at sunset is on a bridge that leads from the wooded island to the Fisheries Building, where it seems to me the most beautiful view of the whole Fair is to be had.

The longest stretch of the canal lies before the eye. On the left the imposing mass of the Liberal Arts Building



EAST INDIA BUILDING

makes a fine perspective; on the right the flowering shrubs and green trees of the island form an agreeable mass of color, behind which rise distant

domes and towers. The length of the canal is broken by bridges that give a Venetian effect to the vista, and in the background, far away, is seen the



DRAWBRIDGE—GERMAN VILLAGE

obelisk, backed by a colonnade which forms a fitting finish to the picture, recalling the beautiful canvases of Claude and Canaletto. The yellow light plays softly on the white buildings, under the bridges glide the graceful gondolas, distant bells are softly chiming, flowers are blooming, the Summer throng comes and goes, idly lingering to gaze. All is light, color, perfume, melody. The sense of beauty is so intense, so gratifying, that the eye fill with tears.

And this enchanted scene seems to belong to some far-off hour to come in its millennium. If all this seems fanciful, it is but the natural outcome of a scene which of itself is dream-like, and this great sensitive crowd, learned and humble, ignorant and aspiring, drinks in all this vision, and comes out from it enlarged, uplifted, with new knowledge and new aims, to broaden the horizon of life forever.

THE BIGNESS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

Walter Besant.....The Cosmopolitan

It is so big, to begin with. The guidebooks spare one not a single fact to illustrate this vastness. They tell us, to a cartload, how many tons of materials have been used, how many acres of glass give light to the whole, how many acres of ground are covered. Yet figures by themselves

convey no impression of vastness. The human mind cannot grasp the meaning of figures when they get beyond a certain number; the native Australian, for instance, who can only understand the number of his ten fingers, uses for all numbers above and beyond the tenth, one single expression—he says “eighty-eight.” Why eighty-eight instead of anything else? I know not. But, to me, as the Australian child of nature, these figures of tons, acres, cart-loads, are exactly represented by the term “eighty-eight.” It is big—oh, so big! How big? “Eighty-eight.” What on earth does one want more? And its cost has been an amount hitherto inconceivable. How much? Oh, “eighty-eight.” Is it possible? These statistics are most interesting, indeed!

Apart from their curious tendency to become “eighty-eight,” figures, when they are very large—indeed, and things in general, when they are very large—have a way of saddening him who contemplates them. Vastness of all kinds oppresses the soul with sadness, and often fills the eyes with tears. How this effect is produced; what is the connection between vastness and this emotion; why the lachrymal duct is affected and the pocket handkerchief required—I know not. There is—what must be the leading case on this subject—the Weeping Xerxes. He wept at sight of his immense army when he held his big March Past. He said he wept to think that in a hundred years they would be all dead. The Persian monarch did not know much. He wept, in reality because the immensity of the multitude (the total number of men who marched with him into Greece was “eighty-eight”) quite overpowered him.

The Bigness of the World's Fair first strikes and bewilders—one tries in vain to understand it—and then it saddens. I observe that most people, like Xerxes, set down their tears to the evanescent nature of the show. “Three months more,” they say, “and it will be gone like a dream. We

weep. The pity of it!” Nay, dear friends, but the Vastness of it!

Then there is the Unexpectedness of it! Never was any place so unexpected. The special correspondents and the illustrated papers have done their best to bring the place home to us; but, you see, description never describes. Read any description you please, written by the most picturesque of living word painters; nothing that he writes can ever convey a real impression. Oh! you may point at once, on arrival, to the Woman's Building, or to the Manufactures Building; you recognize them because you saw the pictures; faithful pictures they were, yet—yet—did you expect, at all, what you see before you? What did the descriptive writer and the artist between them, teach you? The form of the thing, not its surroundings and its setting; not its atmosphere; not its color; not individuality. These things cannot be put into words or into drawings; they make up the Unexpectedness.

Then again, the Poetry of the thing! Did the conception spring from the brain, like the *Iliad*? Were these buildings—every one to the unprofessional eye, a miracle of beauty—thus arranged so as to produce this marvelous effect of beauty by one master brain, or by many? For never before, in any age, in any country, has there been so wonderful an arrangement of lovely buildings as at Chicago in the present year of grace! The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—were fine. There were some very fine things in Rome, especially when Nero was emperor and architect, but the common people saw little of his palace. There was rather a nice little show in London thirty years ago, and another, not without its points, in Philadelphia, seventeen years ago. But nowhere, at any time, has there been presented to the world any group of buildings so entirely beautiful in themselves and in their arrangement, as this group at Chicago, they call the World's Fair.

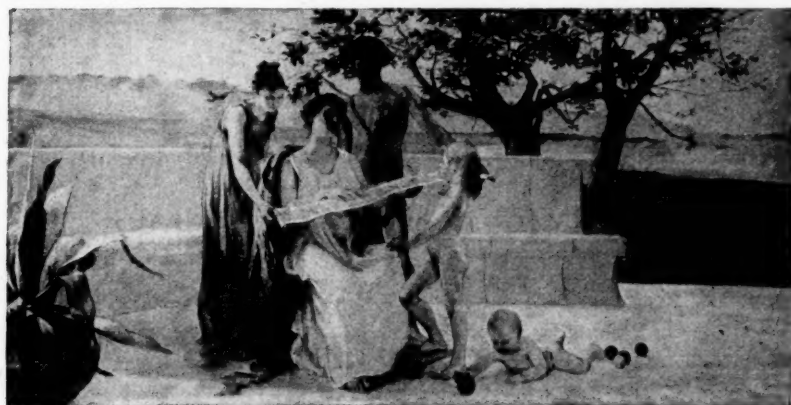
RAMBLES THROUGH THE BUILDINGS

THE ILLINOIS RECEPTION-ROOM

A. Blanche Nichols..... For Current Literature

Of the thousands of people who will visit the Exposition, few will realize that every detail of the charming reception-room of the Illinois

woven by women for this room. The color scheme is a soft grayish green, ivory white and gold. The wood-work is painted an ivory white. On the south side of the room is a beautiful mantel of white maple, with



TEACHING." DECORATIVE PANEL IN ILLINOIS BUILDING. MISS ALICE D. KELLOGG

Building has not only been designed and planned by women, but that most of the actual labor has been performed by woman's hands, from the clay model of the elaborate ceiling and the artistic development of the frieze, to the rug upon the floor and the curtains at the window, the carving of the mantel and the embossed leather which upholsters the chairs.

The room is situated on the east side of the corridor leading from the main loggia and across the hall from the Governor's room; on the north it opens into the woman's department of the State exhibit. The design is in the style of the Italian renaissance, and the room is divided into panels by pilasters, tinted white and gold, which extend to the ceiling. A frieze, four and one-half feet deep, extends around the room, below which the walls are covered with a green silk brocaded with gold, designed and

brass andirons, presented by ladies in Jacksonville, Ill. The facings are of cream-colored glazed tile in a simple *fleur de lis* pattern and the hearth is plain cream-colored glazed brick. The hard wood floor is a very light oak with the border in mahogany.

The first difficulty to be met in the treatment of the room was its disproportionate height in comparison with its size, in consequence of which the ceiling had to be lowered four feet. The ceiling is of fibrous relief plaster, in ivory white and gold, the details of which were modeled in clay by young women from designs by and under direction of Miss Ida J. Burgess, who had entire charge of the decorations of the reception room of the Illinois Building. The design is a conventional one, composed of intersecting circles; in each circle in the four corners is a child's head, representing respectively

"Morning" "Evening," "Noon" and "Night." A cove three feet deep runs around the room, and in the center of each side is an ornamental

The figures of the frieze approach life size and are classically treated, while the whole scheme has an out-of-door treatment. As the work of

painting the frieze was too great for one woman to do in the time allowed for its completion, and it was also the desire of the Illinois Board to have it representative of the work of as many women as possible, the panels were divided among capable Illinois artists. Each panel was painted on canvas in the artist's studio, and after they were all in place, the finishing touches were put on from the scaffold. The frieze is divided into twelve panels by the pilasters, of which nine typify the industries and arts of women and the remaining three are simply decorative, following the general treatment. Owing to the intervention of windows



"JOY." DECORATION OF ILLINOIS BUILDING. MISS H. B. GREGORY

panel with appropriate emblems of "Learning," "Music," "Art" and the "Drama," connecting which is a delicate scroll-work, in which the laurel

and transoms, these panels are of different sizes and shapes, which is an added charm. The landscape background is varied in tone as it extends around the room, and the effect is very harmonious and even.



MUSIC. DECORATION IN THE ILLINOIS BUILDING. MARIE K. LISK

leaf conventionalized is the motive. The circle in the center is framed with a ring of electric lights.

IN THE FORESTRY BUILDING

India's Exhibit.....Chicago Journal

People who live south of the World's Fair grounds and enter by the extreme southeastern gate catch a good many exhibits missed by the men who enter by the Esquimaux village three miles away. After tramping across sand and prairie from their hotels, they show a predilection for sitting on the shady side of the Forestry Building and resting awhile before commencing the serious task of examining the Exposition. Almost invariably they enter the Forestry Building, and, if

they are people of taste, with eyes which appreciate beautiful things, remain until they have mastered it.

There has never before been seen such a show of woods, in the rough and finished states, as this building contains. It is itself constructed of an immense variety of woods collected from every State in the Union. Interesting as this may be to the lumber man and builder, they do not catch the eye of the visitor who is looking for the beautiful and the curious as do the specimen woods exhibited within. Here again the States are represented, and many of the countries of the world. There is instruction and education in even a cursory glance at the exhibits; but if the visitor is inclined to go deeper and seek information from the men in charge, there is more to be learned than a week's study will assimilate.

Especially fruitful of interest is the exhibit made by British India. As a Government exhibit, in which private enterprise is no way interested, it is both complete and authoritative. It illustrates not only the varieties of woods found in British India, but also the methods used in the Department of Forestry, which is fast becoming considered as important as any great governmental enterprise. Outside of the mercantile value of the timber, the chief interest of the exhibit for American visitors lies in the fact that the science of forestry as practiced in India affords a great many practical lessons for the United States.

Here, as there, the destruction of timber lands is becoming an important question both on account of its influence on the climate and the lessening of every necessary commercial product, and many of the same remedies apply to both. Fores-

try in India is a comparatively modern institution. There can be little doubt that in prehistoric times, when the climate of the country was less fierce than now, the greater part of the country was covered with dense forests, but the hands of invading hordes from the north were perpetually turned against them, and thousands of square miles disappeared by fire.

When the Forest Department came into existence forestry became a science in India. Acts were passed for the creation of Government reserves, for the constitution of village forests and for the provision of police rules necessary for the protection of forests and forest produce. The department was officered by men who had received training in scientific forestry in England, France and Germany. Most Indian forests are of a mixed character, containing only one or a few valuable species which will repay the cost of working. Contractors handle the products of Government forests under the supervision of department officials. The deciduous forests, which occupy the greater



THE DANCERS. DECORATION IN THE ILLINOIS BUILDING. MRS. M. W. MEANS

part of the peninsula, Burmah and the Andaman Islands, are of the greatest importance for the forester, the consumer and the Government.

They contain well-known and valuable species of timber, such as teak, sal, ironwood, sandalwood, red sandur and pandouk. The first and the last named have the most promising future. Pandouk, or "vermillion," as it is called by American importers, is reckoned a better wood than teak, lasting longer and being handsomer. It is the best wood for carriage building and will one day rival mahogany for cabinet work. Teak takes the first place, however, in the estimation of visitors to India's section in the Forestry Building, for from it has been carved a magnificent doorway which is the equal of the best wood-carving to be found in the Exposition. This is the work of a Burmese carver in Mandalay, and was executed by him to the order of the Conservator of Forests for Upper Burmah.

The general outlines and designs are the same as those used in the throne of the King of Burmah. It stands fourteen feet high and is proportionately broad. Every inch of post and lintel and folding doors is carved with curious mythological figures, images of Buddha and minor deities. Below, it is supported by two dragons, which, as do all the figures, display more than a trace of Chinese art, induced by the intercourse between China and Upper Burmah. The best carving is contained in a triangular space above the door, which is designed to show the city of Mandalay with the King and his courtiers. Of three tiers in the triangle, the first shows one of the famous seven gates of the city surrounded and guarded by evil spirits; the second shows the King's ministers, and the highest tier the King and his Queens in the palace. Other valuable pieces of carving are exhibited to show to what uses India's woods may be put. A mantelpiece made of half a dozen varieties was wholly designed and carved by the Sikh carpenters. A cabinet and tables show what a fine polish pandouk will take; and two stands for flower vases are carved in

representation of a pelican standing upon four turtles.

For the student, a variety of maps, diagrams and instruments illustrate the methods employed in mapping out forest areas and the precautions taken against fire. Commercial men will find besides timbers a full exhibit of tree products, resins, oils and gums.

LIFE OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

Henry Rightor.....Times-Democrat

One of the best things to see at the Fair among those which demand an entrance fee, is the cliff dwellers' exhibition. It is way down at the extreme southeast corner of the grounds, beyond the windmills and within the shadow of the Anthropological Building of the exhibit, whereof it is practically a part. Within sight is the Fane of La Rabida, close by is the ruined arch of Uxmal.

In order to display to the best advantage the manners and customs of the lost race of cliff dwellers the exploring company which has the exhibition in charge has taken as an example of the ancient abode of these people, Battle Rock Mountain, Colorado, where some of the most valuable relics have been discovered. The mountain is represented in perfect miniature, made of strong paper, sanded and painted in perfect imitation of stone. The rock is pierced and honeycombed in all directions with caves lit up by apertures at the top and sides. Having entered the caverns it is almost impossible to imagine the place other than what it professedly is. A guide leads the visitor through the labyrinthine chambers, where in occasional crevices are displayed panoramic views of the famous cliff dwellers.

We are told by a great authority, Sir Richard Owen, that man first existed upon the earth in the tertiary period, some fifteen thousand years ago. These cliff dwellers must then have been among the first of men, and this reflection leads to a curious chain of reflections as to the newness of this

country. The relics of the cliff dwellers here displayed show a rare art, many cunning mechanical devices almost unknown at the present day, and building methods entirely unique. This was long before the pyramids were raised, ages before Eric sailed to Helluland, and long before the Genoese navigator conceived the earth to be round and that this ancient country existed "far down within the dim West."

The museum of curiosities and relics of the cliff dwellers is singularly interesting and like nothing else that is to be seen at the Fair. Their mode of making mats, however, reminds one of the methods of the Orientals, and there is something in their manner of preserving bodies by mummification that suggests a link of connection with the people of Rameses.

THE HALL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

Mechanical Triumphs of To-day. Scientific American

Extending along the east side of this great building are the monster steam boilers, capable of driving all the machines of all previous fairs, nearly three score of them, and furnishing a total of 24,000 horse-power. The fuel used is oil, hence everything about the boiler room is as "neat as a pin." Of this 24,000 horse-power, 17,000 is reconverted into electric energy, which is distributed over all the acreage of Jackson Park, reappearing again in out of the way and unexpected places, far remote from its fountain head. Forty-five engines are scattered here and there, the largest having a driving force of 2,000 horse-power.

Human nature likes a thing of life; hence, the machines in motion attract far more attention than the perhaps equally complicated mechanism not in action. But a passing glance is given these latter, while the crowd presses for a favorable position in which to view the wonder-working masses of iron and steel.

To the art of printing has been devoted a large amount of floor space.

All kinds of presses are to be seen, from the lad's four-by-five outfit to the monster machines turning out a twelve-page paper at the rate of 24,000 an hour. Close by is the type-setting as well as the type-casting machine, the eager visitor pressing around the latter to carry off a souvenir in the shape of a bit of hot and shining metal forming some part of the alphabet.

Not far away the stereotype plates are cast, and also the paper itself is made. Paper made from paper or rags is easily understood; but when the visitor is told that paper can be made from the trees of the forest, he is naturally a little skeptical until he sees it done. The first process, that of cutting the wood into small pieces and reducing it to a pulp with the aid of chemicals, is done elsewhere; but from the time the pulp enters the paper machine until it comes out the finished paper product, the entire process can be seen and easily understood. There is always a crowd around a rickety-looking, shackle-down affair, the placard of which indicates that it was the first press ever used in New Hampshire, and built in Boston in 1742. Eager hands reach for the really excellently printed slips this antiquated machine turns out.

The weaving of nearly every kind of textile fabric is to be seen here to a wonderful degree, from the dainty bit of silk ribbon to the heavy, many-figured carpet. Cotton goods in prints, ginghams and cambrics, and woolen goods in plain and fancy cassimeres are turned out by the thousands of yards. Silk handkerchiefs and silk badges of all kinds, with appropriate figures woven therein, are readily bought, and will long be treasured as souvenirs of the great Exposition.

Not far from the machine weaving the monster carpet is the primitive hand loom, where the attendant turns out, laboriously, it is true, but excellently well done, a plain woolen carpet of coarse texture and somber

hue, showing in a striking degree the transition in that department.

The display of sewing machines is large and naturally interests the ladies, while one ingenious machine runs without any apparent motive power. This result is obtained by means of a strong spring, one winding being sufficient to run the machine for some minutes. Close by is a machine for cutting the cloth for a dozen or more suits of clothing at once, an application of the buzz-saw principle.

A match-making machine takes a small block of wood about two feet long and one foot in diameter, and shortly turns it into matches, neatly packed in a box, and appropriately labeled and ready for the market. From clothes washing to dish washing is but a natural gradation, and the ingenuity which the inventors of these machines have shown is surprising.

Engravers etch beautiful designs on glass, and handsomely embroidered figures are worked with machines deftly managed by skillful fingers. Elsewhere are machines for sawing iron plates, milling machinery, distilling and sugar manufacturing machinery, roller and friction calendars and paper pressing machines. Some of the German machines are run by an endless rope 600 yards long and one and three-quarters in diameter. This winds around the driving pulley eight times, and then goes off starting machines here and there, winding itself in and out in a bewildering fashion, returning to repeat its endless task. A monster leather belt is shown weighing 5,176 pounds, and it is the largest ever manufactured. It is 203 feet long and eight and one-half feet wide, consuming 569 hides in its construction.

BEAUTIES OF WOODED ISLAND

Carl B. Johnson..... *The Independent*

Directly east of the Horticultural Building, and extending parallel with the lake, is the Wooded Island. It is situated in the center of the main lagoon and affords a most delightful

semi-sylvan retreat these hot Summer days. The island contains sixteen acres, beautifully laid out with walks shaded with trees, and dotted with myriads of beds of beautiful flowers. So large a proportion of the island is given over to the cultivation of flowers that the air is heavy with the fragrance of thousands of specimens.

Rare species of aquatic plants line the shores of the lagoon, adding to the beauty of the place. The original intention has been wondrously carried out—that of having a “procession” of flowers in their season. At one time 10,000 rhododendrons were the chief attraction; at another 50,000 roses, including over 2,000 varieties, vied with cacti of bewildering kind and color and shape, some of the latter having trunks as large as sawlogs. Cannas and yuccas by the thousands were also to be seen.

At the lower end of the island is the famous “Hunter’s Cabin,” which, in its way, is one of the unique exhibits upon the grounds. Just outside the door is the old wagon, or “prairie schooner,” whose dingy canvas top and generally dilapidated appearance gives abundant evidence of having been familiar with the devious winding mountain roads from Texas, through New Mexico, Colorado and Arkansas to the Black Hills, only to finish out a well-rounded though varied existence in Yellowstone Park. “The Boone and Crockett Club” invites the visitor inside, where he may feast his eyes upon a typical frontiersman’s cabin, even the chinks between the huge logs being filled with mud. The conventional fireplace is here, over which hang snowshoes, hunting implements, deers’ antlers, etc.

Among the curios presented to view is a pistol, once the property of that pioneer of Kentucky, Daniel Boone, and also a rifle that belonged to Davy Crockett, of “Be sure you’re right” fame. Both are queer looking arms, and plainly were veritable “weapons of destruction” in the hands of their

redoubtable owners. Of course the cabin would not be complete without the usual motley array of revolvers, knives, pipes, army blankets, playing cards, lariats, etc., scattered picturesquely though with studied negligence about the place.

At the north end of the island are the three Japanese buildings representing the Hoodo Temple built 840 years ago. These have, with proverbial Oriental generosity, been presented to Chicago, and will be perpetually maintained in Jackson Park as a remembrance of the great Exposition.

SIGHTS IN THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING

T. B. C. The Mother's Nursery Guide

The Children's Building is a plain, oblong structure, two stories high, with a playground on the roof. Within is a large hall or court, roofed with glass, and railed off for a gymnasium. Around it, on both stories, are rooms for special purposes.

The gymnasium is fitted with all sorts of apparatus, and an active and enthusiastic German is in charge. Classes of boys and girls are constantly meeting there. When I went in he was drilling a class of boys in jumping and vaulting over the wooden horse. Kindergarten literature and supplies are sold. There is an exhibit of dolls dressed to represent the babies of various nations, and toys from all over the world.

In the second story is a pleasant library, where a large case is full of children's books. There are comfortable chairs, and tired boys and girls come here to rest and to read, with a charming lady to guide them in selecting books. A kitchen-garden class is held every afternoon.

In the opposite corner of the building the Philadelphia school for teaching deaf-mute children to talk holds its classes. The room is large and well lighted, sweet, fresh air blowing through its many windows. A ribbon across the middle divides the spectators from the pupils. On the walls, low down, to suit little figures,

are pinned large sheets of bright colored paper, and pictures of children, animals, birds and flowers.

Two circles of little rattan arm-chairs were ranged around the teachers on duty. There were twenty children, about equal numbers of girls and boys, from four to eight years old. They are received as early as two, and some of these children had been under instruction for eighteen months; others a much shorter time. Each teacher had a long wand with which to attract the attention of any particular pupil, but no signs were used. The teachers spoke very slowly and distinctly, and the children read from their lips.

Downstairs is the prettiest sight of all—the *crèche*, where children under six are cared for during the day. Visitors look at it through a glass partition, seeing without disturbing the children. In one large room were rows of swinging cradles, with pretty white curtains looped back. Several were occupied by sleeping babies. Trained nurses with white caps and aprons were in charge, and bottles were administered as needed.

In the middle of the room was an enclosure with a low railing, the floor well padded and some pillows put to save bumps, and here two little ones were creeping and sprawling about. Another device, also occupied, was a sort of swinging crib. It was about four feet square, swinging from a strong cross-piece, and only a foot from the floor.

In the next room were about thirty children from two to six years old. Cribs painted white were ranged about the walls, and several of them were occupied by tired little ones. A gentle nurse sat in a big rocking-chair with two babies cuddled in her arms, and looking sleepily comfortable. But most of the inmates of this room were at play. All looked happy and well cared for, and in the kitchen slices of buttered bread and cups of milk were being prepared for the supper of the little ones.

TYPICAL EXHIBITS OF THE NATIONS

WONDERS OF THE CEYLON DISPLAY

Cingalese Novelties.....Pittsburg Dispatch

The Cingalese have a decidedly pretty building in the heart of the national group on the shore back of the State's quarters. It is the perfect type of the Oriental house, with porches, striped walls, sharp, sloping roofs and curious decorations all over the outside, while I think the Dutch, who do the trading for the little island, have nowhere—not even in their own special exhibits—so signally displayed thrift as in this domain of Ceylon.

It is scarce possible to turn around without bumping a stand whereon is displayed Ceylon tea, which is running in fierce rivalry with "Chinese tea," or knocking off the backbone of the swarthy chetty who presides. But he only smiles, straightens up the stand or smooths his disheveled tresses and adjusts the comb with a bow that makes you feel you have performed a veritable service for him, and you at once proceed to push your way among the crowd of visitors choking the narrow aisles between the spaces sacred to idols and relics, and spices and anthropological exhibits.

There is sufficient individuality about Ceylon's exhibits, in spite of the prominence of the mercantile phase, to distinguish it from Java's. Ceylon is the spice market of the world, but, although the spice exhibit is fine, it is not so varied nor so prominent as might have been expected.

One side of the building, near the first stand, where a dapper, silent, watchful chetty offers you "the only genuine Ceylon tea at a quarter a quarter," is redolent of dried grass, coils and twists of rope made of cocoanut fibre, boxes of coffee and tea, sandalwood and spices. In the spice case are thirty-two varieties of cardamom seed alone. A little cabinet contains square blocks of highly-polished wood

—samples of the trees indigenous to the rich little island. They number two hundred varieties, and include such doubly useful kinds as the breadfruit, mango, country cork, cinnamon and banyan.

The curio exhibit is very interesting, some of the things dating from before the Christian era. The sword seems to hold a high place of authority among these peaceful people, and in one case are half a dozen used in state ceremonials for centuries. One is that worn by the Nuwarawewa, chief hereditary guardian of the sacred Bo Tree at Amurahapura. The chief's pedigree antedates Christ by 300 years, and this mark of his authority is an heirloom from the sixteenth century. It is of steel blackened with age, and the hilt is a tiger's head and leg. The other swords have handsomely carved silver handles and are used by the Cingalese Kandian chiefs on ceremonial occasions.

Two great statues of Buddha are shown. One is Buddha the savior, standing with extended arms, each of his four hands grasping the mystic symbols of his authority. The statue is of wood and about ten feet tall, the same height as the other, which represents the absolute peace of Nirvana, the god's arms and legs being folded and mystic signs inscribed on the palms and soles. Each is in a little alcove, fitted up with Cingalese musical instruments, rose bowls of chased brass and other appurtenances of the temple.

A case of Palmyra palm leaves, such as are still used in writing, would be of interest to the bibliographer. Each leaf is about two feet long and four inches wide, and covered with writing, even to the string that holds them all together.

Near by was a little stand, above which hung the legend: "Horoscopes Written," and at which sat a Cinga-

lese industriously drawing charts upon one of the long leaves with a stylus. The leaf had been prepared in such a manner that I thought it was ivory, especially as he used the little instrument with an effort.

Near his booth is a very old carved pillar taken from the ancient audience hall of the Kanoyan Kings. It is well preserved and copies of it support the Ceylon building, inside and out. The capital of the pillar is specially ornamental, but, unless you have a very phlegmatic temperament, you had better not examine it closely, for it is surrounded by horrible grinning heads, perfect enough, in that semi-gloom, to have just been severed from the trunk. Some of the other curios are the royal mail cart used at Elephant Pass, Aurora, and ox team with liveried riders, a fine porcupine quill cabinet, be-whiskered dwarfs used in marionette shows, and seats made of elephant feet, hollow receptacles with lock and key. A large display of photographs showing all classes of the natives from the nude aboriginal Veddah and golya (rice cultivator) to the picturesque elegant Ceylon Moor (tamby) and high class Cingalese.

I had no idea there was such a variety of teas in the world, the exhibit showing about fifty, many of which were fancy, and looked no more like tea than tobacco, or the leaves of the pink rolled up. Coffee, too, revealed itself in special lines never exported to this country. "Not so much enough to go out of Ceylon," said the chetty, looking at the coffee beans an inch long, and more resembling a confection than crisp little beans we are accustomed to use. They are called the first and second parchments.

Chanks are a leading export of Ceylon. To look at them one wonders what there is about the common looking shell, *Turbinda pyrum*, to recommend it; but the Cingalese hold it in great regard. Most of the production, which is nearly exhausted, is sent to Calcutta, India, as the

poorer class use the small grades for rings and beads, and all classes when going to funerals wear chank jewelry, because it is customary to cast the jewelry in the grave.

Chanks are mostly obtained off the Jaffna coast, the natives diving or wading out to their necks, using a probe and a hook to loosen and raise the shells without stooping. Dead chanks are the more expensive, as the supply, which used to be attached to rocks far out from the coast, was long ago exhausted. The royalty paid to the Government on dead chanks is one-tenth their value, and customs charges 45 rupees per 1,000 on first-class live or green chanks. The customs officers grade them, running the shells through a tamarind gauge to determine their size. The Government realized 1,077 rupees for live chanks and 2,533 for dead ones last year, the value of the former exported being \$594,696 and of the latter \$1,365,409. Besides jewelry, chanks are ground and made into lime to mix with the betel chewed by the upper classes; converted into trinkets and vessels for temples, charm bells for cows, talismans for houses; in fact, chanks are to the Cingalese what iron is to the American. The largest size is made into a trumpet, with bindings and mouthpiece of brass or silver—the conch shells of which poets speak.

Right-handed chanks are highly prized. They are very rare—the whorl turning the wrong way, and are used entirely as household talismans. They are handsomely mounted in silver, and regarded with more reverence than is the horseshoe by the superstitious. A small one has been known to sell for 200 rupees. The box containing this valuable exhibit is of satin-wood, with all the compartments of the finest teak.

NORWAY'S IMPORTANT EXHIBITS

Robert Graves.....St. Joseph Herald

What are the Norwegians doing in the arts and industries? As artists they are taking high rank. Some of

the strongest canvases in the Fine Arts galleries are from Norway. Their best subjects, naturally, are the sea, the fiords, the fishing, the boats, the mountains, the glaciers of their native land. Norwegian painting is vigorous, of high colors, full of character.

The most noteworthy thing in the Norwegian pavilion of the great Manufactures building is the work in silver enamel. The Norsemen alone rival Russia in this delicate and exquisite art. In my judgment they have not yet quite reached the Russian standard of excellence, but they are very near it. For instance, they show a pair of lamps which are of fine design and rich embellishment with enamel on silver, and which appear to be cheap at the price asked, \$1,700 each. A jewel casket, indescribably rich in transparent enamel, is valued at \$550. The Norwegian silversmiths, living chiefly at Christiania, the capital, have of late begun to reproduce the old ware which dates back to the sixteenth and even to the fifteenth century. There is the flavor of the Norsemen about it all, and this is a flavor of which Americans are just now particularly fond.

Originals of some of these old articles are shown, too, and they are very interesting. A beer tankard made in 1683 is one specimen, and a wine cup of 1690 is another. Another relic is a bride's crown made in the seventeenth century, and for which \$1,000 was paid. It had belonged to a well-to-do peasant's family, and had been handed down from generation to generation. It recalls a custom among the peasantry, which requires a crown at every wedding, even though it be not made of silver. The girl who places a crown on her head before her wedding day, according to the tradition, will never have a wedding day. These old silver pieces are held at reasonable prices, they come from the peasants, back in the country, who are discovering that on account of the age of their silverware they can get more for it than it

is intrinsically worth, and so they put it on the market, investing the proceeds in modern articles.

At the feasts of the vikings of the days of old a "drinkehorn" was always used, being passed from one to another like a loving cup, each man drinking out of the small end. Some of these old horns are to be had here in the original, and others as deftly reproduced by the silversmiths. Here is one beautiful horn, at least two feet long, elaborately ornamented with silver and enamel, which is worth \$900. There are handsome picture frames of the same ware, selling from \$10 to \$100, and Mrs. Cleveland's face looks unusually charming in one of the finest specimens. Souvenir spoons of enamel are sold at prices varying from \$2 to \$10, and are among the cheapest wares of the sort I have seen in the exposition.

The Norwegians show fine carvings executed by the peasants with a single knife, and the wonder is how they can produce such effects with one blade. There are eider robes at \$80, softer than silk, and queer, one-seat vehicles known as carriages and adapted to mountain climbing, skis from every county in Norway, reindeer and their sledges, marbles which till three years ago the Norwegians never dreamed they had in their mountains, and many other articles of produce or manufacture. Hand-some work indeed are the embroideries and tapestries which the Norse women are producing under the leadership of Mrs. Frida Hansen. One magnificent rug, thick and soft, rich in design and color, 16x18 feet, is worth \$450. Among the novelties are a cow-milking machine and a collection of skates made of aluminium.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICS AT THE FAIR

Nora Marks.....Providence Journal

The Spanish-American's marvelous energy is displayed by the fact that he can run a red-hot revolution with one hand and a great national exhibit at the World's Fair with the other.

With the exception of Brazil, that puts on an unintelligible face to northern eyes in its pretentious structure, the buildings of the Spanish-American republics at the World's Fair follow the fashion of their native land, which is the style of the Moorish monuments of Andalusia. The conservative and mainly primitive materials of Moorish architecture are such as their countries and Jackson Park afford.

The methods and kind of ornament employed are reasonable when the available elements are wood and staff, that easily takes upon itself the semblance of marble and lends its plastic surface to reliefs and angels, garlands, caryatides and rose and blue washes. The grouping of these harmonious structures at the head of the north lagoon behind the Spanish-Romanesque Fisheries Building is a peculiarly happy arrangement, for it makes a spot of method amid all the madness of the State headquarters and foreign departments that is grateful to the brain weary of architectural vagaries.

They differ, however, in the degree of success with which the idea has been carried out. Guatemala is nothing less than a joy forever, with its open, interior court that is flooded with sunshine. The roof of red tiles, the green-garlanded cornice and panels of the exterior, and the galieried patio, flagged and set about with balustrades, statues, a fountain, ferns and cacti, give that local color so precious in description or painting. The privilege of a *dolce far niente* in a scarlet and orange hammock of native workmanship would be as good as an afternoon in Seville.

But disenchantment is to be found in the parlors of all these buildings. They are furnished with the crudest red carpets and overstuffed blue or green furniture, and the paintings of society belles that adorn the walls match the parlors when they are in full dress and the patio when viewed in negligé.

Costa Rica, Colombia, Guatemala,

Venezuela and Brazil are represented in special buildings; the others in the chief departments of the Fair. All show the coffee and cocoa, orchids and ornamental birds, cabinet woods and minerals, cereals and tropical fruits, textile fibers and Panama hats, medicinal herbs and snake skins, Inca pottery and hammocks. Costa Rica manufactures a silk scarf of rare beauty, much like the Roman. Guatemala is especially rich in the native wearing of colors that have an almost barbaric splendor; Venezuela shows marvelous saddles, saddle-cloths and riding accoutrements, embroidered with silver and silks and gold, to be expected in a land where silver ornaments for rider or horse is a circulating medium.

In the light of these glittering adjuncts to a picturesque equestrianism most people would pass by some modest bags of flour and glass jars of grain. But a commercial mind will see a significance in the fact that ten years ago Argentine was importing breadstuffs from the United States, and to-day is supplying Brazil and sending shiploads of it to England.

This recalls the standing offer of Argentina to pay any steamship company a subsidy of \$100,000 a year to run a regular line of steamers to New York. If Uncle Sam had met that and gone one better we should have cut England out of the southern markets. Great Britain pays five times the sum for having the carrying of the mails and reaps a golden harvest of commerce.

Just now it seems that the eyes of the world are fixed on the lower La Plata in spite of the financial crisis through which the Argentine Republic has passed. That country has exhibits in the Liberal Arts, Mines, Agricultural and Forestry buildings. They have some cabinet woods that are exciting the admiration of furniture men, and statistics side by side with their products that makes the would-be emigrants' mouths water for 250 acres of free land somewhere

within a hundred miles of a railroad and a Government school.

They seem singularly at home in the bustle and noise of Jackson Park and not at all disposed to go to sleep of an afternoon. They are so busy that they tuck cigarettes above their ears in the morning and haven't time to finish them. Their displays are arranged with extraordinary neatness and the unheard-of artistic window-dresser will probably be in demand when they get home. For this is a great big school to them, and they are taking in all there is to be learned.

Montevideo is just across the river from Buenos Ayres—a matter of sixty miles or so, for that is a country of magnificent distances. All Uruguay and Paraguay are back of the city and there isn't an unproductive acre in either of them. The Liebig Extract of Beef Company has \$15,000,000 invested in pastures and herds on the Parana river and used up thousands of head of cattle annually. That is a country where it is more profitable to boil a cow down so that she will go in two-ounce jars than it is to ship the carcass to a market.

Brazil, to the north, sends specimens of her endless resources. Gold, diamonds, coffee, mahogany, tropical fruits and plants are among her raw products, while the beauty of her furniture has only to be seen to captivate the refined taste. Nature has supplied the finest cabinet woods, and native workmen have developed the skill to bring out the beauty peculiar to each, in exquisite carving and mosaic.

But it is in Bolivia that imagination runs riot. When South America was a sort of terra incognita, I used to wonder why Columbus went out of his way to find the mouth of the Orinoco, and why the Amazon river had its source away up in the valley of the Andes, where no one ever went but the Incas, and most puzzling of all was the fact that Bolivia alone had no seacoast. I believe it has not, but am not sure. There it is tucked in the mountains

south of Peru, west of Brazil, north of somewhere else, inaccessible from any point, and in its situation hopelessly mountainous.

Yet there was the statement, "richest in minerals of any land on the globe." Statistics and generalities are somehow vaster than boxes of specimens. But it makes one realize the richness of this almost untouched treasure to learn that every bit of the quartz in the Mines Building was carried hundreds of miles on the backs of men or of the llama, the mountain goat. Twelve million dollars in gold and silver was taken out of the country annually in this manner, before a railroad was built. It was all mined in the most primitive fashion, and the ore crushed by rolling logs of almost priceless wood over it. Bolivia is the El Dorado, the Golconda, the wonderful land full of impossible riches and splendors.

It is a wonder that a country so rich in material wealth should not have developed in art. There has been leisure enough, as plenty as there is in Italy, but perhaps art has to be striven for like other good things. However that may be, but little indigenous literature is shown, and but few pictures or statues. The literature of Chili is of London and that of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo of Paris. So with their art. Their architecture is all Spanish, except the newest school, that produces an unlovely nondescript as bad as some of our colonial mansions and Queen Anne cottages. There is hope these will be abandoned ultimately, since the earthquakes will have none of them.

The primary object of the exhibitions seems to be to induce emigration and to encourage closer commercial relations with the United States, both highly commendable. The average American who sits on a hot afternoon in the cool and classic shadow of palms in a patio, and gets a delicious cup of coffee offered to him with Spanish hospitality, will think any one of them is a very good land to go to.

MINOR EXHIBITS: QUAIN AND CURIOUS

AT THE LIFE SAVING STATION

A Marine Exhibit.....Chicago Herald

Drowning sailors saved while you wait is the new feature ordered at the World's Fair life station by the Government. Captain McLellan will exhibit the work of life-saving crews on the lake front several times each day, beginning as soon as the United States contractor finishes driving the spiles to represent a stranded vessel.

To these spiles will be lashed the mast of a ship, with the rigging correct and the sail as in actual service. Here four or five sailors will lodge and act as perishing mariners. To them the crew on the land will shoot the ropes with which the hawser, breeches-buoys and tackle are to be drawn to the wreck and made fast. Then the men on shore will haul away with all speed and finally have the helpless seamen safe on ground.

The new plan will give the lads ample opportunity for practice, besides giving them better facilities for displaying the machinery. The play wreck stands about opposite the Government Building. All the ropes which have been coiled in the little building on the lagoon will be required, and the small buoys and tackles will be replaced by big ones. While now the pulley which carries the "breeches" runs from one gable to the other and travels possibly ten feet, the one to be shown will run ninety from the mast to the shore and carry a man at each trip.

The buoys used are called "breeches" for very good reasons. They look it. The body part is made fast to a pulley running on the main hawser. Attached to the pulley is an endless line which works in a ring also tied to the mast. The man to be saved puts both legs down into the breeches and away he goes. His feet dangle in the air, and down the incline he spins like a ball from a musket. In

case the breakers are high he will get a good ducking. Were savers working from a cliff, he would stop at the slack in the rope at the middle. Then with the endless line the buoy would be dragged up to the edge. Out the first man steps, and back goes the "breeches" for its second load.

It is also probable that the life boats and other paraphernalia will be put down on the shore. As they now are the sailors in charge explain as best they can how their big crafts can roll over in the water and still come up dry, or how they bail themselves. Growing enthusiastic, they claim no sea can sink them when properly managed, and boldly assert that they are as safe as dry land. High and dry, and glistening with brass and polish they look it, but the people would like to see the assertions proved. Gradually the lake front is becoming the resting ground for all visitors, and with the band concerts and fireworks and life-saving crew at work it will be even more popular.

By this change the saving service becomes available on shorter notice when there is actual need. Daily there are yacht arrivals in the waters in front of the grounds, the piers are getting dense crowds, and in these and other ways the danger of drowning accidents is greatly increased. With the best possible speed it takes several minutes to run the boats out and down the lagoon to the lake. By taking part of the outfit to the new place, both the lake and the inside waters are covered. Some of the old relics and others of the devices kept now upon the shelves will also be put into the water.

THE NEW COLUMBIAN LIBERTY BELL

An Historic Memorial.....San Francisco News-Letter

The Columbian Liberty Bell was rung for the first time at the celebration of the Fourth of July in Chicago.

This bell was manufactured solely from materials of national interest, typical of the "Union of to-day;" contributions of historical mementoes of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton and others, and filings from historical treasures, such as the key of the famous Bastille, presented by General Lafayette to Washington.

The Governors of every State in the Union contributed some metallic object of interest, and specimens from all mines producing gold, silver, copper, or any suitable metal, throughout the States, were fused into the bell metal. Each Daughter and Son of the American Revolution contributed one cent for the same purpose. The responsibility of the production of this bell was placed in the hands of a committee composed most particularly of a woman representative of each State and Territory in the Union, one representative of every republic in the world, and representatives from the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, and other kindred organizations. It is intended that the liberty bell shall be rung at nine o'clock on the morning of anniversaries, as July 4th, Oct. 21st, Sept. 3d, Nov. 4th, and other memorable events in American history.

On the anniversary of the birthdays of "creators of liberty," such as Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette and Kossuth, peals will be rung from the liberty bell at noon, and on the anniversaries of their deaths, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the bell will toll the number of strokes corresponding with the age of the deceased at the time of their death.

At the closing of the World's Fair the liberty bell will journey from place to place—to Bunker Hill, New Orleans, San Francisco, or any place throughout the world where any great patriotic celebration is being held. In the year 1900 it will be sent to the next World's Exposition at Paris, and remain there until that Exposition closes. When not in use in other places, Washington will be the home of the liberty

bell. It is always to be returned, and deposited under care of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

GUNNERY IN THE KRUPP PAVILION

Charles Bowen Johnson.....*The Independent*

Even the average schoolboy of to-day has heard of the Krupp guns, but the exhibit which that famous German ironmaster has made, off at the southeastern part of the grounds, has a decided tendency to open the eyes of visitors in regard to modern warfare, as well as creating the impression that future wars must of necessity be of comparatively short duration. Herr Krupp has expended over a million and a half dollars upon his exhibit, with little thought of recompense, as but a small part will ever be returned to him. He has, however, maintained the honor of his country as well as the dignity of his international reputation.

His big gun, "The Thunderer," the largest in the world, is forty-six feet long and weighs 122 tons. It carries an explosive shell weighing 2,300 pounds a distance of sixteen miles. It was built in 1886, and from it have been fired sixteen rounds with a full charge, each discharge costing the round sum of \$1,250. Experts say that if it were discharged within the limits of Jackson Park the concussion would seriously damage all of the great buildings on the grounds. About this grim destroyer are ranged guns for quick firing, for use upon cruisers and ironclads. Then there are field guns for heavy artillery, three-foot mountain guns, which are built to be transported upon the backs of beasts of burden—guns of all sizes and capabilities for land and marine service. We see, also, armor plates, showing the resistant properties of metal used in warfare.

As an additional item of interest there is to be seen a model of the Krupp ancestral mansion, together with the monument of the elder Krupp, erected by the workmen and officials of the establishment. Pho-

tographs complete the exhibit, which, at first thought, would seem to possess but few things of interest to visitors, but which in reality is one of the features of the Exposition.

THE SILVER STATUE OF COLUMBUS

Bartholdi's Masterpiece.....St. Joseph Herald

Among the most remarkable exhibits is the silver statue of Columbus, which depicts the hero in his most important rôle. The figure is designed and modeled by Bartholdi, the contemporary French sculptor, who is so favorably known by the American people from the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

As a work of art, this statue has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be a masterpiece. Life and vigor are implied in every line and feature, and the general effect is one of great beauty. Combined with this fact is the significance as being probably the largest figure ever cast in silver and the success attendant upon its conception and production. The statue is somewhat more than life size, being slightly over six feet in height and standing on a silver pedestal about a foot high. Thirty thousand ounces of sterling silver, 925-1,000 pure, was used in casting. The finish is such as best to preserve the whole vigor and spirit of the sculptor's model rather than as a specimen of the chaser's art. The metal is finished in the oxidized form, thus allowing much more expression in light and shade effects than as though highly polished. The latter style of finish would give simply a colorless, lifeless picture, unrelieved by darker tints.

The process of casting was not essentially different from the ordinary mode of procedure in bronze, except that more care was taken in the details. The sculptor first made in clay his complete model exactly as it is to appear in the finished statue. Then a mold was taken of the model by applying a heavy layer of plaster of paris. The plaster mold was then removed in arched sections, so that

being removed they could be placed together so as to form a complete figure with outlines on the interior.

From this mold a plaster of paris cast was made, thus reproducing in plaster the identical figure first modeled in clay. The plaster cast, covered first with a coating of shellac to prevent the absorption of moisture, was then ready for the founder, and in this form was shipped from the studio of the sculptor at Paris to where it was cast, at Providence, R. I.

MECHANISM OF THE FERRIS WHEEL

Thomas Kirwen.....The Boston Herald

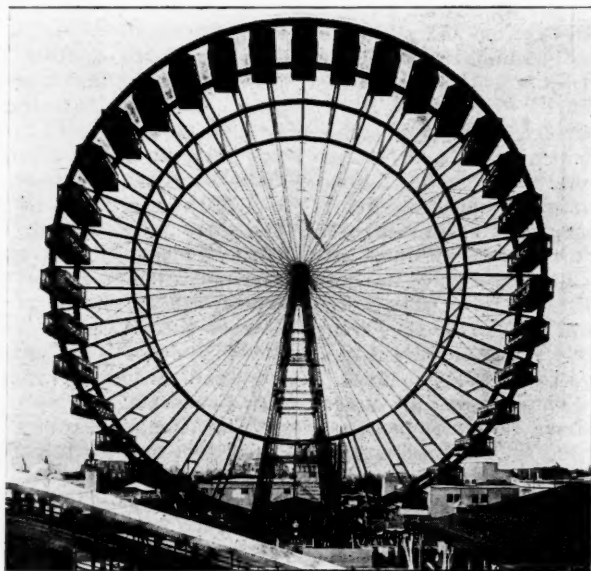
You can see it from almost any part of Chicago, and it at once challenges the attention of the newcomer. At a distance it looks large. When you get near to it you see that it is colossal. Then you desire to get into one of the many cars attached to it and go up, up, up, until the great city of Chicago, its surrounding territory and a long reach of the lake in front, with the shores on either hand—when the weather is clear and the smoke permits—are spread before you and around you like a many-sided panorama.

When the Eiffel tower was built in Paris for the World's Fair in that city a few years ago, it was thought to be a marvel of aerial engineering construction. It was, however, simply an extension of a system of tower building which had been in existence for ages, and had little originality about it, save in the boldness of its altitude. In the conception and construction of the Ferris wheel, however, we are confronted with something entirely new and original—a work of genius, in fact, as any one will agree who has seen it in operation.

This vast structure is built entirely of steel and iron, and resembles in some respects a huge bicycle wheel, whose axle is supported on two towers, between which it is suspended. People who look at this wheel, which is 264 feet in height, can hardly realize its immensity. It consists of two

skeleton wheels, $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart, which are held together by strong steel shafts and ties. Between the outer rims or crowns of this gigantic wheel-frame are suspended 36 passenger coaches, balanced at the top on steel trunnion pins, which allow them to preserve perfect gravity during the rotation of the wheel. These coaches will seat 60 persons each, making a total capacity of the wheel for each revolution of 2,160. When it is considered that each passenger takes

cess of its operation. The work of erecting such a prodigious piece of machinery as the Ferris wheel—which consumed in its various parts over 4,000 tons of steel and iron, 2,600 tons of which is in motion—was undertaken by a Chicago firm, and there were required to put up the wheel 540,000 feet of timber. This staging was put up 230 feet high on each side, and in erecting this towers 90 feet high were put together, lying on the ground, and then up-ended,



THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL

two journeys up and down in this wheel, and that each journey occupies twenty minutes, it will be seen that the earning capacity of this machine, at fifty cents a head, is very great.

It is a costly structure, as a few facts and figures will show. To begin with, about \$25,000 was expended in hard work and calculations in laying the plans of this remarkable invention before a dollar had been put into construction, and the accuracy of this figuring is shown by the perfect safety and suc-

cess when a derrick was set on top, by means of which the balance of the staging on either side of the wheel was erected.

The two steel towers upon which the axle rests and revolves, it may here be said, are 137 feet high, and rest upon solid masses of concrete masonry over 18 feet in depth. At first the staging was put up 140 feet high, or about the altitude of the axle, when the first half of the wheel was put in place. The balance of the staging was then put up as it became

necessary to use it. The iron was raised with four derricks, having 56-foot booms, one on each corner of the staging. After the raising of the towers, two small derricks, one on each side of the wheel, were brought into use to raise the staging. Four hoisting engines were used in the erection of the wheel, and it required 20 1,000-foot coils of rope on account of the great height to which the enormous mass had to be lifted.

The great steel axle of this wheel is one of the wonders of its construction. This shaft is 45 feet long, 33 inches in diameter, weighs 56 tons, and is, perhaps, the largest steel forging ever made. It was made by the Bethlehem iron works. The raising of this shaft was one of the most difficult operations of the work of construction. Including the hubs, the shaft or axle weighed 70 tons, and it was raised to its resting place on the towers by eight 24-inch blocks, using a 2-inch rope. This was probably the heaviest weight ever lifted to such an altitude. Once in position, the great axle revolved with ease. Then came the work of hanging the wheel upon it.

Beginning at the bottom, the heavy castings which form the outer crown or periphery of the wheel were hung one by one to the rods which carry the weight of the wheel. Slowly the circle was completed, and the last of the sections, each of which weighed five tons, was raised to a height of 270 feet to drop into its place. As the last bolt was fastened the critical moment of testing was reached.

Would it turn, or would the great weight cause a friction that was impossible to overcome? The powerful engines—there are two of them—were started and the gigantic wheel moved easily and gracefully—a grand triumph, not only to the inventor, but to the construction companies co-operating in the wonderful work.

Of course this huge wheel is not revolved from the axle—that would be a mechanical impossibility. The

movement is effected slowly but efficiently by contact with the periphery. This great outer rim, which is over 800 feet in length, is provided with gear teeth which connect perfectly with a chain cable running over the sprocket wheels, which are located under the wheel and engage upon each outer rim, being operated by two powerful engines.

It is safe to say that the Ferris wheel is the great, and indeed the greatest, mechanical wonder of the world on a large scale. It is not only a conception, but a positive work of genius, and no one who sees it fails to be impressed with its greatness—mechanics and engineers being usually the most outspoken and unreserved in its praise. No one who visits the World's Fair feels that he has seen it all if he has not taken a trip skyward in the Ferris wheel. Indeed, the only panoramic view of the Exposition grounds to be had outside the balloon is that obtained from the Ferris wheel.

MUSICAL DUMB-BELLS OF TRINIDAD

Virginia McSherry.....For Current Literature

Of the three hundred and twenty-seven representatives sent by the forty-two foreign nations to the Columbian Exposition, one comes from the square little island of Trinidad, the southernmost of the Caribbees. How many of the one hundred and forty thousand people that, to make the company realize expenses, should go through the gates every day, will see or hear of the musical dumb-bells in the Trinidad exhibit?

Musical dumb-bells would seem like a paradox, but such a paradox is to be found among the wonderful and curious things. These dumb-bells are so harmoniously and scientifically constructed that when used they give a succession of musical sounds, the pair striking each other running the scale of several octaves. The inventor of these musical dumb-bells is a Spanish priest who lives in this far-away, obscure island off the coast of Venezuela. He is a man of letters and a genius.

LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

NEGLECTING THE GREAT AUTHORS

Frederic Harrison *The Choice of Books*

Think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature. When we come to count up these poets accepted by the unanimous voice of Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and among them are some of the most voluminous writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone—the poetic. I have been naming those only whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least.

Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual, reading. A man can hardly be said to know the 12th Mass or the 9th Symphony, by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country walk once last Autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott or Shakespeare, Molière or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his schooldays, or amid the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their Maker, and the firmament showing His handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see

transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The Divine Comedy, in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttons of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so, too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques, till Fidelio inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and the most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, feudalism at its best, and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men the Paradise Lost with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first child-parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task—not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments; it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets,

the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit, rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh or weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library for every man, in his mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements.

To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago, read them and judged them and put them away forever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to

warm hour by hour; just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muckraking in a litter of refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where the interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking the straw and dust while he will not see the angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in these immortal works of every age and of every race, whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the *Psalms* and the *Epistles*) even a few of the greatest? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, *Æschylus*, *Aristophanes*, *Virgil*, *Dante*, *Ariosto*, *Shakespeare*, *Cervantes*, *Calderon*, *Corneille*, *Molière*, *Milton*, *Fielding*, *Goethe*, *Scott*. Of course every one has read these, but who really knows them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three—*Cervantes*, *Molière*, *Fielding*. Here we have three men who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit: *Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* in one; "sober, steadfast and demure," and yet with "laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness, spon-

taneous sympathy with all human goodness.

To know Don Quixote, that is to follow out the whole mystery of its double world, is to know the very tragi-comedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is Don Quixote little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise. But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation and insincerity; that tragic picture of the grave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature?" And yet how often do we forget in Tom Jones the beauty of the unselfishness, the well-spring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, Robinson Crusoe contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read Robinson Crusoe, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners."

The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they the daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we

take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

FEUD BETWEEN SCIENCE AND POETRY

Gerald Stanley Lee.....*The Independent*

The seeming feud between Science and Poetry is one of temperaments and not of truths. This distinction and what follows from it has been popularly overlooked. Theology has been considered baldly unpoetic; we have learned that it was the theologians. Learning has been considered unpoetic; we have learned that it was the scholars; and to-day science is considered in a feud with poetry because scientists are not poets.

Invention, of course, is matter-of-fact, and poetry is matter-of-fancy. Science is no dreamer in rainbow hues; her thinking is done in cogs and wheels and levels. Poetry, on the other hand, is no civil engineer; and instead of thinking in quadrants and equations along the line of $2+2=4$ and coming to the conclusion of exact detail in the finite, she takes wing from the single fact of this planet and soaring in figures of speech instead of figures of quantity along the line of *this beautiful vagueness+that beautiful vagueness=the certainty of this glorious mystery*, she thinks in stars, calculates in sunsets, makes her definitions in clouds, argues her points with the flowers, confirms them with the mountains, takes for her premises, the Immensities, and finally narrows herself down to the conclusion of the—Infinite, *Q.E.D.*

This is an argument that science does not understand; this sublime taking for granted, this logic of leaps and magnificent distances and glowing guesses. The language of poetry is jargon to science. To poetry the language of science is but bits of technical syllable, dovetailed into a mechanical-toy conception of the universe.

Probably the practical scientific

mind will ever under-estimate the beauty of the rainbow, because it will not pour itself over the wheel of a flour mill; and the poetic mind will probably ever under-estimate the value of a sewing machine because it hums not Virgil, and its busy needle has its little head too full of something else to hem fancies or stitch off rhymes and sonnets by the yard. But this is a war between ways of looking at things, and not the things themselves. Theme—the truth. The poet writes his half of the sentence and, stopping abruptly, leaves it hanging over a precipice of silence. The scientist does the same; and, because the public lacks the insight to find an adverb perchance, or change a tense or person or number, so that the two together will make a clear sentence, the two ends are left dangling there and called a contradiction.

It is the old story. The contradiction is a paradox. Paradoxes have always been mistaken for contradictions; this is the history of human thought. The truths of to-day are contradictions by heroism and insight wrought over into paradoxes, wrought over in turn as synonyms. Contradiction, paradox, synonym, are the stepping-stones of finite thought. The contradictions are human; the paradoxes are half human and half divine. The synonyms are God's—and ours as fast as we can learn them.

The poet may quarrel with the scientist, but in time his poems will not. The scientist may quarrel with the poet, but in time his inventions will not. The invention which, we all see, is bringing out the meaning of human life only waits for the poet to see how human life has brought out the meaning of the invention. The soul is enriched only to enrich back again. The prose of science is only waiting to be set to music by those who read it with their hearts. Poetry is not a mere esthetic perfume, a pensive odor started by a new motion in the air. It is not merely a delicate plant flourishing in

shadowy romances, or the spirits of love letters floating exquisitely out upon sentimental zephyrs. Every new invention and every new fact brings with it the hidden *motif* of possible songs. As long as God is God and man is man, there will be a poet truth in everything that possesses the divinity of being connected with either of them.

The ideal is in the real; and if it seem not so now, then some time, somewhere. This is a single universe. A fact is a poem begun. A poem is a fact—finished. Science is a method. Poetry is a method. Science is digging for its truth underground. Poetry is fluttering about among the stars, like a mother bird looking for her young. Neither recognizes the other, but the truth they find—the one born out of the womb of the finite and the other plucked away from the shining infinite—quarrel not; child of the earth and child of the sky, their voices yet blending in the eternal melody! The creations of the scientist are not poetic in form—the odor of the laboratory is still with them; but they are poetic in possibility. The poet sings often at first because he longs for something. Then the scientist, as has often happened, invents something that brings the longing literally to pass. Then the poet sings because the longing is fulfilled. He sings more than Miriam—before the Red Sea, and after. He gets two poems out of everything. Even as to-day we see the scientific use of the imagination in invention, to-morrow we shall see the imaginative use of science in poetry. One gives us the letter, the other the spirit. Science is the body of poetry. Poetry is the hiding soul of science.

The reflection of the telescope's discovery of God in the heavens will yet send back its poetic afterglow upon the telescope itself; and that tiny cousin of the telescope, peering into the petals of a flower, will yet catch the eye of God looking at us through its lenses. Geology is an epic.

Chemistry sings way down in its heart. Every ingenuity has the unsung notes of a lyric on the skill of man, and every invention is a dumb, yearning prophecy of an unspeakable day. All that man makes is as poetic with man as nature is with God. He can make nothing trivial. The throb of God's heart is in all that he does. It is the song. Poetry is the insight of noble relation, the kingly gift of synthesis, the vision of the passing of God in humble, unexpected places.

AUTHORS AND THEIR CREATIONS

Anne Reeve Aldrich..... Kate Field's Washington

There is a curious idea in the public mind which I have heard several poets and authors mention with amusement. It is that the writer who touches strongly on the tender passion in his books must necessarily be an adept in love. Now, when one may depict all the other passions of the soul—hatred, malice, envy, and all uncharitableness—and yet not be supposed to be a human monster, why it needs more experience to write of love than of all other emotions is an enigma I have never been able to solve. When Amélie Rives wrote *The Quick or the Dead* I heard a hundred people of average good sense declare that she must have a very tender and ardent, loving nature.

These same people had read Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* without receiving the impression that Robert Louis Stevenson must necessarily be a fiend incarnate. If one cannot write of love without loving, can one write of brutality without being a brute? Must one have kissed to write of a kiss? Then one must, of course, have murdered to write of a murder.

An imagination that cannot conceive the one without the aid of experience would surely be too feeble to paint the other graphically. * * * It is my personal belief that one finds most in an author's books of what one finds least in the author himself. I mean to say that we are likely to deify

the qualities in which our own natures are lacking, and that we find the same difficulty in keeping this evident deification out of our work that Mr. Dick experienced with the head of King Charles the First.

It is not by any means the man with the tender, sympathetic nature, as many suppose, who writes the pathetic things that bring the tears to your eyes. It is not the man who finds life a perpetual holiday who gets off the jolly little verses that you smile over. It is not often the woman with whom the maternal instinct is a passion who writes the tender lullabies and cradle songs.

ILLUMINATING POWER OF ANECDOTE

S. Arthur Bent.....*The North American Review*

A writer of the last century thought to discredit anecdotes by calling them "the luxuries of literature." According to his definition they merely gratify the love of intellectual indolence by their conciseness, while they feed the appetite for novelty by their infinite variety. As, however, the human element has become more prominent in historical composition, the biographies of individuals are as important to the student as the archives of a department of state.

While the introduction of the personal element into historic narrative deepens the impression of events which the historian wishes to make in the reader's mind, the absence of this element divests history of its human aspect, and reduces it to a dry, uninteresting, and, therefore, uninteresting statement of facts. Thus Hume closes his account of the reign of Charles II. by saying that in the midst of wise and virtuous designs concerning Scotland, the King was seized with a sudden fit resembling apoplexy, and after languishing a few days, died, having shown himself indifferent to the exhortations of the Protestant clergy, finally receiving the sacraments from a Catholic priest.

Contrast this bald statement of an important historic event with Ma-

caulay's brilliant description of the appearance of the court on the eve of the King's attack, a Sunday night, when grave persons who had gone thither to pay their respects to their sovereign were struck with astonishment and horror as they saw the great gallery of Whitehall crowded with revellers, among whom sat the King, chatting and toying with his favorites, while a French page warbled amorous verses, and courtiers were seated at tables, "on which the gold was heaped in mountains." And thus throughout the terrible scenes of the monarch's illness, the historian deepens, by graphic details, the impression he wishes to make of the profligacy of the reign of the royal pensioner of France, while through the gloom pierce rays of the King's "exquisite urbanity," last glimpses of which are his apologies to his attendants for the trouble he had caused them, being an unconscionable time dying, he hoped they would excuse.

No biographer can afford to neglect the illustration and anecdotes of everyday life, for they may serve his purpose more successfully than the most elaborate analysis. Without the use of anecdote it is, therefore, impossible to attempt biography, and when a biographer mentions a peculiar characteristic, an anecdote may justify his statement and confirm his accuracy. Thus one may read that Adam Smith was remarkably absent-minded. No one will doubt this when told that once having to sign his name to an official document the great economist produced, not his own signature but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; and that, on another occasion, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military style was astonished by an awkward copy of the same gestures.

Busch, the Boswellian biographer of Bismarck, says that the Chancellor is of a choleric disposition. The least vexation is liable to provoke him to volcanic outbursts of temper, but the

eruption rapidly subsides. He tells no confirmatory anecdotes, but Count Beust comes to his rescue, saying in his "Memoirs" that Bismarck once left the Emperor's apartment in a rage, and, finding that he was carrying by accident the key with him, he threw it into a basin in a friend's room and broke the basin into fragments. "Are you ill?" asked the occupant of the room. "I was," replied Bismarck, "but I am better now." His passionate outbursts stand in strong contrast with Moltke's imperturbable coolness, which is well illustrated by the story in which Bismarck himself tells that, at a critical moment of the battle of Sadowa, he offered the great strategist a cigar, and Moltke carefully selected the best one in the case. Bismarck says he took comfort in thinking if the great general was calm enough to make a choice of this kind, things could not be going so very badly.

We gain a more distinct view of Talleyrand's duplicity when told that, at Erfurt, where Napoleon met the Emperor of Russia to persuade him to join in overwhelming Austria, Talleyrand, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who all day long labored under Napoleon's vigilant eye, to carry this object, used to visit Alexander secretly at night and furnish him with every argument, reason or pretence, which he could discover or invent against Napoleon's plan. Talleyrand himself told this to Croker, who repeats it in his memoirs.

All men, according to Napoleon, lose on a near view. He himself is no exception to his own rule, and the Napoleonic myth has been rudely shattered by the publication of memoirs filled with anecdotes which disclose the petulance, the rudeness, the ungovernable temper and uncurbed passions, the jealousy, meanness and mendacity of the conqueror of Europe. Chateaubriand, who wrote "The Genius of Christianity," was a man of impure conversation, and Young, the author of religious poems once popular, was a time-serving

place-hunting parson, "not at all the man of his own poetry."

But, on the other hand, men like to read of the weaknesses of the great, who are thus reduced to the level of mankind. This, fortunately, does not extend to fatal lapses from integrity, or calamities of fortune. The world will always offer to the blind Belisarius the obolus he is said to have begged at the city's gate. We would rather sit with Marius among the ruins of Carthage than with Tiberius on the rock of Capri. We accompany Aristides in his banishment, and join the shouts which welcome Cicero's return from exile. We grieve to see Smollett perishing in a foreign land without resources from the works on which his publishers grew rich. We are touched by the sight of Cervantes lying in a dungeon and Camoëns yielding up his miserable life in a hospital.

Anecdotes may elevate as well as depress our opinion of men otherwise great. The well-known story of Goldsmith slipping into the mattress when he had given his blankets to the impoverished mother of five young children, is matched by that of Lessing, in the depth of his poverty at Wolfenbüttel, taking home and supporting a man and a dog whom he had found starving on the highway. The weakness of much of Goldsmith's conduct is palliated, and our idea of the nobility of Lessing's character is heightened by these anecdotes which touch the heart of mankind.

We are by anecdotes made more nearly contemporaneous with great men than were most of their contemporaries. We are of the same time as the heroes of Plutarch, and have sat at the feet of Socrates and Plato. Demosthenes practicing oratory with the pebbles seem hardly more remote from us than young Gambetta shouting his seditious eloquence in a café of the Latin Quarter. In fact, our idea of certain men is confined to slight incidents or personal anecdotes. We never think of Diogenes

without his tub, nor of Robert the Bruce without his spider. Alfred the Great is better known to us tending the cakes than founding Oxford.

Addison observes in the opening pages of the *Spectator* that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows "whether the writer be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." He is careful, therefore, to give a detailed description of himself, and his remark is so just, even at this distance of time and space, that one can hardly open a daily newspaper without reading of a popular novelist like Tolstoi, that "he is a man of sixty, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle, sunburnt countenance, and ample gray beard and moustache."

We also like to know the history and occasion of a literary work. We have not yet ceased to hear the chanting of the monks in the church of the Ara Coeli, which inspired Gibbon with the idea of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." "The Vicar of Wakefield" is more interesting to us when we are told that it rescued its author from arrest for debt, while "Rasselas" paid the funeral expenses of the author's mother. This interest in authors extends to their literary habits, and the scrupulous biographer will tell us that Buffon sat down to write with lace ruffles encircling his wrists; that Blackstone wrote his *Commentaries* with a bottle of port wine before him, and that Handel, as he daily took up the composition of the "Messiah," offered a prayer that he might worthily sing the praises of his Redeemer.

AUTHORSHIP, PAST AND PRESENT

Fleet Street Writers of Old.....Philadelphia Press

A book has recently been published by the Randolphs, entitled, "Fleet Street, the Highway of Letters," which suggests very vividly the contrast in the condition of authors

in times past and at present, the differences in their habits, manner of living, and hopes and accomplishments. Arthur Waugh recently called attention to one marked difference. He said: "Once you found your strippling author in Grubb street, never seeing society, buried from the world; now he is likely to be found drinking tea in a Mayfair drawing-room."

Perhaps the most typical days of Fleet street were those of Addison, Johnson, Steele, Swift and the rest. The literary men then were bachelors; they found their amusement in taverns and coffee houses. Wills's coffee house and the rest were great meeting places for the wits. There is where authors went for their news, their information, their inspiration. Shakespeare does not seem to have ever lived with his wife, but at London taverns. If a man wished to be an author he hired an attic in Grubb street, and spent his days and nights at the Grecian and other rendezvous, taking each in turn every day. Then if he wrote anything he didn't send it to the editor of some magazine, but tried to find some bookseller who would print it and offer it for sale in the form of a little pamphlet or tract.

The result of this was that not a great amount of routine work was turned out worth little or nothing, and if a man went into literature he went into it because he was inspired to do so and was willing to starve for it. Newspaper life is just about as uncertain to-day, and has just the same attractions of excitement and the delight of meeting constantly the brightest and shrewdest minds. But thousands can go into the newspaper business, where in those days one could hope to survive in Grubb street.

Such were the conditions of literature 150 years ago in London. Notice the contrast. Grubb street is deserted. Literary men no longer find their inspiration in meeting men of their own class at coffee houses and taverns, but from the newspapers and in ladies' drawing-rooms. One has

only to buy the morning papers to keep in touch with the doings of the world, where once one had to go and hear the news by word of mouth.

The one institution of the newspaper has done more to change the condition of things than anything else.

The contrast between geniuses in the time of Shakespeare and in our own time is very slight. Geniuses work along on lines wholly of their own, quite independent of the influences which mold the ordinary man. But the difference between the rank and file of writers now and then is immense. First, the increase is enormous. Journalists are not usually included in the company, yet many of them undoubtedly do more cleverly finished writing than famous authors of 200 years ago. If we include them, the writers of to-day are as thousands to one in excess of 200 years ago. Most of these thousands make a business of earning their livings by their pens. This is possible, because various forms of routine literary labors have sprung up. All the newspapers, magazines, etc., have to be looked after every day, all Winter and during the duller times of the Summer. In those other days there was very little routine work. To do good routine work only cleverness is required. To do anything that was worth money in those days a little genius had to go along with the cleverness.

As to making money, undoubtedly the genius is still a law to himself, and he manages to keep about as poor to-day as he did in those early days, even if he does haunt Mayfair instead of Fleet street. But the rank and file of professional writers are paid many percent. more than even twenty years ago. When we look back at the days gone by, as we may in Thomas Archer's book, then it is that by the contrast we are able to realize that the profession of the writer has really come into existence, and, though it may still be a very crude profession as yet, it has already reached enormous development.

VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

THE JAY-BIRD

Zitella Cocke.....New England Magazine

Blue-Jay !—

The dreadful things that people say
 Give you dark reputation—
 To carry sand-grains, day by day
 To burn poor sinners forced to stay
 In purgatory fires alway

Is sure a bad vocation !

But when I've seen you sit a-tilt
 On bough, and sing so sweet a lilt
 I feel inclined to doubt your guilt,

And think perchance you are belied

By those who seek to turn your pride
 To scorn and reprobation !

True-blue

You are, and since so very few

Through trial and temptation,

Keep ever to their colors true,

But like chameleons change their hue

To suit each time and place,—your due

Is honest commendation;—

And yet, a debt of hate we owe

That you thus add to sinner's woe.

But O, your song is sweet I know !—

And since I come to think, Blue-Jay,

There is so much that people say,

Not worth consideration !

BUTTERCUPS

Driving Home the Cows.....The Modern Argo

Jennie was watching the cows home,

Down by the meadow bars alone,

And her eyes were as blue as her bonnet—

Jennie was only a farmer's lass,

And she let down the bars

So the cows could pass

Out of the waving, blue-eyed grass,

With buttercups sprinkled upon it.

Jennie was watching young Farmer Payne

Picking a buttercup out of the lane ;

Stephen was strong and merry.

“Jennie!” she heard her mother call,

But there at her side stood the farmer tall,

And her cheeks grew as red as a cherry.

“I'm coming, mother!” she turned to go,

But Stephen stood at the path below,

And there went Daisy and Bess and Flo

Over into the clover.

His arms were strong as her waist was slim,

“I'll keep you till every cow gets in,
 Or tell me the name of your lover.”

“Jennie, Jennie! 'tis getting late,”

Came mother's voice from the farm-house
 gate,

But Jennie was slender and could not mate
 With the tender strength of a lover.

And who could do a single thing

With a yellow buttercup under their chin,

But nestle the great strong arms within

And grow as red as the clover.

“Maybe 'tis Ben,” then she blushed again,

“And maybe 'tis only Stephen Payne”—

Then the dark crept over the meadow lane

And buttercups a-sprinkle.

Not a single sound in the dusky dell

Save the tinkle of Daisy's silver bell,

“Tink-a-link-a-tinkle!”

For mother's voice and the bars forgot

The cows are into the meadow lot

Knee deep in the dewy clover.

Jennie and Steve came slowly up,

Her soft chin yellow with buttercup,

His handsome face flushed over.

“Where are you, Jennie? 'tis late and cold.”

“We're comin', mother,” said Stephen, bold,

“The cows got into the meadow,

We stopped to drive them slowly up.”

Then he slyly hid the buttercup

And kissed her again in the shadow.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SKULL

Theodore C. Williams.....The Century

A strange old tavern have I seen:

The walls are thick, the garden green;

'Tis damp and foul, yet through the door

Do rich men come as well as poor.

They come by night, and they come by day,

And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,

Has a complexion white and yellow,

And, though he looks exceeding thin,

Does nothing else but grin and grin

At all his guests—who, after a while,

Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,

Though some are people of high degree;

For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;
And beautiful youths in strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made.
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house had a singular bill of fare—
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off—but I never found
That any one knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

O strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has oft been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"

MOSBY AT HAMILTON

Madison Cawein..... Fetter's Southern Magazine

Down Loudon Lanes, with swinging reins
And clash of spur and sabre,
And bugling of the battle horn,
Six score and eight we rode at morn,
Six score and eight of Southern born,
All tried in love and labor.

Full in the sun at Hamilton,
We met the South's invaders;
Who, over fifteen hundred strong,
'Mid blazing homes had marched along
All night, with Northern shout and song,
To crush the rebel raiders.

Down Loudon lanes, with streaming manes,
We spurred in wild March weather;
And all along our war-scarred way
The graves of Southern heroes lay,
Our guide-posts to revenge that day,
As we rode grim together.

Old tales still tell some miracle
Of saints in holy writing—
But who shall say while hundreds fled
Before the few that Mosby led,
Unless the noblest of our dead
Charged with us then when fighting!

While Yankee cheers still stunned our ears,
Of troops at Harper's Ferry,
While Sheridan led on his Huns,
And Richmond rocked to roaring guns,
We felt the South still had some sons
She would not scorn to bury.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

The Fisher Folks' Return.....Good Words

The deep sea lies dreaming by the shore,
And up the rugged, grassy steep
The fisher folk bring home once more
Their harvest gathered from the deep.
Like ripened plains at Summer tide,
Their corn fields are the waters wide.

For wife and home and nesting child,
They travail on the trackless sea.
The smile that is at parting smiled
May be a life's last memory—
The accents of a farewell word
May be the latest ever heard.

When on the sea of life I sail
With weary longings and regret,
If all my countless efforts fail
I must not fail to cast my net,
Waiting till One perchance comes nigh
To show me where the fishes lie.

SHE CAME AND WENT

James B. Kenyon.....In Realms of Gold

She came and went, as comes and goes
The dewdrop on the morning rose,
Or as the tender lights that die
At shut of day along the sky.
Her coming made the dawn more bright,
Her going brought the sombre night;
Her coming made the blossoms shine,
Her going made them droop and pine.
Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,
Beneath them greener grew the grass;
The song-birds ruffled their small throats
To swell for her their blithest notes.

But when she went, the blushing day
Sank into silence chill and gray,
The dark its sable vans unfurled,
And sudden night possessed the world.
O fond desires that wake in vain!
She ne'er will come to us again;
And now, like vanished perfume sweet,
Her memory grows more vague and fleet.
Yet we rejoice that morn by morn
The sad old world seems less forlorn,

Since once so bright a vision came
To touch our lives with heavenly flame,
And show to our bewildered eyes
What beauty dwells in paradise.

THE WIND'S QUEST

Fenil Haig.....Questions at the Well

"O where shall I find rest?"
Sighed the Wind from the West,
"I've sought in vale o'er dale and down,
Through tangled woodland, tarn and
town,
But found no rest."
"Rest, thou ne'er shall find,"
Answered Love to the Wind;
"For thou and I, and the great grey sea,
May never rest till eternity
Its end shall find."

PENNARBY MINE

A. Conan Doyle.....Pall Mall Magazine

Pennarby Shaft is dark and deep,
Eight foot broad, eight hundred deep,
Rough the bucket and tough the cord,
Strong as the arm of Winchman Ford.
Never look down:
Stick to the line!
That was the saying at Pennarby Mine.
A stranger came to Pennarby Shaft:
Lord! to see how the miners laughed:
White in the collar and stiff in the hat,
With his shining boots and his silk cravat,
Picking his way,
Dainty and fine,
Stepping on tiptoe to Pennarby Mine.
Touring from London—so he said:
Was it copper they dug for, or tin, or lead?
Where did they find it? How did it come?
If he tried with a shovel might he get some?
Stooping so much
Was bad for the spine;
And wasn't it warmish in Pennarby Mine?
'Twas like two worlds that met that day—
The world of work and the world of play;
And the grimy lads from the reeking shaft
Nudged each other and grinned and chaffed,
"Got 'em all out!"
"A cousin of mine!"
So ran the banter at Pennarby Mine.
And Carnbrae Bob, the Pennarby wit,
Told him the facts about the pit:

How they bored the shaft till the brimstone
smell

Warned them off from tapping—well,
He wouldn't say what,
But they took it as sign
To dig no deeper in Pennarby Mine.

Then, leaning over and peering in,
He was pointing out what he said was tin
In the ten-foot lode—a crash, a jar,
A grasping hand, and a splintered bar:
Gone in his strength,
With the lips that laughed!
Oh, the pale faces at Pennarby Shaft!

Far down on a narrow ledge
They saw him cling to the crumbling edge,
"Wait for the bucket! Hi, man, stay!
That rope ain't safe: it's worn away!
He's taking his chance:
Slack out the line!
Sweet Lord be with them!" cried Pennarby
Mine.

"He's got him! He has him! Pull with a
will!
Thank God? He's over and breathing still,
And he— Lord sakes now! what's that?
Well,
Blowed if it ain't our London swell!
Your heart is right
If your coat is fine:
Give us your hand!" cried Pennarby Mine.

SIRIUS

Archibald Lampman.....Californian Illustrated

The old night waned, and all the purple
dawn
Grew pale with green and opal. The wide
earth
Lay strange and darkling—silent as at birth,
Save for a single far-off brightness drawn
Of water gray as steel. The silver bow
Of broad Orion still pursued the night,
And farther down, amid the gathering
light,
A great star leaped and smouldered. Stand-
ing so,
I dreamed myself in Denderah by the Nile;
Beyond the hall of columns and the crowd
And the vast pylons, I beheld afar
The goddess gleam, and saw the morning
smile,
And lifting both my hands, I cried aloud
In joy to Hathor, gloried by her star!

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

M. QUAD AND HIS
LITERARY WORK

Harold Parker, in Munsey's Magazine, gives this sketch of M. Quad: Charles B. Lewis, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press, owes his celebrity in some degree to the fact that he once passively participated in a boiler explosion on the Ohio River, and was prominently associated with the débris. His printed impressions of the event, which he set up from his case when in the composing room of an obscure Michigan paper, first brought him into notice.

Mr. Lewis's style possesses a peculiar quaintness, with a delicious vein of unobtrusive philosophy running through all his work. He is remarkable for his ability to portray the ludicrous effects of manner and situation which, appreciated by the many, are too subtle for expression save by the gifted few. His sketches of the Lime Kiln Club are perhaps the best known of his humorous writings, and unquestionably "Brudder Gardner" will assert his permanent position among the noted characters of American fiction.

He is a native of Ohio, having been born in Liverpool in that State in 1844. He was brought up, however, in Lansing, Mich., where he spent a year in an agricultural college, going from here to the composing room of the Lansing Democrat. When the war broke out he served creditably in the Union army, returning to his work on the Lansing paper after peace was restored. The boiler explosion, which lifted him into fame, occurred two years later while he was on his way South on an Ohio river steamboat. When he recovered physically he proceeded to find out how much he could do in this line legally. He brought a suit for damages against the steamboat company, and succeeded in making them pay \$12,000.

It was while at the case on another Michigan paper, the Jacksonian, of Pontiac, that Lewis set up his account of how he felt while being blown up. He says that he signed it "M. Quad," because "a bourgeois em quad is useless except in its own line—it won't justify with any other type." Soon after the celebrity he attained by this screed, Lewis joined the staff of the Detroit Free Press, which, after his accession, became known all over the country. Mr. Lewis is now a free lance, writing for some of the big syndicates.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,
THE HISTORIAN

James Anthony Froude, says Lippincott's Magazine, is a tall, keen-eyed, handsome man of singularly genial manner, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face framed in close-fitting iron-gray side-whiskers, and looks quite a decade younger than his years, which are four-and-seventy. He early jilted the church for literature, which he has enriched immeasurably.

It is now thirty-four years since his masterly "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" made its appearance. As is well known, its most marked feature is an elaborate attempt to vindicate the reputation of Henry VIII. Perhaps no historical work has ever been the subject of keener controversy; for despite his learning, which is great, and his brilliancy, which is greater, Mr. Froude lacks altogether the one indispensable quality of the true historian—accuracy; yet withal he is widely read where Freeman would seem intolerably learned and pedantic and Lecky too philosophic to be lively.

His pen has played upon the English language as none other of this generation has done save those of Newman and of Ruskin. His last published work, a biography of Disraeli, ap-

peared some two years since. He has known all the literary and other celebrities of his day, but he declares that the names of Dickens, Tennyson and Carlyle will alone stand the test of time. He lives at the most southerly part of England, and is given to yachting and to abusing the Irish.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S
GROWING POPULARITY

Some fifteen years ago George Meredith had already produced, says Temple Bar, much of his finest work—although *The Egoist* and *Diana* of the Crossways had still to appear, the lovers of Rhoda Fleming, Beauchamp's Career, and *The Ordeal* of Richard Feverel, might, perhaps, be disposed to say his very finest—but his name, except to a small circle of admirers, was practically unknown. Since then he has come upon the public with all the prestige of a discovery. The appearance of a new work from his pen is hailed by every journal that occupies itself with literature as the great literary event of the day; his books pass into cheap editions that mark the growing demand for them.

Popular, in the sense in which Dickens and Walter Scott on the one hand were popular, or on the other in which Miss Braddon and Mr. Rider Haggard are popular, he is not and never will be. For good, or for the reverse of good, he has not the vulgar ear. But it is impossible to imagine Mr. Meredith ever bending for a moment to catch the vulgar ear. He sits among the gods, who sup off the nectar of high imaginations, the ambrosia of philosophic musings.

It would be manifestly unfair not to attribute this growing popularity of Mr. Meredith's work chiefly to an adequate appreciation of its great qualities. It has, in fact, qualities that ought to command the largest success. A splendid and restless imagination, a treatment of character at once profound and original, a magnificent glow of color, a vision of life largely and purely human on one side, if on another too obviously and

too obtrusively ironical—the praise of an author equipped with virtues such as these should need no explanation beyond the mere enumeration.

But we are perhaps doing human nature no injustice in assuming that a certain intellectual difficulty in reading Mr. Meredith, a certain tortured obscurity of phraseology that occasionally makes a strong pull upon the intelligence and the patience of the reader, counts for not a little in the worship of the increasing band of disciples eager to hail him master.

AUTHOR OF NATURAL
LAW IN THE
SPIRITUAL WORLD

Prof. Henry Drummond, says the *Chicago Graphic*, was born in Sterling, Scotland, about forty-three years ago. He was, as a young man, a close student, and distinguished himself both at the University of Edinburgh and at the University of Tübingen, where he took post-graduate work. He made a study of theology in the Free Church Divinity Hall in Glasgow, and in 1877 was made lecturer in science at the Free Church College in the same city. His famous book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, appeared first as a series of articles in a religious paper.

Drummond collected them and offered them to two leading London publishers, by whom they were promptly rejected. Mr. Hodder, of Hodder & Stoughton, who had noticed them for their brilliance and originality when they appeared serially, made Mr. Drummond an offer of publication, which he accepted. The young author then set out for six months in Africa, and heard nothing more of his first literary venture until the news reached him of its phenomenal success. Thirty editions of this book were printed in England alone, and it was translated into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian. The following year he was made professor of science in the Free Church College.

The many-sidedness of his character is shown by his friendships. He is a close companion of Prof. Geikie,

with whom he has traveled in Africa and Central America, and of D. L. Moody, with whom he has worked. "The Greatest Thing in the World" was first read to the students in Mr. Moody's Summer school at Northfield. Mr. Drummond has been so unfortunate as to have unauthorized copies of his addresses appear in a very erroneous form. The only books whose publication has been authorized by him are "Pax Vobiscum," "The City Without a Church," "The Changed Life," "The Programme of Christianity," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and "Tropical Africa."

Besides his work at Northfield, Professor Drummond has identified himself with Chautauqua, where he has given daily lectures during a part of this Summer. He is not a regularly ordained minister, is unmarried, and has independent means. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and retains his professorship in Glasgow. He is fond of out-door life, a genial companion, and modest and retiring in his disposition.

ROSA NOUCHETTE
CAREY

Ruth Ashmore, gives in the Ladies' Home Journal this pleasant pen picture of Miss Carey, author of *Wee Wifie* and other popular stories: To-day Rosa Nouchette Carey would impress you first of all with the fact that she was a gentlewoman. She is tall, slender, and carries herself most gracefully; she has great, large eyes that seem sometimes blue and sometimes gray, while her hair, which is a soft dark brown, is brushed off her face and braided at the back, and if you looked at it closely you would see a silver thread or two. She has that most excellent thing in a woman—a sweet, musical voice, and it would seem as if, in this respect, like looked for like, inasmuch as her greatest pets are birds, one gay little thrush coming with regularity every morning to her window for its breakfast.

Miss Carey lives in an artistically-

built Elizabethan house at Putney, which is a neighborhood full of romance. Here it was that Cromwell made his headquarters when King Charles was his prisoner at Hampton Court. Here Queen Elizabeth used to stay at the house of a clothier who had made a fortune and whose son entertained Charles I.

PAOLA MANTEGAZZA'S
GREAT WORK

In the Popular Science Monthly, Prof. Frederick Starr gives an outline of the valuable work of Mantegazza, the famous Italian author. Many intelligent readers, he says, do not know that Italy is to-day a veritable center of scientific work. He was born at Monza, near Milan, Italy, on October 31, 1831. His mother was a remarkable woman—Laura Solera—well known for philanthropy and patriotism. No small part of the force of character, the strength of purpose, and the clearness which Mantegazza shows in his work seems to be inherited from this woman. She established the first crèche and founded the first professional school for women in Italy. During the wars of 1848 and 1859 she cared for the wounded soldiers. Mantegazza studied medicine in the Universities of Pisa and Pavia. Having become a physician, he spent several months in Paris and then journeyed over a large part of Europe. At the age of nineteen years he published a memoir upon Spontaneous Generation, and was appointed Acting Professor of Chemistry in the Technical School at Milan.

The first of the remarkable series of anthropological works which has rendered his name famous—*The Physiology of Pleasure*—appeared when he was only twenty-two years of age. It has been published and republished, translated and retranslated, and, although forty years have passed since its appearance, it is still issued in new editions in Italy. In 1854 Dr. Mantegazza removed to South America, and for four years practiced medicine at Buenos Ayres and Entre-

rios in the Argentine Republic and also in Paraguay. Returning to Italy in 1858, he practiced medicine and surgery in the military hospital during the war of 1859. In 1860 he secured by competitive examination the chair of General Pathology at the University of Pavia, and established in connection with that institution the first laboratory in experimental pathology. In 1870 he removed to Florence to take the first chair of Anthropology. Here he has remained, constantly busying himself in every way that could extend his science.

Mantegazza's writings are exceedingly numerous and varied. He has written anthropological memoirs, works on medicine, volumes of travel, monographs upon special races, biographical studies and romances. Among his more important anthropological works are *Physiology of Pleasure*, *Physiology of Pain*, *Physiology of Love*, *Physiology of Hate*, *Love in Humanity*, *Hygiene of Love*, and *Physiognomy and Expression*. All these have been translated into the leading languages of Europe and have exerted an immense influence. One or other of his books have been translated into fourteen distinct tongues. His three works on *Love—Physiology, Hygiene, and Ethnology*—have sold by thousands in Germany and France. Perhaps the only one of his more important works which has appeared in America is his *Fisionomia e Mimica—Physiognomy and Expression*. This has been issued in at least two forms within the last three years and has sold largely. Nothing that has been written elsewhere upon expression can approach it.

THOMAS RUSSELL
SULLIVAN

Thomas Russell Sullivan, says the Book Buyer, was born in Charles street, Boston, on November 21, 1849. He is directly descended from James Sullivan, who was Governor of Massachusetts 1807-8. He was fitted for Harvard, but he was obliged to renounce his plan of going to college,

and he went into business instead. He was employed in Boston from '66 to '70, and then entered the service of a banking firm, with offices in London and Paris. In the three years following he learned his London and his Paris—his civilized Europe, indeed—with a thoroughness revealed in his finished, delightful pictures of foreign scenery and life.

He returned to Boston in '73, with the determination to pursue business by day and literature by night—a process of self-destruction he continued for fifteen years with unflinching fidelity and courage. In 1866 Mr. Sullivan, with the permission of Robert Louis Stevenson, dramatized Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde for Richard Mansfield. *Nero*, produced in 1891 by the same actor, is practically an original tragedy, though Mr. Sullivan declared himself under obligations to an Italian play on the same subject.

Five years ago Mr. Sullivan resolved to burn his bridges, to go out of business, and to devote himself unreservedly to a literary life. Since then he has devoted himself exclusively to fiction, but his friends feel that it is only a question of time when he woos his first love again with signal success. His first novel, *Roses of Shadow*, published in 1885, attracted attention by its delicacy of treatment and finish of style, qualities even more conspicuous in the charming series of short stories over his name which have appeared from time to time during the last six years in *Scribner's Magazine*. These stories, a first volume of which, under the title *Day and Night Stories*, was issued in 1890 and was accorded a flattering welcome as an addition to American literature, have established Mr. Sullivan's reputation as a picturesque, poetic, and finished writer. A second series was issued this year. Each story is a complete episode, with a carefully constructed plot—a little play in itself, with no loose ends uncared for—and presented in delightful, sympathetic English. His

scenes are never twice the same. He knows his Florence and his Brussels as well as his Paris and his London.

Mr. Sullivan is a slow worker, though he devotes four or five hours in each day to literary composition. Everything he writes bears the marks of scholarly care and taste. He is essentially a scholar in his methods, and an accomplished scholar withal. Although he never went to college, he has taught himself not merely French and German, but Italian, Spanish, and Latin; and he has lately taken up the study of Greek, so that no paths of literature need be dark to him. His workshop is a pleasant suite of rooms in Charles street, Boston, where he has long lived, and where he has made the most of the miseries of bachelorhood. Whoever worth knowing comes to Boston is sure to meet Mr. Sullivan. He has been President of the Papyrus Club, and is one of the foremost spirits in that delightful organization known as the Tavern Club.

PALMER COX AND THE BROWNIES Lida Rose McCabe invaded Brownieland and had a pleasant talk with Palmer Cox, for the Chicago Journal.

Palmer Cox's studio, Brownieland, as he calls it, is right on Broadway and Bond street, New York, and is a charming place cheerful with gay carpets, portieres, divans and easy chairs.

The Father of the Brownies is a big man, 6 feet 2. He is an old bachelor, but all around are portraits of boys and girls from all over the world, and his desks are full of letters written to him from everywhere by children who like the Brownies.

This is the place where Mr. Cox draws and rhymes all day long. In the bookcase are the various Brownie volumes. The walls are hung with several queer Brownies, cleverly manufactured out of cloth and silk, the bodies of some of the round little fellows being veritable eggs. The feet of some of the little mannikins are fastened to mats, or rounds of

cloth that serve for penwipers. A Pennsylvania woman labored a year before she finally succeeded in making the Brownie penwiper which really possesses the elflike characteristics of the pictures. A firm in Buffalo now manufactures them; the woman taught eight girls the art of making them.

"Where in the world did you find the Brownie?" I asked. "How did you think of them?"

"Well," said the artist, stretching his long legs with a twitch as comical as his own brown elves, "I had always drawn as a boy on my father's farm in Canada, where I was born. I was fond of putting what I observed on paper. I went out in the world to make my fortune, and I drifted to California, where—well, where I failed in business. An artist there saw my drawings—for I was always sketching—and said if I put myself under instruction I might find a market for my productions. I took up writing funny stories and squibs for the California papers, and drawing cartoons. Eastern papers copied them. Thinking I might find a better market East I came to New York.

"Frederick Juengling was then the foremost engraver in this country. There was something in my cartoons that suggested to him the humor of the child literature of Germany. He advised me to write and illustrate stories for children. I laughed and said: I never could write or draw anything to interest children, but I did try, and sent a poem and picture to St. Nicholas. It was accepted and more asked for.

"All this time I was hunting about for something fresh and original, something on which to concentrate myself. In 1880 I received a humorous manuscript. It was written by Arthur Gilman of Cambridge and was, I believe, called *The Rebellion of the Alphabet*. In my picture for it each letter was carried by a Brownie. There you have their origin. They were the first Brownies in print.

"But I ought to go back further. My stepmother was an Irish woman, rich in the folk-lore of her own and other lands. On Winter evenings at the farm she used to tell us fairy stories. Her favorite tale was of a band of little men who appeared only at night to perform good helpful deeds, or enjoy harmless pranks while mankind slept, never allowing themselves to be seen by mortals. No person except those gifted with second sight could see the Brownies, but from the privileged few, principally old women, who were thus enabled to now and then catch a glimpse of the goblin guests of the house, correct information regarding their size and color is said to have been gained."

Each character in the Brownie land is copyrighted, still there are Brownie souvenir spoons, rubber stamps, and calendars, and there is scarcely a school throughout the country but has its Brownie, some feature or movement suggesting the brown goblins.

HALL CAINE IN
HIS STUDY

Hall Caine had a talk recently with a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette about his books, in his house in the village of Bexley, Kent.

The conversation turned to Mr. Caine's local coloring and dialects, and I asked, "Is that penance scene in 'The Deemster' from life?" "Well, yes, I myself have seen as a boy, and I am only thirty-six now, men and women doing penance in a white sheet at the doors of the Manx churches. My Bishop in 'The Deemster' is, of course, suggested by the well-known Bishop Wilson. Yes, I frequently jot down 'situations' as they occur to me; I mentally group my people into situations of strong human interest."

And, indeed, I could see that for myself; the table was strewn with sheets of note paper, on which were jotted down his ideas as they struck him: "Women going to church with prayer-book wrapped in handkerchief," and so on. I was seated upon a huge sofa, the finest I ever

saw. "Made for poor Rossetti, in his last illness," replied Mr. Caine, to my remark upon its size and comfort.

Above me was a cast that was taken of Rossetti after death, and another bust, said to be one of the finest extant, which belonged to Rossetti, of William Shakespeare. Goethe's and Schiller's faces were there in statuettes upon the mantelpiece. In a corner of the room downstairs stood a handsome old black oak cabinet, which was also once the property of the dead poet; and most curious of all was the very old-fashioned lantern, which Mrs. Caine put into my hand, saying as she did so, "that was given to us by old Lord Houghton, and it is said to be the very lantern which was carried by Eugene Aram on that fatal night."

PAUL VERLAINE,
THE SYMBOLIST

Paul Verlaine, who has just declared himself a candidate for election at that club of forty which is known as the French Academy, is a poet better known, says Edgar Saltus in *Once a Week*, by his eccentricities than by his verse. Yet the latter is exquisite. It brings to you something of the heady music of Keats, the sigh of the wind in the long grass, the upper notes of the flute.

But all this was long ago, when the poet was a boy, when he was haunted by the footfalls and the presence of the Muse. You will search in vain through his later work for an echo of the inspiration of his youth. One night the Muse disappeared, and in place of the poet was a juggler of words. For to Verlaine is due the foundation of that school of verse which a few years ago was called the Decadent, but which, from the initiate, has since received the more esoteric title of Symbolist. From the different manifestoes issued by the symbolist's publisher—manifestoes in pink covers and for which the publication is invariably paid in advance—the public learned two things of which it had been previously ignorant as the carps at Versailles—to

wit, that vowels have colors, that *a* is blue, *e* yellow, etc., etc., that words are prismatic with life, that it is the duty of the poet to group their shadings, and that anything else is simply literature and nothing more.

The symbolist who showed himself the most demoniac in his efforts for the advancement of these simplicities Verlaine shot, not in jest either, but in anger, perhaps in jealousy, too, and went to prison for it. When the prison doors reopened the old Verlaine, like the young Muse, had gone. A man issued ready for every cup, for every impression, for every debauch. Socrates and Diogenes in one, he rolled hiccupping down the Avernian road, paying with enigmatic sonnets the food which he received from young poets, distilling still a mysterious music from the absinthe offered by his friends, until through sheer force of absolute Bohemianism he conquered a place unique, unknown in letters—that of a poet singing and applauded in the charity bed of a hospital. And suddenly a rumor fossilizes into a fact—the man of all others most indifferent, not alone to conventionalities but to laws, yields to vanity and knocks at the Academy door.

MRS. STANNARD'S LOVE OF HORSESHOES A curious peculiarity of Mrs. Stannard's, the popular novelist, who writes under the pseudonym of John Strange Winter, is her intense love of old horse shoes, of which she has a remarkable collection. Each horse shoe has some special association. One is a relic of Balaclava, and another is one which she regards with special interest, for the following reason:—Bootle's Baby was Mrs. Stannard's first real success. She wrote it at York before her marriage; but being rejected by six editors, she thought it unmarketable. After her marriage Mr. Stannard suggested trying again. Not long afterwards she found this horse shoe and carried it home for luck. That day Bootle's Baby was accepted;

and this was the commencement of her collecting horse shoes. Since then she has never seen an old horse shoe without carrying it home.

In the Autumn Mrs Stannard will make her appearance in a new light. She has just completed a novel of a theological bent, upon which she has bestowed an immense amount of pains. The story has, indeed, been re-written several times, and the theology has, upon the evidence of an expert, been declared irreproachable. Mrs. Stannard has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S LITERARY WORK Coventry Patmore, the early friend of Dante G. Rossetti, says the London Literary World, is best known by that fine poem of wedded life, *The Angel in the House*, written in honor of his wife and thus dedicated: "To the memory of her by whom and for whom I became a Poet." The angel—a daughter, by the way, of the Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, where young Ruskin occasionally attended—lies in the churchyard at Hendon, where one may read the simple and only inscription: "Emily, wife of Coventry Patmore."

Mr. Patmore is English on the father's side and Scotch on the mother's, while one of his great-great-grandfathers was a Prussian. He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1823, and published his first volume of verse when he was only twenty. For twenty-two years he was an assistant librarian at the British Museum, but he now lives quietly at Hastings, where the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary was built mainly at his expense. *The Angel in the House* met with a good deal of hostile criticism when first published in 1854, and it was this that prompted Ruskin to write the memorable defence of the poet. Mr. Patmore's other works, such as *The Unknown Eros*, *A Garland of Poems*, and *Amelia*, are less well known, but hardly less deserving of recognition.

RANDOM READING: ESSAYS IN MINIATURE

CONCEIT OF GENIUS

The Hypocrisy of Modesty.....Times-Democrat

The candor with which Salvini, in his autobiography, handles the subject of his own talent, has provoked comment—but after all there is some truth in what Schopenhauer says: "With people of only moderate ability modesty is mere honesty, but with those who possess great talent it is hypocrisy." A man possessing genius can hardly fail to be conscious of it, and it is natural that he should take pleasure in such of his works as best display his power. Keats, who "hated a mawkish popularity," was merely within his right when he said, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." Superficially considered, there may seem a savor of conceit in Balzac's famous remark, "Let us talk of real people"—but if Eugénie Grandet, and Gobseck, and Lucien de Rubempré, and the rest, are not real, where shall we find actualities? When Michel Angelo, having heard his "Pieta" ascribed to a Milanese sculptor by a group of sightseers, straightway shut himself up in the church that night and chiselled his name upon a fillet of the drapery, he was not moved by wounded vanity, but by the proper self-respect of the artist who knows that his works are worthy to be acknowledged.

If a man of genius does not believe in himself, how can he be expected to stand fast during that period of adversity through which most artists must pass? The belief of such men in themselves was their stronghold and safeguard; but we may presume that it did not make itself known in any blatant way. They proved that they could bear success, which is a greater test of character than adversity—for there are people who can hold themselves with dignity under a heavy burden of trouble, becoming neither morose nor servile; yet when

the hour of success arrives, its intoxicating effects overwhelm their judgment and common sense.

Sir Walter Scott's biographers tell us that he never introduced his own books as a topic of conversation, but if they were referred to by others he joined simply and naturally in the talk. But there are, and have been, many men of genius marked by an overweening conceit. It is recorded that Degas once said to Whistler, *à propos* of the latter's mania for posing, "My dear friend, you conduct yourself as if you had no talent at all."

Hazlitt classed Byron as a "sublime coxcomb," and Leigh Hunt as a "delightful one." Vanity of the latter kind, which is like that of a child proud of its new frock or its useless little treasures, is rather winning than otherwise through its *naïveté*. The self-esteem of Hazlitt himself was excessively irritable and of unstable balance. He would even fancy that the waiters in the coffee-house were pointing him out to the other guests as the "gentleman" who was so abused last month in Blackwood's Magazine. Garrick was another gifted one whose talent gave him no feeling of surety. He was unfortunately sensitive to comment—living "in a whispering gallery, always listening, and always anxious about himself."

Saintsbury remarks that Balzac and Victor Hugo were quite "insensible to the ludicrous aspects of their own performances." This is a failing which proceeds directly from a lack of the sense of humor; and it may be said that Wordsworth, so far as the exhibition of self-sufficiency is concerned, was the equal of any author, French or English. It is related of him that once in a large company he called out, "in his most epic tones," from the top to the bottom of the table: "Davy!" Davy was all attention as the poet pursued, "Do you know the

reason why I published *The White Doe in quarto*?" "No, what was it?" "To show my own opinion of it?"

"SUPPRESSED" CHARACTERS

The Failures of Life.....Hartford Courant

Disraeli, in one of his novels, speaks of the "suppressed" characters of English history. He meant to designate a certain class of mortals not confined to a particular country or time, a class made up of individuals who possessed rare and admirable qualities, who had perhaps a touch of genius about them, and who, nevertheless, for reasons subtle and inscrutable, failed to make their mark on the world. They stand in the relation of younger sons, so to say, with regard to the successful men, the latter being the heads of the family and grasping all the prizes. If you meet these "suppressed" mortals you are immensely taken with them sometimes; so far as you can see they ought to shine, to be at the front in all things, to win general recognition and applause. Instead of which, they are subordinates, doomed to play second fiddle to somebody who isn't half their size.

It is puzzling to account for this species, which we are all familiar with. There is a popular theory afloat that merit will tell in this world, and if a man doesn't achieve success sooner or later the easy inference is that it is his own fault. Every young man has this idea preached at him and into him to such an extent that he starts out in life with the firm conviction that there is always room at the top for the right fellow—and it isn't difficult for him to believe deep down in his heart that he is the fellow. But as he goes on, and after he has run up against a few of the "suppressed," he will if thoughtful, begin to doubt the universal application of the axiom that the prizes are for those who deserve them. He will possibly develop a suspicion that luck and not law governs the fates of men. And truth to tell it does seem as if chance had its

share in bringing about such a jumble, where the worthy go to the wall and the light-weights occupy the center of the floor.

Further analysis and reflection are likely to disclose one or two additional facts. In many cases, for example, it will be found that there is a screw loose with the "suppressed"; some hereditary physical disability, a lack of will power and energy, a youthful sin—these or a dozen other possibilities may explain a failure which is, on the face of it, mysterious. And where there is no such drag or defect to keep the man from realizing what is in him, where he goes to the grave without the credit due him, misappreciated and depreciated by his contemporaries, time has a way of vindicating him in the end, so that the no-account of the present becomes the hero, the martyr, the god of the future; it takes quite a while, may be, and the "suppressed" isn't there to see it, but he has his day all the same, and it is a satisfaction to know it and to see a logic in events and personalities. When we contrast what we are ourselves with what at our best we aspire to be, it is a question if we, too, don't belong to the army of the "suppressed"; and with this thought in mind comes an added conviction that either here or over yonder every one of us shall be known both for what he is and wanted to be.

WOMAN AND HER REPUTATION

Haryot H. Cahoon.....*What One Woman Thinks*

We women have the reputation of snubbing each other. Men smile indulgently when they allude to this feminine eccentricity, and woman is thus put on her defensive. She has two prerogatives: She may waste her breath in disproving the assertion, or she may keep silent and acquiesce. It has ever been woman's lot to accept the position of the defendant. Adam established the precedent. The feminine mind is not skilled in legal methods. Woman accepts the point to which her attention is called. If

she were as clever in this regard as she is in many others, she would ignore the point, and rally the observer to her own standard of observation.

When Adam turned state's evidence and placed the blame on Eve's shoulders, she would have benefited matters greatly by saying to the angel of the Lord, "The mother of the human race is a progressive person, and life without knowledge is nothing worth. This man Adam is indolent, obedient to be sure, but very uninteresting, and posterity must receive knowledge as a just inheritance; therefore, I ate of the apple. The human race will now progress, and it has me, their mother, to thank for it." Eve was stupid. She allowed Adam to put her on the defensive, and her daughters have been there ever since.

Granted that women are disagreeable to women, is it because they are women, or is it because, as human beings, they possess certain qualities which are, from a prescribed mode of life, more largely developed in them than in men? One woman lifts up her voice in defence (naturally—like a woman—in defence), and insists that it is because of certain dwarfing conditions which hem the feminine world within a circumscribed limit.

Men with as much time on their hands as women have, and relegated to a certain condition of monetary irresponsibility, would soon find themselves shouldering a reputation far less complimentary than the ignominious one they have accorded women. Idle men are less agreeable, more selfish, get into more trouble, are greater gossips, promote more scandal, and are a greater burden on the community in one hour than a woman in the same walk in life multiplied by herself ten times. Do women gossip? There is no such tea party in existence as a man's club.

Idleness is the root of all evil. Shakespeare approved of matrimony because "it sets many an idle woman to work." Work is the agent of redemption. It establishes a purpose in life,

and leads to high and lofty aims. An idle woman is, according to a previous statement, one-tenth as bad as an idle man. The idle woman is selfish, narrow-minded, and intolerant, and yet she carries the banner for her sex. She stamps her own ignoble character thereon, and then flaunts the prototype in the face of humanity. She is an unfortunate representative, dwarfed and narrow, but she carries the flag.

Idle people play at precedence with their neighbors. Men do this as much as women. Men are quite as covetous as women. When men are covetous it is not because they are men, mind you, but because they have more time than they know what to do with. The heart is a great promoter of action. People with hearts are never idle. In man's necessity God finds an opportunity, and sometimes, frequently in fact, for circumstance provides a necessity work. It may be through adversity, or it may be through affliction, that the heart awakens and the sympathies begin to throb, expand and reach out.

Then the man or the woman begins to live, and not till then. The people who go through life with the heart locked up tight lose all the joys of living. What the world needs is a broadening of sympathies among women. It is a problem which may only be worked out by every individual woman for herself. It is not a problem of the head, but of the heart. Contact with the world has the same broadening effect on a woman that it has upon a man. This broadening capacity is not a qualification of sex, it is the result of attrition.

TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

The Outcome of Character.....The Outlook

Leadership is recognized as a great quality of character, but it is commonly regarded as being the possession of a few persons exceptionally gifted by nature and born to be kings among men. The average man or woman does not even aspire to it, so unattainable does it seem. Leader-

ship is, however, quite as much a matter of character as of mind, and the qualities which produce it may be developed by education quite as readily and distinctly as any other human qualities. Some men are born to be leaders by reason of innate energy and force of will and intellect; other men become leaders by training themselves to the habits of leadership. This kind of training ought to be sought after by all men and women. For the qualities of leadership are the very things which enrich society by new and personal contributions to its capital of ideas and character. A life that is blameless along conventional lines has its value, but a life that adds to its blamelessness the inspiration of a deep faith and of a noble ideal is a positive force in the world.

To be a leader is to stir men from their inertia and to contribute to the progressive rather than to the stationary element in life. To be a leader is to make other men's lives more endurable, burdens lighter, faith surer, joy fuller; for the leader is the one who steps in advance of the throng, and who, by that very act, becomes the hope of the uncertain and the courage of the weak. When a man is able to enact in his own experience the magnificent valor expressed in Browning's *Prospice*, he reinforces the consciousness of immortality in a thousand human souls. When a man takes hold of life with such vigor of grasp and lives it with such unswerving faith in the ideas which control him that he becomes a leader, he makes life greater and richer and easier to a countless host of others.

The first quality of leadership is faith—a possession not confined to men of gift or women of grace, but offered to the whole human race, and to be acquired or lost in direct relation to one's use of it. To believe greatly in God, or in those great ideas of life which are the thoughts of God about man, is to detach one's self at once from the throng, and to stand apart as a leader. Faith brings

courage, self-reliance, independence. If it be large enough, it develops sympathy, and sympathy passes on into love. The leadership of such a man as Phillips Brooks, the tidal influence of which is not yet measured or recorded, was born of this great faith in God and man. There was no self-assertion about it, no assumption of the possession of special qualities or of marked ability. It was simply the surrender of the man's whole nature to the great ideas which he accepted, and the subordination of all his faculties and forces to the illustration and exposition of those ideas. There is a certain quality of heroism in such a life, and its range and greatness are possible only to one who possesses equal elevation of character and greatness of mind; but, in a degree, every aspiring man and woman may share it.

THE ANATOMY OF JEALOUSY

A Social Study..... St. Louis Post-Dispatch

There are three forms of jealousy: the retrospective, the present and the prospective. It is well nigh impossible to decide which is the most absurd. Yet every human being in the early period of love has undergone one or all of these triple feelings.

Retrospective jealousy is of possible by-gones, of what you know or fear in the past of the loved one. It is far more active among men than among women. Indeed, some philosophers claim that it does not exist at all in the average woman, who, on the contrary, is rather pleased to know that the man she adores has been a Don Juan and a lady-killer. The notion seems to derive strength from the heroes whom women rejoice to describe, or read about in fiction. Yet it is not all true. Heine, who was a pretty accurate judge of women, tells us how his Mathilde suffered from a perusal of his passionate parts of his "Pictures of Travel:" "Hardly had she read a few pages when she turned deadly pale, trembled in all her limbs and begged me for

heaven's sake to close the book. She had come upon a love scene in it, and, jealous as she is, she does not even want me to have adored another before her régime; indeed I had to promise her that in future I would not address any language of love, even to the imaginary ideal personages in my book."

Men are all like Mathilde—only more so. No man can marry a divorcée or even a widow, without a bitter qualm. No man likes to remember that the girl he is in love with has ever had another affair of the heart. Every lover imagines the nebulous possibilities of incidents which the girl may be withholding from him. There is no tyranny more exacting than the tyranny he would fain exercise over the object of his affections. Even her past belongs to him. He cannot help picturing her to himself, not as what she reasonably must have been, but as what he unreasonably imagines her to have and to be. He is angry, sore, wretched, at any suspicion that she did not conduct herself all along as if she knew that he was coming.

Now, not only is this absurd as a question of feeling, but absurd as a question of mathematics, of statistics. Men say in effect: "We may flirt and court and enjoy ourselves with impunity, but you women shall not." The query arises, How and with whom are men to carry on these fruitless little love adventures? The relative number of the sexes is practically equal. Yet each man imagines that he can flirt with two or three or a dozen women, and then end up by marrying one who has never carried on a flirtation. He asks that there shall be one woman who has never spoken in a low voice, or permitted occult hand pressure, or returned a soft glance of the eyes, and that this woman should be the woman whom he loves. If he knows too much about the lady's past to imagine this impossibility then he gets angry and tortures himself with impotent jealousy.

Perhaps, if it be possible to get in an additional shade of folly, prospective jealousy is more foolish than retrospective. A Russian paper recently gave an excellent example of this in the story of an old peasant who had married a young girl. On his deathbed he asked her to kiss him. Hardly had she touched him than he seized her under lip between his teeth and held it there with vicious tenacity until his jaw was pried open by a knife. With his dying breath he confessed that his intention had been to mutilate her, so that she might prove unattractive to possible wooers. The Hindoo custom of burning widows is assignable to the same cause. So also is the provision formerly so common in wills which forbids the wife to marry again under certain fiscal penalties. We may rejoice that the advance of civilization has abolished suttee in India, and that the growing wisdom of the law frowns upon all testamentary restraints on marriage. Prospective jealousy is a difficult passion to gratify.

But the commonest and fiercest of all forms of jealousy is that which deals with the present moment, with immediate rivals, actual or suspected. Even the savage, who knows nothing of retrospective or prospective jealousy, who cares not what his spouse was before he obtained her, or what becomes of her when he dies, even he is rarely without a more or less vindictive resentment at any intrusion on his marital rights. Nay, in the very animal kingdom jealousy and rivalry play so important a part that Darwin ascribes to their agency the usually superior size and strength of the males. In the Orient this feeling prompts the men to keep their women under lock and key or to forbid their appearance in public otherwise than veiled. It is the origin of the Chinese custom which compels women to mutilate their feet so that walking abroad shall be a difficult task, and the Japanese custom which formerly made young brides shave off their eyebrows

and blacken their teeth. In civilized nations the passion is even more rampant, though it does not manifest itself in the same brutal manner.

The very fact that women are given more liberty here than in the wilier Orient adds to the possibilities over which the diseased imagination of the jealous lover excites itself to madness. Poets have exhausted the language in their efforts to portray that "king of torments:"

That Canker-worm, that Monster, Jealousy,
Which eats the heart, feeds upon the gall,
Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity.

So says Spenser. Now hear Thomson on the same theme:

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
But agony, unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise.

Nay, even the lesser man has felt this passion in somewhat lesser form, and has sought to describe it in fitting words. Listen to that dear old lady, Hannah More:

O Jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals; turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up!

It is one of the many things which show the innate cruelty of the female heart that it rejoices in afflicting this hideous torture upon men. Indeed, the more the average woman loves a man the more gladly she turns and twists and turns this awful weapon into the most exquisitely sensitive of his nerves. No picture of utter heartlessness can come up to that of a pretty young creature gloating over the fact that a mere touch of her hand, a mere glance of her eye, can drive a big, strong man distracted, and laughing at his pitiful supplication for mercy when she beams on some one else. Yet, in most cases, it is not real heartlessness. It is simply brainlessness—a deficiency in that imaginative sympathy which teaches one man to feel another's woes.

In the vacuous life of the ordinary girl flirtation is the chief aim. Weak and silly as she is conscious of being, it flatters her vanity to feel her accidental power over a strong, brainy man. The same delight is felt by the coward when opportunity gives him a chance to act the bully to his superiors. Certainly, if there is any immorality in jealousy it lies in the person who awakens it, not the person who experiences it.

The most highly organized individual, the choicest flower of civilization, feels this passion with a poignancy that is unknown to his fatter witted brother, and out of the comprehension of the savage. And this delicacy in suffering means corresponding exquisite joy in loving.

There need be no unworthy suspicion. He need not believe that. She is not deceiving or likely to deceive him. But the least favor conferred by his mistress' hand on any one else drives him to a frenzy of impatience. He would have her looks, her smiles, her thoughts, her words for him alone, absolute, and complete.

Now, Nature does nothing without an object. What motive can she have in implanting this overruling passion in the breast of man? Mainly to guard the chastity of woman. Jealousy is the compelling force which has guided the race into at least apparent monogamy. The ordinary little jealousies are but the everyday sparks and smoke-whiffs from that smoldering volcano which bursts out into an explosion when man's worst suspicions are confirmed, and demands that outraged honor shall be satisfied with nothing less than blood. The sanctity of the home is guarded and shielded by potential jealousy. Not only, then, is the passion not immoral, but as the most powerful champion of morality, as the most active agent in securing the civilizing domesticities of our present life, it must be ranked among the virtues. Pity that so great a virtue should have a side that is so pathetically absurd.

THE ASSAULT ON CONSTANTINOPLE*

Mahommed drew in his irregulars, and massed them in the space between the intrenchment and the ditch; and by bringing his machines and small guns nearer the walls, he menaced the whole front of the defence with a line amply provided with scaling ladders and mantelets. Behind the line he stationed bodies of horsemen to arrest fugitives, and turn them back to the fight. His reserves occupied the intrenchments. The Janissaries were retained at his quarters opposite St. Romain.

The hordes were clever enough to see what the arrangement portended for them, and they at first complained.

"What, grumble, do they?" Mahommed answered. "Ride, and tell them I say the first choice in the capture belongs to the first over the walls. Theirs the fault if the city be not an empty nest to all who come after them."

Just before daybreak, in the deep hush of expectancy and readiness, the light being sufficient to reveal to the besieged the assault couchant below them, a long-blown flourish was sounded by the Turkish heralds from the embrasure of the great gun.

Other trumpeters took up the signal, and in a space incredibly short it was repeated along the line of attack. A thunder of drums broke in upon the music. Up rose the hordes, the archers and slingers, and the ladder bearers, and forward, like a bristling wave, they rushed, shouting every man as he pleased. In the same in-

stant the machines and light guns were set in operation. Never had the old walls been assailed by such a tempest of bolts, arrows, stones and bullets—never had their echoes been awakened by an equal explosion of human voices, instruments of martial music, and cannon.

The warders, not surprised by the assault so much as by its din and fury, cowered behind the merlons, and such other shelters as they could find. This did not last long—it was like the shiver and gasp of one plunged suddenly into icy water. The fugitives were rallied, and brought back to their weapons, and to replying in kind. Having no longer to shoot with care, the rabble fusing into a compact target, not a shaft, or bolt, or stone, or ball from culverin went amiss. After a while, their blood warming with the work, and the dawn breaking, they could see their advantage of position, and the awful havoc they were playing. Then they knew that delight in killing which proves man the most ferocious of brutes.

Thousands were pushed headlong into the moat. The ladders then passed down to such of them as had footing were heavy, but they were caught willingly; if too short, were spliced. Once planted so as to bring the coping of the wall in reach, they swarmed with eager adventurers, who, holding their shields and pikes overhead, climbed as best they could. Those below cheered their comrades above, and even pushed them up.

"The spoils—think of the spoils—the gold, the women! . . . *Allah-il-Allah!* . . . Up, up,—it is the way to Paradise!"

Darts and javelins literally cast the climbers in a thickened shade. Sometimes a ponderous stone plunging down cleaned a ladder from top to bottom; sometimes, waiting until the

*From "The Prince of India," by Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros. This episode of the assault on the city, by Mahommed, the son and heir of the reigning Sultan of the Turks, is but a scene in the life of the Prince of India, the Wandering Jew, who has fired the mind of the young Prince with ideas of the conquest and glory to himself and Islam, by taking Constantinople from the Christians. Count Costi is an ally of Constantine against Mahommed.

rounds were filled, the besieged applied levers, and swung a score and more off helpless and shrieking. No matter—*Allah-il-Allah!* The living were swift to restore and attempt the fatal ascents.

Every one dead and every one wounded became a serviceable clod. Rapidly as the dump and cumber of humanity filled the moat the ladders extended their upward reach. Drum-beat, battle-cry, trumpet's blare, and the roar of cannon answering cannon blent into one steady all-smothering sound.

Between gates, where the walls and towers were intact, the strife of the archers and slingers was to keep the Greeks occupied, lest they should reinforce the defenders.

During the night the blockading vessels had been warped close into the shore. As the walls of the sea-front were lower than those on the land side, the crews, by means of platforms erected on the decks, engaged the besieged from a better level. There, also, though attempts at escalade were frequent, the chief object was to hold the garrison in place.

In the harbor, particularly at the Wood Gate, already mentioned as battered out of semblance to itself by the large gun on the floating battery, the Turks exerted themselves to effect a landing; but the Christian fleet interposed, and there was a naval battle of varying fortune.

So, speaking generally, the city was wrapped in assault; and when the sun at last rode up into the clear sky above the Asiatic heights, streets, houses, palaces, churches—the hills, in fact, from the sea to the Tower of Isaac—were shrouded in ominous vapor, through which such of the people as dared go abroad fitted pale and trembling; or if they spoke to each other, it was to ask in husky voices, What have you heard from the gates?

Passing now to the leading actors in this terrible tragedy. Mahommed retired to his couch early the night

previous. He knew his orders were in course of execution by chiefs who, on their part, knew the awful consequences of failure.

* * * * *

On the morrow Mahommed rode out of the tent.

"Blows the wind to the city or from it?" he asked his chief, Aga of Janissaries.

"Toward the city, my lord."

"Exalted be the name of the Prophet! Set the Flower of the Faithful in order—a column of front wide as the breach in the gate, and bring the heralds. I shall be by the great gun."

Pushing his horse on the parapet, he beheld the space before him, down quite to the moat—every trace of the cemetery had disappeared—dark with hordes assembled and awaiting the signal. Satisfied, happy, he looked then toward the east. None better than he knew the stars appointed to go before the sun—their names were familiar to him—now they were his friends. At last a violet corona, infinitely soft, glimmered along the hill tops beyond Scutari.

"Stand out now," he cried to the five in their tabards of gold—"stand out now, and as ye hope couches in Paradise, blow—blow the stones out of their beds yonder—God was never so great!"

Then ensued the general advance. Here, in front of St. Romain, there was no covering the assailants with slingers and archers. The fill in the ditch was nearly level with the outer bank, from which it may be described as an ascending causeway. This advantage encouraged the idea of pouring the hordesmen en masse over the hill composed of the ruins of the towers of the gate.

There was an impulsive dash under incitement of a mighty drumming and trumpeting—a race, every man of the thousand engaged in it making for the causeway—a jam—a mob paralyzed by its numbers. They trampled on each other—they fought,

and in the rebound were pitched in heaps down the perpendicular revetment on the right and left of the hill. Of those thus unfortunate the most remained where they fell alive, perhaps, but none the less an increasing dump of pikes, shields and crushed bodies. In the roar above them, cries for help, groans, and prayers were alike unheard and unnoticed.

All this Justiniani had foreseen. Behind loose stones on top of the hill, he had collected culverins, making a masked battery, and trained the pieces to sweep the causeways. With them, as a support, he mixed archers and pikemen. On either flank, moreover, he stationed companies similarly armed, extending them to the unbroken wall, so not a space in the breach was undefended.

The Captain, on watch and expectant, heard the signal.

"To the Emperor at Blacherne," he bade; "and say the storm is about to break. Make haste." Then to his men: "Light the matches and be ready to throw the stones down."

The hordesmen reached the edge of the ditch; that moment the guns were unmasked, and the Genoese leader shouted:

"Fire! my men!—*Christ and Holy Church!*"

Then from the Christian works it was bullet, bolt, stone, and shaft, making light of flimsy shield and surcoat of hide. Still the hordesmen pushed on, a river breasting an obstruction. Now they were on the causeway. Useless facing about; behind them an advancing wall; on both sides the ditch. Useless lying down; that was to be smothered in bloody mire. Forward, forward, or die! What though the causeway was packed with dead and wounded! though there was no foothold not slippery! though the smell of hot blood filled every nostril! though hands thrice strengthened by despair grappled the feet, making stepping blocks of face and breast? The living pressed on, leaping, stumbling,

staggering; their howl, "Gold—spoils—women—slaves!" answered from the smoking hill, "*Christ and Holy Church!*"

And now, the causeway crossed, the leading assailants gain the foot of the rough ascent. No time to catch breath—none to look for advantage, none to profit by a glance at the preparation to receive them—up they must go, and up they went. Arrows and javelins pierce them; stones crush them. The culverins spout fire in their faces, and, lifting them off their uncertain footing, hurl them bodily back upon the heads and shields of their comrades. Along the brow of the rocky hill a mound of bodies rises wondrous quick, an obstacle to the warders of the pass who would shoot, to hordesmen a barrier.

Slowly the corona on the Scutarian hills deepened into dawn. The Emperor joined Justiniani. Count Corti came with him. There was an affectionate greeting.

"Your Majesty, the day is scarcely full born, yet see Islam is rueing it."

Constantine, following Justiniani's pointing, peered once through the smoke. Then the necessity of the moment caught him, and, taking post between guns, he plied his long lance upon the wretches climbing the rising mound, some without shields, some weaponless, most of them incapable of combat.

With the brightening of day that mound grew in height and width until at length the Christians sallied out upon it to meet the enemy still pouring on. An hour thus.

Suddenly, comprehending the futility of their effort, the hordesmen turned, and rushed from the hill and the causeway.

The Christians suffered but few casualties; yet they would have gladly rested. Then from the wall above the breach, whence he had used his bow, Count Corti descended.

"Your Majesty," he said, his countenance kindled with enthusiasm, "the Janissaries are making ready."

Justiniani was prompt. "Come!" he shouted. "Come, every one! We must have clear range for the guns. Down with these dead! Down with the living! No time for pity!"

Setting the example, presently the defenders tossed the bodies of their enemies down the face of the hill.

On his horse, by the great gun, Mahommed had observed the assault, listening while the night yet lingered. Occasionally a courier rode to him with news from this Pacha or that one. He heard without excitement, and returned invariably the same reply:

"Tell him to pour the hordes in."

At last an officer came at speed:

"Oh, my Lord, I salute you. The city is won."

It was clear day then, yet a light not of the morning sparkled in Mahommed's eyes. Stooping in his saddle, he asked:

"What sayest thou? Tell me of it—but beware, if thou speakest falsely, neither God nor Prophet shall save thee from impalement to the roots of thy tongue."

"As I have to tell my Lord what I saw with my own eyes, I am not afraid. . . My Lord knows that where the palace of Blacherne begins on the south there is an angle in the wall. There, while our people were feigning an assault to amuse the Greeks, they came upon a sunken gate"—

"The Cercoporta—I know of it."

"My Lord has the name. Trying it they found it unfastened and unguarded. Pushing through a darkened passage, they discovered they were in the palace. Mounting to the upper floor, they attacked the unbelievers. The fighting goes on. From room to room the Christians resist. They are now cut off, and in a little time the quarter will be ours."

Mahommed spoke to Kalil: "Take this man, and keep him safely. If he has spoken truly, great shall be his reward; if falsely, better he were not his mother's son." Then to one of his household: "Come hither. . . . Go to the sunken gate Cercoporta,

pass in, and find the chief now fighting in the palace of Blacherne. Tell him I, Mahommed, require he leave the palace to such as may follow him, and march and attack the defenders of this gate, St. Romain, in the rear. He shall not stop to plunder. I give him one hour in which to do my bidding. Ride thou now as if a falcon led thee. For Allah and life!"

He called his Aga of Janissaries:

"Have the hordes before this gate retired. They have served their turn, they have made the ditch passable, and the Gabours are faint with killing them. Observe! and when the road is cleared let go with the Flower of the Faithful. A province to the first through; and this the battle cry: *Allah-il-Allah!* They will fight under my eye. Minutes are kingdoms. Go thou, and let go."

Always in reserve, always the last resort in doubtful battle, always the arm with which the sultans struck the finishing blow, the Janissaries thus summoned to take up the assault were in discipline, spirit, and splendor of appearance, the élite corps of the martial world.

Riding to the front, the Aga halted to communicate Mahommed's orders. Down the columns the speech was passed.

The Flower of the Faithful were in three divisions dismounted. Throwing off their clumsy gowns, they stood forth in glittering mail, and shaking their brassy shields in air, shouted the old salute: "*Live the Padishah! Live the Padishah!*"

The road to the gate was cleared; then the Aga galloped back, and when abreast of the yellow flag of the first division, he cried: "*Allah-il-Allah!* Forward!"

And drum and trumpet breaking forth, a division moved down in columns of fifties. Slowly at first, but solidly, and with stateliness it moved. So at Pharsalia marched the legion Cæsar loved—so in decision of heady fights strode the Old Guard of the world's last conqueror.

CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

Pauline Bryant.....California Illustrated Magazine

Forget thee, dear?
 God knows how in the silence of the night,
 Forgetful how tired I am,
 I think of thee, till, like a soothing balm,
 Sleep, dropping on my lids, puts thought
 to flight.

Forget thee, dear?
 God knows I have no longer any choice!
 Love's seal is set upon me, nor can I,
 With placid-beating heart again deny
 The mastery and magic of thy voice.

Forget thee, dear?
 God knows I would not if I could.
 For sweeter far to me has been the pain
 Of love unsatisfied than all the vain
 And ill-spent years I lived before we met.

Forget thee, dear?
 God knows, if I were lying dead to-day,
 To ashes turned in a forgotten grave,
 And to my dust He mercifully gave
 The power to speak one word—Thy name
 I'd say.

MEMORY

Charlotte Bronte.....Unpublished Poem.....Cornhill

When the dead in cold graves are lying
 Asleep, to wake never again,
 When past are their smiles and sighing,
 Oh! why should their memories remain?

Though sunshine and Spring may lighten
 The wild flowers that blow on their
 graves;

Though Summer their tombstones brighten,
 And Autumn pall them with leaves;

Though Winter have wildly bewailed them
 With her dirge wind, as sad as a knell;
 Though the shroud of her snow-wreath
 have veiled them,
 Still, how deep in our bosoms they dwell!

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
 The cloud and the light fleet away

But the man from his heart may not banish
 Ev'n thoughts that are torment to stay.

The reflection departs from the river,
 When the tree that hung o'er is cut down;
 But on Memory's calm current for ever
 The shade, without substance, is thrown.

When quenched in the glow of the ember,
 When the life-fire ceases to burn,
 Oh! why should the spirit remember?
 Oh! why should the parted return?

Because that the fire is *still* shining,
 Because that the lamp is still bright;
 While the body in dust is reclining,
 The soul lives in glory and light.

A WOODLAND PATH

Margarette Lippincott.....Ladies' Home Journal

Again I see the rustling leaves
 Stir in the Summer air,
 Rose brambles bend across the path
 With gently clinging snare;
 The bonny brook the self-same song
 Is singing all the day,
 It sang when we two passed along
 This way.

Oh, love, I wish the skies were dark,
 I wish the flowers were dead,
 I wish the little singing brook
 Were silent in its bed!
 For if the blue were overcast
 I might forget the day
 When you and I together passed
 This way.

IN TWILIGHT'S HUSH

William Toynbee.....Gentleman's Magazine

As twilight gathers o'er me,
 Day's turmoil I forget;
 The world fades out before me
 With all its fume and fret;
 As forth the stars come stealing
 And faint the fire-gleams grow,
 Fond Reverie wakes, revealing
 The loved of long ago!

No mystic incantation
 To summon them I need,
 The heart's mute invocation
 They answer as I plead;
 Out of the shadows gliding
 They round me gently smile,
 Like children who from hiding
 Have wandered back awhile!

As twilight gathers o'er me,
 And faint the fire-gleams grow,
 I conjure up before me
 The loved of long ago!
 Free range to Reverie giving,
 I view the past outspread,
 Till all the dead seem living,
 And all the living dead!

BLIND EYES

Grace Adele Pierce.....The Chaperone

So much, so much, we cannot understand!
 So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
 Ofttimes we turn beneath God's chast'ning hand,
 And, in passion of our human pride,
 Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind,
 Because we cannot see—our eyes are blind.

 We cannot see why we should suffer so,
 Who have not deeply sinned or gone astray,
 O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know
 How far we wander from the blessed way!

 Our finite vision cannot see above us
 The stretching shade of the Almighty wing;
 We cannot know how truly God doth love us,
 Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

 We cannot know because our eyes are blind;
 We turn away from His anointing hand,
 And, groping, seek that we can never find,
 Until in perfect peace, we calmly stand—
 Content to wait till we shall plainly see
 In the new light of an eternity.

FAILURE

Louise Houghton.....The Chautauquan

As some great bird
 Whose hurt wing answers not her will,
 Still beats the air in useless striving,
 And dying—with strong talons holding yet
 Her hard won prey,
 While with wide hungry beaks, her far-off
 young
 Wait, vainly calling;

Or a spent swimmer
 Breasting angry waves to save a life,
 With dying eyes fixt on the rescuing boat,
 And knowing it is all too late,
 Makes still his strokes, grown feeble
 With each laboring breath—yields not
 The life he gives his own to save;
 This is not failure;
 Nor bird, nor swimmer gives up purpose.

Long, long centuries

Agone, One walked the earth, His life
 A seeming failure;
 Dying, He gave the world a gift
 That will outlast eternities.

BURNING THE LETTERS

Anne R. Aldrich.....Kate Field's Washington

Dear perjuries I loved so well,
 Dear dead believing
 In these sweet written lies of his,
 This fair deceiving.

 Blistered with hot and happy tears,
 Worn by my kisses,
 Hid warmly on my breast at night,
 What an end this is!

 Dear yellowed leaves, dear faded words,
 The red flame flashes—
 No elegy I speak but this:
 Ashes to ashes.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FANCIES

THE COST OF ANCIENT LUXURY

Told in an Account-Book... ..Providence Journal

The following extracts from an ancient account-book give an idea of the style of living in Paris at the end of the seventeenth century. The household of a grand seigneur consisted of an intendent, an almoner, a secretary, an ecuyer, two valets, a janitor, a steward, an officer of the butler's pantry, a cook, a butler's pantryman, two kitchen attendants, a kitchen-maid, two pages, six or four lackeys, two coachmen, two postillions, two carriage attendants, four stable-boys, a "Swiss" or porter, an intendent's valet, an almoner's valet, a secretary's valet, an ecuyer's valet, and a steward's valet.

The almoner's salary was \$40, the ecuyer's \$80, the steward's \$100, the cook's \$60, and so on, the entire expenditure in wages of thirty-six persons for one year amounting to \$802. The entire expenditure in food, drink, fuel and light of thirty-six persons for one year amounted to \$1,907 50. The grand seigneur's table, served for twelve persons twice a day, and kitchen, laundry, fuel, and light cost in all, per year, \$2,376.15. The grand seigneur had fourteen horses for his carriages, and sixteen saddle-horses, and their cost in feed and treatment was, per year, \$2,117.

Thus the maintenance of a well-regulated household, comprising thirty-six servants and thirty horses, cost in Paris in 1700, at the most liberal estimate, about \$7,500. If the grand seigneur was married, the lady had at her service an ecuyer, a maid, whose function was to do honor to her and be her constant companion; a chambermaid, who combed and dressed her hair, washed and ironed her fine linen, and repaired her laces; a valet who was a man milliner, a page, a steward, a cook, a butler, a kitchen-maid, four lackeys,

a coachman, a postillion, a boy, seven carriage horses, and four saddle horses.

If there were children, there were a governess, a nurse, a preceptor, a valet, two lackeys, a servant for the nurse, and the additional expenditure in wages amounted to only \$493. A gentleman who lived in an inn, and was content with one valet, two lackeys, and a hired coach, if he lived luxuriously, spent \$964 a year.

NEW COLORS AND COMBINATIONS

Emma M. Hooper.....Ladies' Home Journal

During the season many of the colors are spoken of by name, and as the latter does not often indicate what the shade really is, I subjoin a list of the chief shades and the French names by which they are known: Russe, a dark bluish green; Emeraude, clear emerald green; Mousse, a medium olive; Sphinx, medium grayish or mignonette green, also of the tint known as *résèda*; Muguet, a very yellow light green; Lagune, a light pea green; Volga, light water green; Serpolet and Caspienne, two yellowish stem greens. Of these Russe, Emeraude, Sphinx, Mousse and Lagune are the taking shades.

Among the browns are Vison, a bright golden shade; Tobac, light tobacco tint; Modoré, a medium reddish brown; Marron, a rich and very reddish shade; Sparta, champagne color; Beige, grayish tan, and Castor, a fawnish light brown. The old rose tints are exquisite in tone. The two great novelties in this color are Wal-kyrie, a bright shade, strongly pink, and Sigurd, a dark purplish cast. Then come Diogène, lighter than Sigurd, but with the purple cast; Lotus, a bright old rose; Aubusson, a delicate and more pinkish shade; Bengale, the palest of old rose, almost a pink.

A line of electric or greenish blues shows two favorites: Saphirine, dark greenish blue, and Libellule, a lighter

tone of the same. Then follow up the scale. Lumineux, Azurine, Olympia and Loie Fuller, the latter being a greenish sky blue. Azur and Ciel are clear, pale sky or baby blue without the greenish tinge; Alpin, a medium light faded, antique or old shade, and Léman, a paler shade of Alpin. Two new shades that are already shown in made-up costumes in Paris are Giroflée, a bright, rich red, having just a suspicion of terra cotta, and Merisette, a deep brownish old rose without a hint of pink.

Of the purple shades there are Ascanio, medium reddish purple; Ophelia and Verveine, lighter and pinker shades of Ascanio; Violetta, very dark reddish purple; Mauve, pinkish lavender; Evêque, bishop's purple, a clear dark tint; Digatale and Lobelia, two light pinkish heliotropes of the peculiar cast called antique or old shades. Henri II., a purplish red: Ribés, reddish pink; Roi, a bright crimson; Provins, clear bright garnet or wine color; Grenate, a yellowish garnet, and Tangara, a clear, dark cardinal red.

Yellows are not as well represented as before, though Epis, a light shade; Cérés, a lovely gold, and Mais, a yellow cream, are all fashionable tints. Three grays are shown, Argent, silver gray; Nickel, a darker shade, and Palatine, clear medium gray. Only one white is admitted, Ivoire. Two navy blues claim recognition, Marine and Matelot. But one clear pink ornaments the new card of sixty-six colors, and that is Corail.

In combining colors green appears as the all-important factor, as it is the one color that goes with everything. Green and brown, tan, black, gray, purple and even blue will be seen, but when undertaking combinations remember there are shades and shades, and where a yellowish green may jar, a grayish green may harmonize admirably. The new old rose shades will go with brown, gray, green, black and purple, but if not blessed with an eye for harmony in colors,

get some one who is, to put such shades together.

Golden browns and the light greenish blues look well together, and a dress of the lovely Merisette is Frenchy with a vest—nothing more of it—of the green shade Volga. There are so many fallow complexions that it is well to know that both yellow and old rose shades tend to make one look fairer and clearer. Shades of orange are only becoming to a pale brunette. The greenish blues can be worn by blondes alone.

AN AMATEUR CIRCUS IN SOCIETY

Sibylla..... San Francisco Argonaut

The last flourish of trumpets of the Parisian season has been sounded by a fête which is essentially Parisian as it is fashionable, the double representation which takes place annually at the Cirque Molier, and which for ten years has been, even more than the Grand Prix race, the signal for closing of Summer fashionable life.

The history of this circus is interesting: M. Molier is a sportsman who takes as much pleasure in circus-riding as others take in painting or in music. In order to follow out his passion at liberty and to keep his horses at hand, he built stables and a circus-ring under a large shed, at the gates of the Bois de Boulogne, in the Rue Benonville. Then he added a house for himself and gave himself up quietly to his favorite occupation.

A few friends, devoted like himself to athletic exercises, went to ride in his ring, to fence and to exercise on the trapeze, so that from one thing to another, and without premeditation, M. Molier found himself one fine day at the head of a real circus troupe composed entirely of amateurs.

These friends were first, *primus et princeps*, Count Hubert de la Rochefoucauld. Well-made, nimble, supple, he had always had a great taste for gymnastics, and one day he determined to amuse himself by imitating Léotard; by force of energy and work he succeeded in so doing, and

from that moment, vaulting and other athletic exercises became the great occupation of his life to such a degree that he had a room in his *hôtel* in Paris and at his *château* at Choisy transformed into a gymnasium. The other members of the troupe were Dr. Laburthe, who threw weights, jumped hurdles and boxed; M. Vasseur and the Count de Vissac who fenced; and Messrs. D. St. Michel, Reivet, Pantelli, Moreau and Van Husen, who were wrestlers and acrobats; the painters Gerbault and Adrien Marie, remarkable in pantomime, juggler's tricks, and as clowns. Other young men became members and led each other on by reciprocal emulation to such perfection in circus work that a day came when M. Molier conceived and realized the idea of giving a public representation, by invitation, of course. It had such a success that since then he has renewed it annually with new attractions—trained animals, dogs and geese, and exercises and eccentricities of all kinds. It has become a true circus, with a complete *personnel*, for, as in Paris it is the creed "to belong to something," it is the ambition of all the fashionable youth to belong to the Cirque Molier.

The company is entirely composed of gentlemen, comprising the ticket-receivers, the ring-master, M. de Sainte-Marie, the manager for addressing the public, M. de St. Aldegonde, and M. Martel, the under-manager. The ringmen, who are dressed as clowns or as equestrians, and who hold up the hoops and the poles, who rake the ring, or arrange themselves in file as the artists enter, are gentlemen as well. The equestrians are dressed with a scarlet cap, short brown coats with a knot of blue ribbon on the shoulder, white knee-breeches and top boots.

The feminine element is not wanting in these representations, but, in spite of the fact that certain horsewomen ride with masks, it is not women of society who furnish the contingent.

At present the women riders are professional, like the Baronne von Walkberg, an Austrian and a baroness in imagination, but whose talent for *haut-école* riding is well known; Mlle. Georgette, strong and fearless, who rode this year dressed in the costume of a Sicilian brigand; Mlles. Blanchetti, Pia de Veriane, remarkably clever and graceful; Mathilde Chevalier, an admirable fencer; and the clown, Miss Campbell—or else they are dancers who, having taken a taste for riding, have become M. Molier's pupils, and who do bareback exercises on a horse galloping, jumping through rings, and other feats of prowess, or else dance on the tight-rope.

You can imagine how much the administration of his circus must occupy M. Molier. Always up at six o'clock in the morning, he visits his stables and then rides. From being a remarkable horseman, he has become a professional trainer and jockey. He is obliged to possess for certain exercises circus horses that have an even and quiet gallop, which no circus will sell under three thousand francs. He has to keep them in form and to exercise them constantly. It takes from six to eight months' daily training to teach a horse not to make a false movement in his Spanish step or in his cadences to the tune of a slow waltz or mazurka.

For his personal use, he trains superb thoroughbreds for *haut-école* work, who are so full of fire that the public is often asked not to applaud during certain difficult exercises, for fear the animals will take fright.

It is true that M. Molier gives but one double representation a year; but as the exercises are changed each time—whereas professional circusmasters give the same bill during a whole season—it can be imagined how much work it necessitates. He must arrange the rehearsals and overlook the work of his troupe. He has women pupils who rehearse their vaulting through hoops, etc., on a horse—who are secured by a rope in

their belts, which is passed through a pulley fastened to the roof, and he is obliged to hold the end of the rope with a firm hand, in order to pull up the horsewoman in the air in case the horse makes a false step. Then he must maintain order among his troupe, the members of which have the vanity of artists and the susceptibilities of amateurs.

It is needless to say that the *entrée* to these amusing representations is eagerly sought after by the members of fashionable Parisian society. By removing the partitions which separate the circus from the billiard, fencing and saddle rooms, and by putting benches wherever it is possible to place them, only three hundred and fifty to four hundred persons can be seated, and a good third among them can see but little, and what they do see is at the price of indescribable heat and amid such a crowd! Ladies climb by a ladder even up to the top of the circus; men find places where they can, and are generally repulsed from them by a smiling *commissaire*.

The rooms in M. Molier's *hôtel* are transformed into dressing rooms for the artists, the stables serve as issue. A hogshead of "coco" is placed in the drawing room, and it is an amusing sight to see the fashionable women, in exquisite toilets, and the men, in dress coats, go to drink it, as though at a fair, for the aristocratic throats, made thirsty by the frightful heat, and dried by dust from the ring, do not disdain this popular beverage.

As I have said, M. Molier gives a double representation a few days apart. The first, a sort of general rehearsal, "is offered"—that is the euphemistic formula—"to artists." On the second day, the women who are present may manifest their enthusiasm during the exercises alone, and they bestow most flattering applause to the gentlemen acrobats and riders. The Count de la Rochefoucauld, above all, exceedingly handsome in his green silk tights, carries off the majority of the votes.

There are some Puritanical persons who veil their faces and condemn these amateur acrobats. But no one minds, and every year M. Molier's success with his circus increases.

SOCIETY'S WAR AGAINST WIDOWS

Uprising of the Unmarried.....Harper's Weekly

Information comes from London of the formation there of a Society for the Regulation of Widows. Details, we regret to say, are lacking as to who and what this society is composed of, though it scarcely seems possible that it can consist of men in any considerable proportion. Though man is the victim—the natural prey—of widows, he has no desire to be otherwise. The new association must be made up of the widows' sisters.

This view seems the more reasonable when we are told that the movement against the widow is begun on the ground that, "as a matter of abstract justice, it is not right that one woman should marry two or three times, when thousands of equally deserving sisters have no chance to marry even once"; and to uphold this dogma it is proposed to prevent widows from marrying. The new war on the widow is certainly being carried on by other women. There may be a few individually disappointed men, already married to widows, who are giving aid and comfort to the new movement, unknown, of course, to their wives; but women must form the active and visible workers—the controlling spirits—of the society. But we suspect that the English widows are no more alarmed at the movement against them than were the falls of Niagara when Mr. Oscar Wilde stood on their awful brink and told them, in a calm, firm voice, that they were "not what they were cracked up to be."

For we conceive resistance to the widow to be about as profitable an occupation as girding at the equator, or hinting that there is some sort of a scandal among the parallels of longitude. It was well remarked by

some one, we believe by that keen observer and close reasoner the late Professor Bosbyshell, of the Montrose University, that for a man to "try to get the advantage of a widow is like attempting to file a buzz-saw while it is in motion." It may be replied that it is not a man who is trying to get the advantage of the widow in this case, but a sister woman. True; but woman in her natural, guileless, unsophisticated, unwhetted state, and not, like the widow, made subtle, penetrating, irresistible, by her experience in subduing and managing a husband. Not that we mean altogether to disparage the sagacity and craftiness of woman before marriage; these things are relative; unmarried woman could easily, for instance, suppress and destroy that timid, irresolute, and humbled creature, the widower; but when she turns to the wily and insidious widow, armed at all points, accustomed to command, ready for the fray, and offering welcome to the tempest, she finds much more than her match.

The widow, with her extraordinary power over man, is one of the most fascinating, albeit dangerous, studies presented to the scientist. For, though even the members of the new society for the suppression of widows may not admit it, the ordinary woman stands no sort of show whatever with the widow in bagging a man for matrimonial purposes. The formation of the society is a confession of weakness; they may talk of abstract justice and eternal equity and fundamental right, but if the widow were merely on an equal footing with them the society would never have been. Getting married for the widow is no more than going shopping—simply a matter of selecting and having it sent home. Sometimes she may delay for a season, or even find difficulty in suiting the complexion of her mind, or in matching (or contrasting, as the case may be) the former pattern; but when she finds what she wants she takes it. The widow does not affect

bargain counters or shops on side streets. She goes to the best establishments and looks over the latest importations. Her maiden sister gazes in the show window while she is inside placing her orders.

It seems probable that the marvelous power over man possessed by the widow really springs, as we have hinted, from man's own weakness. That is to say, if man were what he pretends to be he would not need that control, guidance, management, restraint, the exercise of which during her wedded life gives a woman that wonderful mastery over man which shows itself publicly when she has become a widow. The widow knows what a hollow, tinkling, sounding mockery is man. She knows all his weaknesses—his flabby excuses about coming home late at night; his transparent explanations of a redolent breath; his sickening remarks about stringency of money. The widow's power over man comes chiefly from knowing precisely what a flimsy creature he is, and in being aware that he is to her as clay in the hands of the potter.

It would be highly interesting to know just how the members of the new society propose to carry on their anti-widow movement. We take it that they have already "whereased" and "be-it-resolved." We cannot believe that they will be so foolish as to put much dependence on moral suasion. Legislation seems to be their only hope; but legislation they can never obtain. No doubt they could get the noble House of Lords to turn its attention from the deceased wife's sister bill and consider a bill for, so to say, the demonetization of the widow; but it would never pass such a bill with the eye of the widow on it. The difficulty with the deceased wife's sister is that she is usually not a widow; otherwise the bill had been law long ago. With legislation impossible and suasion useless, what remains? That, apparently, the privilege which has always remained for man—surrender.

CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

THE CREED OF A VEGETARIAN

Dr. De Neuville.....The Review of Reviews

One of the causes which has led people to reject the doctrine of vegetarianism is the idea that it is inspired by pietism, religious convictions and monastic mortification. But this is a grave error, for the rational vegetarianism of to-day is entirely scientific and dictated by the sole desire to follow a system conforming to the laws of nature. It has science on its side, and only the force of habit is opposed to it. The muscles become soft, the size diminishes, humanity degenerates and is kept in working order only by sedatives and tonics. The numerous maladies of the stomach and the intestines from simple catarrh to the most serious diseases are often due to our appetite for meat and other stimulants.

Vegetarianism, we are told by Dr. Bonnejoy, does not consist solely in vegetable food, but is based on three dietetic axioms: (1) The general rebuilding power lies in cereals, seeds, vegetables, tubers, fruits, eggs, milk and their derivatives; (2) the food, the air, and, in general, everything that is introduced into the body should show absolute purity, freshness and entire absence of falsifications, mixture and adulterations, even in the smallest quantities; (3) it is necessary, as far as possible, for each to manufacture his foods and drinks at home, in order to reach the desired results.

These are the principal dogmas of the vegetarians. Man is not intended to eat meat. His jaw is made to grind grain and fruits. His hands are made to gather them. The Darwinian theory does not permit us for an instant to doubt the frugivorous nature of man. His intestinal canal is also a proof. In the lion this is three times as long as the body; in man, seven or eight times as long.

The human body is a machine which, to be kept in good working order, should be nourished according to scientific rules, and not at the desire of our fancies. Four classes of substances are necessary for the maintenance of life—the albuminoids, the carbohydrates, the fats, the minerals. Now, meat contains but three of these, while the vegetables contain all four. Vegetable food is also necessary for our intellectual life; for, as Moleschott has said, without phosphorus there is no thought. The phosphorus contained in vegetable food is almost double the amount contained in animal food. But these are not all the advantages of vegetarianism. Those who believe that meat gives the rose color to the cheeks and lips must be shown their error. For, as Prof. Mussa has shown, the amount of iron oxide contained in the vegetables is much greater than that found in meat.

However, vegetarianism is not too presumptuous with regard to its wonderful powers. Its doctrines demand at the same time the constant and intelligent practice of all sorts of hygienic rules. It calls to its aid pure air, light, heat or cold, water, exercise and, commencing with alcohol, the condemnation of all stimulants. In these conditions it is difficult to say which would prove more beneficial, the renunciation of meat or the application of a well understood hygiene. It is, however, indisputable that vegetarianism, at its best, comprises in its accessories many things worthy of general sympathy.

CONCERNING CHEWING GUM

Its Uses and Abuses.....Youth's Companion

The origin of chewing gum may be traced indirectly back to the time when contenders in manly sports in the amphitheatres kept their mouths from parching by chewing the leaves

of plants which were capable of producing an increased flow of saliva; but the modern chewing gum, with all its alleged benefits and its various flavors, is strictly a product of the present aggressive age.

The medicinal value of chewing gum of any kind may well be expected to be slight. Aside from its employment in some cases as a sialogogue, or saliva producer, it is likely to become positively harmful if persistently used.

We may, perhaps, excuse its use by public speakers and singers, and by all whose throats are exposed to the irritation of constant use, as by means of it the throat may be kept moist and free from irritation; but even then it is doubtful whether other methods would not prove quite as efficacious without being so harmful to the digestive system.

It is easy to explain why the digestive system is liable to suffer from the persistent use of chewing gum. One of the chief functions of the saliva is to stimulate by its presence in the stomach an increased flow of the gastric juices. But the increased flow of saliva induced by constant chewing is generally thrown into an empty stomach. This explains the gnawing that persons unaccustomed to the use of gum experience after chewing it for a while. There is no food for the gastric juices to work upon, and so, of course, an artificial appetite is set up.

This fact might be turned to account in some cases of indigestion, if it were not for the supplementary fact that the saliva which comes from prolonged stimulation is always inferior in quality in direct proportion to its increased amount. And not only is this superficial saliva weakened in its power of stimulating the gastric juices, but another important function, that of changing starches to sugar, is correspondingly interfered with, to a great degree.

Then, again, we must not forget the frothy condition of saliva pro-

duced by the chewing of gum, nor fail to appreciate the uncomfortable and even harmful results of forcing such quantities of air into the stomach, disorganizing its working.

FAMOUS RESTAURANTS OF PARIS

Past and Present.....New York Tribune

I can no longer pay the same homage to the culinary excellence of the famous restaurants of the Paris boulevards as in the days of yore. Verdier, the proprietor of the *Maison Dorée*, is dead. So, too, is the old Bignon, of the *Café Riche*; while his good-looking son and successor has retired from business in order to enjoy his enormous fortune. The *Cafés Anglais* and *Brebant* have fallen into the hands of syndicates or corporations, and the cooking is no longer what it was. The glory of "*Les Trois Frères Provençaux*" and of *Vernon* has long since departed from them. As for the Bignon restaurant, on the *Avenue de l'Opéra*, it has long since been given over to *Levantines*, to *South Americans* and to *Russians* who are visiting Paris and doing its restaurants for the first time.

Indeed, the only two first-class restaurants which still continue to live up to their old reputation and pre-eminence are *Pailleron* and *Voisin*. The latter, in particular, is famous from one end of Europe to the other for its superb wines, and it is worthy of note that whenever the *Prince of Wales* is staying at the *Hotel Bristol*, he invariably has all the wines served at its table specially brought from *Voisin's* to the hotel. *Voisin's*, besides being the favorite dining-place of most of those old Parisian gourmets who recognize no other divinity than the "*Kitchen God*," is, likewise, the restaurant preferred beyond all others by the *Muscovite Grand Duke Alexis* and the other members of the imperial family of *Russia*.

But even though the master hand of old Bignon has disappeared, it may still be possible to obtain at the *Café Riche* that royal dish of *carpe à la*

Chambord which was formerly regarded as constituting the *chef-d'œuvre* of its *cuisine*. Innumerable stories are told of both old and young Bignon, both of them characters in their way. Is it possible to conceive any answer better calculated to turn away the wrath of a guest than that made by the latter to Prince Narishkine? "What is this, Bignon?" the Russian exclaimed; "fifteen francs for one peach? Peaches must be rare, indeed!" "It is not the peaches that are rare, prince," replied young Bignon, in soft tones: "but the Narishkines."

At the Maison Dorée, where, although Verdier is dead, his chief, old Moisson, still presides over the kitchen, the most famous *plat* is the "Canneton Rouennais aux Oranges." The "great six" of the private dining-rooms upstairs was as noted, in times gone by, for its scenes of revelry as the "great sixteen" of the Café Anglais across the way. Among the diners down stairs at the Maison Dorée, I specially call to mind an old Russian general, Prince Soltikoff, who used to take his seat in a corner of the room and invariably order the same menu—namely, a huge anchovy salad, a roast partridge, very high, with a bottle of Bordeaux Mouton Rothschild, at fifty francs, followed by a pint of Roederer. As soon as he had drunk his coffee, the old prince (who was over eighty years of age) was wont to fall asleep, and to remain so until sharp ten o'clock, when David, the *maitre d'hôtel*, had orders to wake him.

Old Verdier, the proprietor, was quite a philosopher in his way. It was not sufficient, he was wont to declare, to cook well, but it was necessary, in addition thereto, to give the guest an appetite. This, he asserted, could be best attained by interesting him in what he was about to eat, *ennui* on the part of the diner being one of the greatest difficulties with which a first-rate *chef* has to contend. With this object in view,

Verdier would generally cause the waiter to prepare the sauce for the woodcock or partridge in the presence of the guest. Two dainty little silver saucepans, two little spirit-of-wine lamps, a few bones of the bird and some cognac, were all that was necessary. The sauce thus manufactured was perfect, and it acquired additional relish in the eyes of the diner from the fact of its having been made in his presence. Another famous boniface, who is evidently of the same opinion, is the proprietor of the great "Chaumière" restaurant at Moscow. When a customer orders a fish for his *déjeuner*, or dinner, he is conducted to a great marble basin and fountain in a beautiful winter-garden, which constitutes the main hall of the establishment. Trout and many other delicately flavored members of the finny world swim about in the deep, clear water of the pond. A long-handled, silk landing-net is given to the guest, and he is requested to select and catch himself the fish that tempts his fancy most.

A feature in which all the great Parisian restaurants, with the solitary exception of the "Lion d'Or"—only second-rate, so far as its *cuisine* is concerned—are deficient, is in elegance of the table equipage. Neither the glass nor the porcelain, nor yet the plate nor the linen, is on a par with the cookery. And yet there is no doubt that an artistic and dainty service helps materially toward the proper and perfect appreciation of the viands. Old Kienberger, who, for close upon thirty years, has been in chief control of the imperial kitchens at Vienna, is a great advocate of this theory, and has, on more than one occasion, argued in my presence that a pigeon served on a gold dish is a more pleasing and appetizing viand than an ortolan sent in on a common china plate.

Edouard Sacher, the Delmonico of the Austrian capital, is manifestly of the same opinion; for all the plates and dishes in his two restaurants—

the one close to the Opéra and the other in the Prater—are of the finest Dresden, the glasses from Baccarat and Bohemia, the silver massive and antique and the damask faultless. The private dining-rooms are beautifully upholstered in pale blue plush, and groups of flowers and foliage fill every corner. The dishes which I would specially recommend at Sacher's, and also at the restaurant of the Hotel Continental, the old "Golden Lamb," where financiers are wont to congregate, is a *pâté de foie gras*. The dainty, as found in these two places, is infinitely superior to any produced at Strasbourg, being made of the livers of geese that have been in sound health at the time of their demise, instead of being made of livers that have been rendered diseased by artificial and unnatural methods of fattening the goose just prior to killing it.

The older "crus" of Clos Vougeot are to be obtained in their greatest perfection at Voisin's. With regard to those of a mere recent date, the very finest are to be found not at Paris, but at the railroad restaurant at Dijon. This restaurant enjoys fame of an altogether international character, since all the express trains carrying passengers from Paris, either to the Riviera, to Italy, or to the Orient, by the Brindisi mail, stop there for dinner or lunch. The best way is to telegraph a couple of hours ahead to the *maitre d'hôtel*, ordering the "plats" which one desires, and stating the arrival of the train. As soon as ever the latter runs into the station, a waiter is on the lookout for the traveler who has thus telegraphed, and ushers him to a separate table, where everything is found cooked to a turn. The difference between a meal such as this and the ordinary, though excellent *table d'hôte* dinner provided for the passengers, amply repays the small extra expenditure which the precaution of ordering one's dinner a couple of hours or so in advance by telegraph involves.

The proprietor and manager of the celebrated Dijon railroad restaurant is a millionaire, and quite an original character in his way. For a number of years past, he has made a point of buying, every year, the entire yield of the Clos Vougeot vineyard, keeping the choicest wines for his guests and selling the remainder to dealers. These Clos Vougeot vineyards are not large. Indeed, their area is restricted to a few acres; but they have been famous for producing the most generous and superb wine in France, for hundreds of years past. In olden times this vintage was reserved for the joint use of the Pope, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Abbott of Cîteaux; and it is on historical record that Pope Gregory the Eleventh, being dissatisfied with his share one year when the yield was particularly choice, presented to the Abbott of Cîteaux of the day a cardinal's hat in exchange for thirty hogsheads of the vintage. It was, moreover, the favorite wine of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, and possesses all the soft richness of Pommard and the perfume of Chambertin, without the cloying quality of the one or the hint of headiness in the other.

BANANA WINE AND BEER

Some African Beverages ... Philadelphia Press

To the natives of Africa of the present time, beer prepared from malt and hops is unknown, although bottled lager beer has reached Gerhard Rolfs, the well-known German traveler in Africa, even at the oasis of Kufra, in the Sahara. Yet there exists no lack of intoxicating beverages among the sons of the dark continent. They are not required to wait for the firewater of the Europeans to be sent them. They understand how to prepare spirituous beverages of their own, and they also become intoxicated by the latter. This is only too frequently the case, as may be seen from the account of foreign travelers in Africa. The Africans make wine and beer, but neither grape

juice is used for the former nor malt extract for the latter. Palm trees of different kinds, bananas and millet, furnish the raw materials. Palm wine is made from the sap oozing from the cut off blossom stems of the oily palm tree and of the cocoa tree. It is a pleasant, refreshing beverage and is sufficiently known. From the fruit of the banana tree a beverage is being made in Africa, which they drink there as wine or beer. Banana beer is chiefly used by the natives of Uganda, a country bordering on Lake Victoria. The people there are very fond of such beer, and when Emin Pasha went to Rubaga to meet King Mtesa he wrote in his diary: "This is a real beer trip from village to village, or rather from beer pot to beer pot, we are marching on." In that country the manufacture of banana beverage is extensively going on. Dr. Felkin, an English physician, who formerly lived there, describes the different kinds of the banana beverage. He makes a distinction between banana beer and banana wine.

According to his description "mubisi," a cooling banana wine, is manufactured in the following manner: A big hole is dug in the ground, lined with banana leaves, filled with unripe bananas and kept covered by mats and earth until the fruit has become completely ripe. Then the bananas are slit, mixed with fine hay and placed into a large boat-like trough, which at one end has an emptying pipe. After the addition of some water the whole is thoroughly mixed by the hand, or by short wooden sticks. Thereupon the trough is covered with banana leaves and the mixture is left standing for about one or two hours. After the expiration of that time it is taken out and through grass sieves poured into large calabashes. It is then ready for use and represents a sweet, agreeable and not intoxicating beverage. The fact that just this kind of banana beverage is drunk in large quantities by the natives explains why Emin Pasha did

not see many drunken men in Uganda and Unjoro. But if the mubisi is left standing for three days it undergoes a fermentation and becomes a slightly acid, refreshing beverage, which is strongly intoxicating. This wine or beverage is called "muenze." If it is filled into bottles and they are kept well corked in a cool place for several months, one obtains a sparkling wine strongly resembling champagne.

Mubisi, the principal beverage made from bananas, can be changed yet in another way. If a larger or smaller quantity of boiled millet is added to it and the mixture is left standing in large earthen pots for two or three days, and stirred from time to time, it becomes a beer which, according to the quantity of millet added, is more or less intoxicating. The beverages made from bananas are not stored away for a long time.

HALF THE WORLD'S UNHAPPINESS

The Havoc of Indigestion.....Lewiston Journal

"The longer I live," said Sydney Smith, "the more I am convinced that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct stopped up, from a vexed duodenum or an agitated pylorus. My friend sups late. He eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London and retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster, and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this encumbrance the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order and every rural idea is effectually excluded from his mind. In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body inevitably produce corresponding sensations in the mind.

OLD FAVORITES : TREASURE TROVE

THE POMPADOUR

George Walter Thornbury.....Poems

Versailles! Up the chestnut alley,
All in flower, so white and pure,
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys
Of this Madame Pompadour.

"Clear the way!" cry out the lacqueys,
Elbowing the lame and poor
From the chapel's stately porches—
"Way for Madame Pompadour!"

Old, bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
Jostled by the chariot horses
Of this woman—Pompadour.
Through the levée (poet, marquis,
Wistful for the opening door),
With a rippling sweep of satin,
Sailed the queenly Pompadour.

Sighs by dozens, as she proudly
Glides, so confident and sure;
With her fan that breaks thro' halberds,
In went Madame Pompadour.

"Rose in sunshine! Summer lily!"
Cries a poet at the door,
Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys
Of the witching Pompadour.

"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"
Sighs a man behind the door,
Jammed and bullied by the courtiers
Of this strumpet Pompadour.

"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbé,
Fat and with the voice of four,
Black silk stockings soiled by varlets,
Of this Rahib Pompadour.

"Neck so swan like—*Deo Certe!*
Fit for monarchs to adore!"

"Clear the way!" was still the echo,
"For this Venus—Pompadour."
Open!—with the jar of thunder
Fly the portals—clocks strike four;
With a burst of drums and trumpets
Come the king and Pompadour.

AWAKE! AWAKE!

John Ruskin.....Song of the Dawn.....Collected Poems

"Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray;
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that keep the gates of Day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free,
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not be.

"Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,—
A noise is on the morning winds; but not the noise of war!

"For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest.
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his breast,
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady and the Dragon in the sea!"

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

John Williamson Palmer.....Battle Poems

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Bank's—he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
 Old Blue Light's goin' to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! it's his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
 In forma pauperis to God:
 "Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."
 He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
 Steady! the whole brigade!
 Hill 's at the ford, cut off; we 'll win
 His way out, ball and blade!
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 "Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 In "Stonewall Jackson's way."
 Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah, widow! read, with eyes that burn,
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on;
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

KITTY OF COLERAINE

Charles Dawson Shanley Collected Poems

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
 "O, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now!
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
 'Twas the pride of my dairy: O, Barney M'Cleary!
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."
 I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single 't is plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE IVY GREEN

Charles Dickens Collected Poems

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones
 decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him,
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.
 Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he!
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.
 Whole ages have fled, and their works
 decayed,
 And nations have scattered been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

THE FOUR PINS : A PRISONER'S CRIME*

The Count Bielski, a nobleman of Poland, was a very ambitious man. His public utterances had displeased the government. He was arrested, condemned to imprisonment for life, and confined in a dungeon many feet underground.

He had no light, and never could tell when it was day or night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him except the keeper of the prison, and he was not permitted to speak to the prisoner. He had nothing to do. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still in his dungeon. He was never brought to trial, and the unfortunate man was most miserable. He thought he would lose his senses, for his reason began to give way.

Feeling all over his blouse one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy.

Yet what could they be to him?

He took them from his blouse and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor until he had found them.

This he continued to do day after day, week after week, month after month, until the months rolled into years. But they were no longer weary years.

He had now an object in life.

He would defeat the purpose of his jailers, who fondly hoped to make him insane.

He would live now until he became an aged man, cheered by the companionship of his four pins. And then when he had become too old to move about his narrow dungeon he would be content to lie down with his four silent friends and die.

In his dreams these pins would often assume familiar shapes. Their heads would take on the likeness of his friends and his relations.

They would talk and laugh with him. How happy were these dream moments to the condemned!

There was his dear old mother's face. How she beamed upon him!

And there was his beloved wife and his two rosy cheeked children—they kissed their chubby hands to their father!

His heart seemed bursting with a new strange joy. He was lost for a time to the sorrow of his condition. He was living a new life in the new world these four common pins had opened before him.

One night he had a fearful dream. He dreamed he had lost his pins. Oh, horror of horrors!

The perspiration broke out in great drops upon his face, arms, and breast.

Thus he found himself when, with a hoarse cry, he awoke.

He realized quickly that it was only a dream. His beloved companions were found in their accustomed place. What a sense of relief now filled his heart as he again betook himself to slumber!

Ten years had passed, and the prisoner and his pins were inseparable. His keeper, who never yet had spoken to him, was now regarded with a new interest. He feared that this man—hated as one of his oppressors—had discovered his occupation, and that he would endeavor to deprive him of this solace. Carefully now he guarded his precious pins so that no one should see them, those pins more precious to him in his sorrow than all the wealth of the world could be.

One day he lost all his pins. He had scattered them, he thought, as before, but now they eluded his grasp. He carefully felt over every inch of the floor of his dungeon. Again and again he repeated his search until he grew weary of the task, but not one pin could he find.

* J. H. Kerwin in the Buffalo News.

As he lay angry and despairing on the stone floor he was aroused by the noise of the keeper removing the chains and bolts from the door.

Presently he entered, bearing with him the prisoner's scant supply of bread and water. By the dim light of the torch which he carried the prisoner fancied he could discern a mocking smile upon his face.

This, then, was the cause.

He had stolen his pins.

He was now rejoicing at his discomfort. He must have discovered them while the prisoner slept.

Hate now filled the soul of the condemned.

His occupation had been stolen from him, but a new thought at once engaged his mind, diffusing through him a kind of mad joy.

He would devise a means to torture, to kill his keeper. He knew that this man—the satellite of an offensive government—despised him.

He would be revenged.

For a long time he gloated over his contemplated plan. How long he knew not.

Then suddenly a light shone before him through the bars of his cell.

It came from the torch borne by the keeper, who had returned. Placing his torch in a crevice in the wall, he walked to the opposite corner of the dungeon from that in which the prisoner crouched, and turning his back toward him began to fasten a chain to the wall.

Ha! he was then to be chained to the wall! His blood boiled at this new indignity.

He wished to attack the keeper at once, but he had no weapon.

His eyes fell upon his hands. They were long and sinewy. He had once been a strong man, but long confinement and lack of nourishment had weakened him.

The keeper was undoubtedly a strong man. All this while he remained with his back to the prisoner.

It was plain he regarded him with contempt and did not fear an attack.

He even hummed a fragment of an insulting song as he stood in his strength and consciousness of freedom near the door.

Cautiously, slowly—like a cat approaching a mouse—the condemned moves upon his victim.

Rage lends him strength.

With one bound he is on the keeper's shoulders. His long, bony hands meet like a vise upon his throat.

Then a terrible struggle begins—these two, keeper and prisoner, in that prison cell.

The keeper tries to shake him off. He is a strong man, but he feels he has met his match.

Then the keeper beats him fiercely upon the head and face with a bolt of iron. The blood flows down his face, but he does not relax his hold.

They roll upon the ground—the condemned uppermost. The keeper has managed to secure his dagger. He stabs the prisoner once in the breast.

Then the dagger falls from his hand; his eyes and tongue protrude, his face is a mixture of purple and red—blood trickles from his nostrils. He is dead.

With a maniacal cry of delight the prisoner staggers to his feet, blood streaming down his breast and head, over his rough prison clothes.

He attempts to reach the door, but his strength fails him completely. He is mortally hurt.

With a scream he falls lifeless across the threshold, striking his head with awful force upon the hard stone floor of the cell.

But what of the pins?

The prisoner had been in the habit before lying down to sleep of fastening the four pins in the left cuff of his blouse, as he so often did before.

The fear of detection so operated his mind that one night, in a fit of somnambulism, he had put the pins side by side in the edge of the garment, and there they were afterward found and commented upon by the authorities of the prison.

MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

FASCINATION OF VENUS DE MEDICI

Florence Correspondent..... New York Times

As Venus herself rose from the sea, so her statue came up from the deep unknown. Upon the base is a Greek inscription attributing it to Cleomenes, an Athenian, but this is generally thought to be the work of some one who lived long after him, who might have supposed only that Cleomenes was the sculptor. Nor are the time and place of the discovery by any means certain. When purchased by Ferdinand, a cardinal of the Medici, she was in many disjointed pieces, having been shattered by the early Christians in their zeal to destroy every relic of paganism. She has, however, been very carefully restored, and the fingers evidently, and some say the head, are of modern date. She remained for some time in the cardinal's palace, but was transferred to the present location in 1677, where she has ever since been the presiding deity, excepting for a short period during the French invasion, when she was taken to Paris, but in due time restored to her throne.

The wonderful fascination which this statue, mutilated and patched as it has been, had for Byron and has for us all may be understood, in a degree, by reading what Maupassant says in his "Vie Errante" of a similar experience in contemplating a painting. He had been describing in glowing terms some lovely peasant girls he had seen in a village on the coast. "One day, at the corner of the street, one of them paused near me and left with me the emotion of the most surprising beauty that I, perhaps, had ever encountered."

Then follow several more paragraphs of such a description as no one but a Frenchman can give, and in no other language but his own. And after all this he concludes his rhapsody with: "Nevertheless, if I had

my choice between the most beautiful of living creatures and the woman painted by Titian, that eight days afterward I saw again in the gallery at Florence, I would take the woman painted by Titian."

What higher tribute from such a source could be paid to Art? It is placing her where she not often, but sometimes, belongs, above Nature, for the most beautiful creations of sculptors and painters are as much the products of imagination and of combination as of copy. Doubtless there never were two such beautiful women as those represented in this statue and in this painting. The great artists have each merged the beauties of many into that of one, and that produced perfection.

"Come along," said an impatient countryman of ours the other day to his friend who lingered in the tribune, with his gaze fixed on "Venus," "didn't you ever see a handsome woman before?" "Yes," was the reply, "lots of them, but I never saw a hundred boiled down into one."

DISEASE AND DEATH ON THE STAGE

Cyrus Edson..... The North American Review

Perhaps one of the best known deaths on the stage is that of Camille in Alexandre Dumas's play. Camille is supposed to die of consumption and the death comes from hemorrhage of the lungs. Now, in point of fact, the action of the body following hemorrhage of the lungs has nothing dramatic about it. If the blood vessel which breaks is very large there may be a semi-convulsion resulting from shock. Otherwise, the death comes from loss of blood that pours from the mouth or from strangulation; that is, the lungs fill with blood, so that the sufferer cannot breathe. But such a death as this would not satisfy the demands of the stage, or what are

believed by many persons to be those demands, and we therefore see Camille in strong convulsions.

There are many deaths on the stage in plays when the cause of death is supposed to be heart disease. As a matter of fact, there are a number of diseases of the heart, in the majority of which the person dies because the heart simply stops beating. When this happens a real death is like nothing so much as a faint or syncope, the sufferer merely collapses and the end has come. About such deaths, however, there is nothing dramatic, and actors and actresses, therefore, generally choose to personate that form of heart disease known to physicians as *angina pectoris*. In this disease there is the most intense pain conceivable, and those suffering from it not only manifest the intolerable character of the pain by walking up and down, by moaning or crying, by throwing the arms about and sometimes beating the chest with the clenched fist, but they often have convulsions in which all parts or limbs of the body are violently distorted.

This disease gives any person ample opportunity for action, and as it is always advisable for an actor or actress to study that which he or she is to portray, the following story is worth telling. I should say that, while the story is true, I am quite certain there are very few physicians who would be guilty of the disgraceful part played by this one. An actress in New York, having to personate death by heart disease, went to her physician to get from him some directions. He told her he had a patient who had *angina pectoris* and asked the actress to come to his office on a certain day. When she came he had his patient, a poor woman, there. He ordered the patient to run up stairs as fast as possible, giving some excuse. This woman did and brought on thereby an attack of the disease. She suffered and depicted the agony of the seizure while the actress

watched her carefully, and she nearly died in the attack. It does not palliate the monstrous cruelty of this performance that the actress gave the woman a hundred dollars. The end was served, the actress personated the disease and was successful.

Speaking of studying disease, Richard Mansfield, as Baron Chevril in "A Parisian Romance," personates the unilateral convulsions (that is, convulsions of one side of the body only) of apoplexy better than I have ever seen symptoms reproduced on the stage. Before he played the part he went to a physician, and learned from him what to do and how to do it. The result was most admirable from the physician's point of view, for the acting of the death was not less perfect than that of the life.

In many plays the characters are supposed to take poison, and the popular belief as to the effects of poisons is as mistaken as well can be. I have already spoken of the colic that follows swallowing arsenic. It is ordinarily believed that the effect of laudanum, or of opium in any form, is to put a person to sleep. Not only is this untrue of many people, but invariably the first effects of the drug are to enliven and excite the person taking it. When, then, you see the heroine in the dungeon swallow the contents of the bottle of laudanum and at once sink into a profound slumber, you are watching something that never yet took place. The secondary effect of opium, on probably eighty per-cent. of human beings, is to put them to sleep, and, as this effect is much more lasting than the first excitement, it has possession of the popular mind.

The convulsions which so often follow the taking of poison on the stage may be produced by a common poison, strychnine. Properly speaking, strychnine does not produce convulsions in which there is a great and rapid movement of the limbs. The muscles of the back and the great flexor muscles of the legs and thighs

are contracted into a sort of prolonged rigidity so that the sufferer is bent backward like a bow and often is supported by his head and heels, the body being arched between. Mlle. Croisette, in Paris, when playing in *La Sphynx*, created a great sensation and made a great name for herself. She went to Dr. Charcot, the eminent physician of Paris, and learning from him the effects of poisons, chose strychnine and had the name inserted in the play. She studied carefully all that books could tell her, and then procured several dogs and gave them the poison, watching the spasms which followed. She produced such a perfect simulation of the results following the swallowing of strychnine that, not only did the daily press praise her, but one of the medical journals devoted quite a long article to this part of the play and advised medical students to go to the theatre for the purpose of studying the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine. For one Croisette that you will find on the stage, however, you will easily see a hundred victims of poison who simply cause the physician to smile.

IMPRISONED IN A PLASTER CAST

A Studio Experience.....The Detroit Free Press

"Are you sure I won't suffocate?"

The speaker is a very pretty girl who is lying in a reclining position, while bending over her stands a man with a pail with a white watery liquid. She is a pupil of one of the art schools here and the man with the pail (which contains plaster) is an instructor who is about to take a cast of the former's face. "No, you won't suffocate. Just lie quietly and don't say a word."

Then the man made a tube of stiff paper. This tube he thrust into one of the nostrils of the young woman.

The man ties a towel over the auburn tresses of the young woman and says:—"Now, make ready." She closes her eyes and then gives a little shudder as the cold liquid plaster touches the upper part of her face. She tries to be brave and to think that

it requires no courage to have a cast made of your head, but her heart sinks as she feels the liquid slowly covering her face. The coating of plaster is thin so that the expression may be retained. When a thick coating is used and the plaster is patted down too hard the result is apt to be startling. The cast will look like the head of a pugilist who has been battered in the ring. So a small stream only is poured over the girl, and the man with the pail gives it plenty of time to dry. The nose is the last place to be covered up, and, as long as that is free she does not feel uneasy, for she can breathe easily and naturally. But when her dainty nose is hidden from view she realizes the awfulness of her position. She is now literally encased in plaster, and the only evidence to the outsider that there is a thing of life beneath the great white mass is the sound of hard breathing through the paper tube. The nostril that is free from the tube has had a bit of cotton thrust into it, while the same has been done to the ears.

Meanwhile the young girl's thoughts go something like this:—"Oh, how awful it is under here! Dear me, how loudly everything sounds! Those footsteps are like thunder. I wish I was out of this. How uncanny that plaster feels! My, I believe that it is getting hard. Now I know how terrible it must seem to be buried alive. I wish I could swallow, but I suppose that if I do the cast will be spoiled. What a horrible sound I make breathing! Good gracious, it seems years since I have been here. It must be an hour any way. I wish they would hurry and take it off. It is so unnatural, breathing through that tube!

"What if some one should jog against the tube and bend it so that I could not breathe? Oh, perhaps I could break off this awful thing and then I would be all right. I feel like that poor woman they dug up on the site of Pompeii. Only there was nothing of her, only a hole in the earth, and this they filled with plaster. If

you could only see, the way the divers do, it wouldn't be so bad. I don't like this darkness, though, and I don't like the awful distinctness of all the sounds. Then I should like to talk. To think of depriving a woman of speech! How mean it would be! I declare, I feel like laughing, and I believe that I would if I could, but this awful plaster so imprisons me that I couldn't smile to save my life. I wonder if I have a pretty expression? If I had only thought I would have put on that smile that Jack likes and which shows that dimple in my chin.

"Dear, dear, that plaster feels like a stone wall, only it is getting hot. If it gets much hotter I shall yell, I know I shall. Only, how can I yell? I couldn't yell if I wanted to. What would Jack say if he saw me now? Whew! that is getting warmer and warmer! How awful it would be if it got red hot? Wouldn't this be a terrible form of punishment for the wicked people in the world? Just put them in a plaster of paris cast and have a tube for them to breathe through. Then you could give them water and liquid refreshment through the tube. I wonder that they didn't think of that during the Inquisition. My, but they did have that awful iron virgin with the horrible nails inside! I think I would prefer the plaster of paris cast if it wasn't so awful hot!"

At this moment one corner of the cast is lifted, and with joy unspeakable she inhales the air, breathing her lungs full of it. Now, too, she can speak. "How long have I been in this awful place?" she asks. "About twenty minutes." "Is that all? It seemed to me it must have been ages."

THE MEANING OF WAGNER'S MUSIC

Charles Dudley Warner.....*Harper's Magazine*

Richard Wagner's constant musical purpose was the substitution of a music-drama for the popular performance called an opera. The first obstacle in doing this was not public taste, but the difficulty of submitting his work to the public judgment. He

could not get a hearing. The theaters would not undertake an experiment that required such a great outlay, and conductors, singers, actors, and players and critics, resisted an innovation which set at defiance all the operatic traditions. Nothing less than a revolution was proposed, and it met the opposition of almost the whole musical world. It was unfortunate for the comprehension of the public that Wagner's compositions should have been called operas, in the Italian meaning of that word, for, except his first attempt at stage representations, they were not operas.

The old opera, even to the public which enjoyed its melodies and its spectacles and its dancing, was confessedly an artistic absurdity. It had no dramatic unity, and as it was often given with little or with any sort of scenery that happened to be at hand, it was simply a dress concert, the airs and choruses of which were sung to the audience, and hissed or encored on their individual merits. The composer either got somebody to write a libretto to his music, or he tried to "set" certain words of recitative or song to music. And into this opera any popular air could be introduced, sometimes as an impromptu by the singers, or any spectacle could be added, or any dance interjected, without violating any operatic tradition. In Italy especially the interest in the opera was divided between the ballet and the execution of airs by favorite singers. The orchestra was simply an accompaniment.

Wagner's method is totally different. It is doubtful if it is yet entirely understood, even by many who for musical reasons may prefer his "operas" to the old sort. But the public that prefers the Italian opera as an entertainment should at least understand Wagner's purpose. After his first attempt to conform he turned wholly from tradition and created something new, and did this when he was perfectly aware that there was every reason to expect that immediate pop-

ularity and wealth would be his by writing operas to suit the existing taste of managers, singers and the general run of theater-goers.

Wagner began with what had been the secondary or even the last concern of composers. He conceived and wrote a poem or drama. This he sought to interpret and make visible on the stage by music and by scenery. With his composition of the drama instinctively rose in his mind the musical expression of it, and the representation of action and art that would make it real to the audience. But the drama was wholly written, and able to stand alone and be judged as a published poem, before the score was begun or the scenery definitely determined. It was then no question of what spectacles would please or astonish; nor of what airs would captivate or could be effectively used to entertain, but what would express the idea of the poem. The impression that he wished to produce was that of a work of art as a whole, not of ingenious ornamentation. It was not at first recognized that Wagner was a poet; he was thought to be only a musician endeavoring to do an eccentric and impossible thing. It is now seen that he was not only a poet capable of great conceptions, that he was inspired by the true dramatic spirit, but that melody—the melody of scientific composition—was as truly a part of his poetic expression as melody is a part of Shelley's verse.

Wagner's reputation at first suffered from inadequate stage representation, and from this it is likely always to suffer. His dramas require more than any opera. They require the singers to be actors, an orchestra large enough and sympathetically trained to keep up constantly the idea of the poem, and scenery that will not belittle, but rather strengthen and develop its beautiful and grandiose conceptions.

To produce a music-drama requires not only unusual expense, but the concurrence of several distinct essentials. And the question is already

raised whether the music-drama can be produced by a musician who is not also technically a poet.

BLUNDERS OF CELEBRATED PAINTERS

Anachronisms in Art.....Kansas City Times

Many curious blunders stand recorded in the history of art. In the work of the early masters all sorts of anachronisms abound. In the great church at Haarlem, so tradition records, there was a painting which depicted the sacrifice of Abraham. The patriarch was represented as shooting at Isaac with a horse-pistol. Titian, in his "Christ Breaking Bread," has grouped a choice assortment of anachronisms. Two of the disciples are habited as pilgrims, and one of them as a chaplet; the imperial arms are displayed on the hangings of the room; the bread on the tables is as thick as a household loaf, the drinking vessels are glass chalices and the waiter has a hat and feather.

In the celebrated full-length portrait of Charles I., in armor, by Vandyke, is a singular defect; both gauntlets are drawn for the right hand.

Contemporary artists have added generously to the list of blunders. At the Paris salon not many years ago a celebrated still-life painter exhibited a superbly red lobster, calling it "The Cardinal of the Seas." If this artist was deficient in his knowledge of natural history he was familiar with literature. In one of his short stories Prosper Merrimée used the designation given.

The picture which gave Toby Rosenthal his fame was his "Elaine—the dead steered by the dumb." Rosenthal proves himself by this picture to be superior to natural laws. The funeral barge on which the golden-haired Elaine lies in everlasting sleep is drifting against wind and tide. In David Neal's famous "Mary Queen of Scots and Rizzio," the artist has introduced a three-legged dog. In an admirably painted picture of "Samson and Delilah" the woman is represented as having shorn Samson, the implement used being a pair of scissors.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

WONDERS OF THE ELECTROPHONE

Amusements by Wire.....The Pittsburg Dispatch

When the idea of the "theatre-phone" was first mooted in Paris its feasibility was much questioned, but a Parisian syndicate took up the project with such energy that the city has now effective service which supplies entertainment to a list of subscribers numbering over 1,500, and the installation is connected with all the principal theatres. London now seeks to emulate Paris in this successful development, and an "electrophone" company has been organized with a very ambitious programme.

The electrophone is practically the telephone modified in such a manner as to serve the purpose of transmitting sound from public buildings, such as concert halls, theatres, churches and lecture rooms, to certain centers for redistribution, thence to receiving points by conductors radiating from these centres of exchanges. Thus the public by the payment of a small fee, can hear a portion of the entertainment proceeding at one or the other of the London theatres.

Specially constructed transmitters are placed on the stage of the theater, just in front of the footlights, whence the sound is conveyed over the wires of the local telephone company to the electrophone exchanges for redistribution to private subscribers and to a system of automatic boxes fitted up in clubs, restaurants, railway stations, hotels and similar places of resort.

If a man is indisposed to go out in search of amusement, he can turn on the electrophone service in his club or hotel, or even in his private house, and have immediately at his command practically the whole range of entertainment going on in the city. In addition to connection with theaters and other places of amusement, it is proposed to connect the system with churches and the law courts. It is

even hoped that it will be possible to obtain the same privilege in the House of Commons, and several members of Parliament are said to be strongly in favor of the idea.

A commendable feature of the service will be its connection with the principal London hospitals free of charge, so that it will be a source of pleasure and comfort to the thousands of sufferers who, during each year, are treated in those admirable institutions. In addition to the sound service the electrophone company proposes to attach an intelligence bureau to its central exchange for the convenience of subscribers where commissions of any kind will be carried out for a small fee. The bureau will be provided with a stenographer and typewriter and every requisite for saving time and trouble. A subscriber will be able to have commissions attended to in any part of the city by telephoning his wishes to the exchange.

BLUE COBWEBS SPUN INTO SILK

New Manufacturing Methods.....Philadelphia Press

A prominent revenue officer of Montpelier, France, named Bon, conceived the idea of using cobweb as a substitute for silk. The notion was not a new one. In 1665, when, one day near Merseburg, Germany, the fields, meadows and trees were covered by masses of peculiar blue cobwebs, the women of that town, both married and unmarried, wanted to preserve souvenirs of the strange phenomenon. They, therefore, by spinning, made ornamental strings, and similar trinkets of the cobwebs.

Bon had gloves and stockings manufactured of common cobwebs, and sent these articles, together with a treatise on the raising of spiders, to the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1709. A commission was appointed for examining these propositions, to which commission the famous

naturalist Reaumur belonged, the inventor of a thermometer still bearing his name. He showed that Bon's plan was impracticable, because not enough flies could be procured for feeding the spiders kept for breeding. This seems to be credible, if one considers that nearly 700,000 spiders would yield only one pound of silk. Bon's idea was repeatedly revived, and particularly American spiders, yielding a more compact thread, were recommended; but cloths made of cobweb silk always remain curiosities. Thus, the French naturalist, D'Orbigny, had a pair of solid trousers for which South American spiders had furnished the raw material.

Reaumur, however, went further than Bon. "Why shall we borrow from animals?" he asked. "If a common worm is able to change the foliage it eats into silk, man, with his higher intellect, should be able, too, to make silk of similar things. Yet Reaumur failed when he attempted to prepare silk of gums and resins. In the meantime mankind has advanced, chemistry has been greatly improved, and at Paris they now manufacture silk of wood.

In this respect, even two methods have become known of late—that of Chardonnet, and another of Du Vivier, which both, in reality, are based upon the same contrivances. If one pours nitric and sulphuric acid, not particularly concentrated and in a limited quantity upon cotton, consisting of cellulose (woody substance), one receives a kind of weak gun cotton, that, placed into a mixture of ether and alcohol, becomes a mucous mass known as collodium. Exposed to the air this mass becomes solid again by volatilization of the ether and the alcohol. The two French chemists named prepare of wood a mass similar to collodium, that, placed in water, becomes solid nearly instantaneously. From this mass, under water, threads are spun that are called artificial silk.

It is a well-known fact that artificial products always are inferior to natural

products. This is also the case with the artificial silk just described. It is glossy, it is true, but it differs in some degree from natural or genuine silk, particularly by its combustibility. It burns with a brighter flame than silk proper, wool, or even cotton.

Nevertheless, the beginning has been made of producing artificial silk at the laboratory. Perhaps the time will come when man will excel the silk worm in the production of silk. For the present, however, the worm still excels man in this respect.

MELTING IRON BY WATER

Forging by Electricity.....The Chicago Journal

It is a matter of interesting speculation what fate would have befallen the man who 400 years ago ventured to assert that he could beat a bar of iron to a white heat by plunging it into a bucket of cold water. A stout stake, a strong cord and a generous bundle of fire wood, with the services of a father of the church before the fagot was applied, would probably have been his fate.

If such a man had actually performed the miraculous feat, he might have experienced the previous torture of the rack, the boot and thumbscrew until he was fain to confess that he had worked his magic by the aid of the evil one. If one of the chiefs of the Inquisition could be materialized for a brief hour he might see this same wonder performed any day at the World's Fair.

While the forging of metals is not quite the latest application of the marvelous science of electricity, it is sufficiently new to attract the attention of all who are interested in mechanical progress. The abolition of the furnace as a means of heating large pieces of metal to a malleable temperature opens up a field of development as great as any yet discovered by electricians. Years ago the same thing was done on a small scale, and much was said of the possibility of future work on the same line. Now that it has been success-

fully accomplished, and comparatively large forgings have been made, there appears to be no limit to the enterprise. Before many years it may be possible to turn out from an electrical forge even such a mighty piece of metal as the shaft of an ocean racer.

Two Boston men, George D. Burton and E. E. Angell, are the men to whom must be given credit for having perfected machines for electrical forging. Their first public demonstrations were given two years ago in Boston, and since then they have continually added to their devices for handling metals at high temperatures until they have now the most complete set of machinery of this description in the world. When applications for space in the Electricity Building were being received, they were allowed sufficient to exhibit practically on the floor of the building all the most interesting of their many inventions.

To an outsider the most interesting operation performed by Mr. Burton's workmen is undoubtedly that in which a bar of metal is heated by contact with water. A man seizes a piece of iron with a pair of pliers to which are attached a couple of electric wires. The water is already electrically connected. When the water is touched by the metal it bubbles and hisses furiously, boiling at once at all points of contact. In thirty seconds the iron is lifted out and shown to be at a red heat. As soon as the current is turned off the metal may be cooled in the same water. The voltage of the current necessary is so low that the man who handles the pliers is in no danger from a shock, even when the whole apparatus is charged.

Another piece of work which Mr. Burton's men are continually employed upon is the twisting of brass railings. This is also a simple operation and demonstrates the ease with which metal may be heated by passing a current through it. A long flat bar of brass is fastened between two clamps. The current is turned on

and in less than a minute the workman who is watching the metal discovers by its color that it has reached the necessary temperature. He releases one of the clamps and gives it a circular twist. The clamp is heavy, the metal soft, and it twists without effort. It takes less than another minute for the rail to cool after the current has been turned off, and it is then removed, a perfectly shaped piece of metal.

As a last test, to convince the incredulous that electrical heating is all that it professes to be, a bar of steel, three feet long and a couple of inches through, is placed between the clamps. Then the spectator is told to watch. In two minutes brilliant jagged sparks begin to fly from the center of the metal. They grow in frequency until they form a fountain of scintillating stars. Then without warning the bar falls on to the concrete floor in half a dozen fused masses. In three minutes it has been heated to melting point, and the surrounding air has not been raised in temperature one degree.

It is not difficult to appreciate all the advantages that are claimed by Mr. Burton for his new forging process. It is clean, it economizes fuel and space, time and labor. There is little waste of material, and as the metal is heated uniformly throughout at the same time, there is no weakening of fibrous strength.

MAKING AMERICAN COLORED GLASS

Louise C. Tiffany.....The Forum

The American development of the art, or the American method of making colored glass windows, is, of course, still in its infancy. If there is one point of superiority in the work done by the artists of the Middle Ages it is in their wonderful knowledge of the proper distribution of color. Yet I maintain that the best American colored windows are superior to the best mediæval windows. It may be interesting to show how new devices have been invented and old ones adapted to meet present

conditions. For instance: Colored glass as an artistic medium has been at all times a most difficult material to work with, as in the main it is unyielding and fixed in form and color, when once it has left the furnace. The American artist, to overcome this, has resorted to plating one piece of glass over another, so that when in one sheet of glass we may find form and movement which is demanded by the sketch and cartoon, but which has not the color sort, we secure the color by plating over or under the glass, as the case may be, another glass of a different color or of another tone of the same color, which in combination give the effect desired. As glazing in oil-painting is useful, just so is plating in the making of glass windows to obtain the same result. There are, however, many reasons why it should be avoided wherever possible.

Paint is almost unused in the best American windows, except for flesh, hands, faces, and so on; and that there may be as little paint as possible, special glass has been manufactured, carrying within its substance the tones and colors found in the human countenance, so that all the painting the artist needs to put on the glass is just that sufficient to indicate the physiognomy or the outline of the features. Even where paint is necessary, the American artist has never felt himself bound to any fixed rule for its use, but has employed whatever style of glass-painting he thought was best for the window on which he was working.

WAR SHIPS OF THE FUTURE

Lord Brassey.....The Naval Annual

Fewer ships than usual have been laid down for European navies within the last year, but there has been a concentration of effort on those already on the stocks or completing afloat. The tendency shown in the latest designs adopted in foreign navies to restrict the size of battleships, and to give greater displace-

ment to armored cruisers will cause these classes to approximate more and more closely to each other in some respects. The speed of the cruiser is not, however, sought in the battleship, for which eighteen knots is accepted as the highest limit.

In England the new first-class battleships of 14,150 tons displacement mark a limit not likely to be exceeded in any new designs. In France ships of nearly 12,000 tons displacement have been laid down recently, but this size was adopted reluctantly, and is not apt to be repeated. In Italy, the pioneer in the policy of carrying naval construction to extreme dimensions, it has now been decided to abandon the plan of constructing such monster ironclads as the "Italia" and the "Lepanto," each having a displacement of 15,900 tons.

There are at present no indications of the abandonment of armor, which a few years ago was anticipated in the near future. On the contrary, the increased resistance now attainable by the use of nickel steel, especially when treated by the Harvey process, will tend to insure the continued use of such protection. English and French experiments are held to have demonstrated that for the upper works of every fighting ship it is important to have protection by thin armor, capable of resisting shells charged with high explosives fired from rapid-fire guns.

In considering the subject of ordnance, it is of interest to note that no power now mounts for sea service on board new ships the enormously heavy guns which were adopted in some cases a few years ago. There is no likelihood that 110-ton guns will find a place in future armaments. For the rapid-fire guns, which are now deemed of so much importance in all navies, six inches is practically the limit in calibre. France, which has no rapid-fire piece of exactly this calibre, has one of 6½ inches. Higher initial velocities are continually being obtained. In France, Canet has obtained 3,300

feet with a 4-inch gun 80 calibres long, but this is an experimental piece, too long for active service.

The heaviest guns now being mounted on board ship abroad are: In England, 68 tons; in France, 45 tons; in Italy, 68 tons; in Germany, 36 tons, and in Russia, 56 tons. The 10-inch, 29-ton gun, with which the new English battleships *Barfleur* and *Centurion* are armed, is looked upon with much favor by military men.

THE NEW PRINTING TELEGRAPH

An Automatic Typewriter.....The Boston Journal

The new telegraphic printing instrument, recently perfected, threatens not only to supersede the telephone as at present employed, but to revolutionize telegraphy in general. It is the result of the joint efforts of several Eastern inventors, who have thus produced what they consider a masterpiece of ingenious mechanism.

In appearance the instrument resembles an ordinary typewriter surmounted by a glass case containing electric machinery. It is operated by simply pressing the keys. Every instrument is both a transmitter and a receiver. Each key when depressed sets a small ratchet wheel in revolution, and each tooth of the wheel makes an electrical contact, causing the transmission of a current through the circuit. The currents used alternate, and each wheel excites a definite number. At the receiving instrument a similar wheel to that operated on responds to the number of currents so excited, and to no other number, thus insuring accuracy of signaling.

The message struck off upon the keys of the transmitter is printed upon a sheet of paper by the receiver, and this is done without necessitating the presence of an operator at the receiving end. The receiving instruments may in fact be in a locked box, if privacy be desired. No tapping of the wires between two such instruments is possible, it is said, as

the electric vibrations caused by the depressions of the keys do not correspond to any code of signaling in use, and their rapidity is too great to permit of counting. It is not intended that any instruments shall be sold except to telegraph companies or railroads.

When the system gets into use it will never be necessary to use the voice. The pressure of a button will call up central, as in the telephone system, but it will do more, as it will register the number of the subscriber who calls. When the clerk at the central station is ready to connect an inquiry will be sent to the caller, who will in reply print the number of the subscriber he wishes to communicate with. The clerk will then make the connection and the message can be transmitted and registered whether the recipient be present at the moment or not. There will be no need to shout one's self hoarse trying to make central understand what is wanted nor to take half the population of a twelve-story office building into your confidence as to the private matter you wish to discuss with your correspondent. The telegraphic printer insures not only strict accuracy, but secrecy as well.

On railways the use of this instrument will facilitate both particular and general messages. Every instrument on a line can register a communication intended to be general, or, if only one station is to hear it, a signal to that effect can cause all the rest to disconnect. Similarly in the transmission of news items it will be possible for a central agency by a single operation to send out a perfect copy of each item to every newspaper office in direct connection with it, irrespective of number and distance. As to the speed of transmission, it will be simply a question as to the speed of the typewriter who sends out the message. As fast as the keys of the transmitter can move those of the receivers, no matter how few or how many, will respond."

FACTS AND FIGURES OF INTEREST

China with her 400,000,000 people, has only forty miles of railroad.—The infusoria, one of the lowest forms of animal life, can propagate their species in three distinct ways: first, by budding, somewhat after the manner of plants; second, by the spontaneous division of the animal into two individuals; third, by eggs.—No woman has entered the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, for 1,400 years.—The largest sun-dial in the world is Hayon Horoo, a large promontory, which extends 3,000 feet above the Ægean Sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches one by one a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.—The Denmark dikes have stood the storms of more than seven centuries.—The longest single telegraph wire span in the world is that across the River Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectamazon, India. Stretched from one mountain to another, the wire is more than 6,000 feet in length.—In Norway, persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transportation and cultivation have removed its poisonous qualities, and turned it into delicious fruit.—A forger in Spain was sentenced to 3,038 years' imprisonment, fourteen years for each of 217 indictments.—One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.—The divorces have been about 16,400 annually in the United States for the past twenty years, but this is only one per cent. of the number of marriages, and, therefore, there is nothing in the world that human beings undertake to do that can show so small a percentage of total failures

as marriage.—The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different mechanical movements.—Paris has twelve more dailies than London, New York, Philadelphia and Boston combined.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.—Distinguished doctors say the seat of dyspepsia is not in the stomach, but in the head.—By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and double the time of setting will give the length of the day.

On an American 25 cent piece there are 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, 13 marginal feathers in each wing, 13 tail feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 horizontal bars, 13 arrow heads and 13 letters in the word "quarter dollar."—The great telescope constructed for the observatory near Nice has an object glass three feet in diameter and with a focal length of 53 feet.—Of every 10,000 000 deaths in the United States 1,420 are from consumption.—There is a leaning tower at Caerphilly, Glamorganshire, which stands 77 feet in height and is no less than 11 feet out of the perpendicular. The Tower of Pisa leans 15 feet in 180 feet.—It may interest many to know that from an artistic point of view a woman's face is more beautiful when viewed from the left.—A single tobacco plant will produce 360,000 seeds.

THE SKETCH BOOK : LIFE OF TO-DAY

DUNDER'S MISPLACED PHILANTHROPY

Imposed on by Suicides.....Detroit Free Press

"Sergeant, mebbe I doan' understand how it vhas exactly," said Mr. Dunder as he called at the police station the other day with a look of anxiety on his face.

"How was that?" queried the sergeant.

"About those suicides. Vhas it my peesness if somebody suicides?"

"Tell your story."

"Vhell, a stranger comes in my place und looks sorrowful and homesick. Pooty soon he says to me:

"'Mr. Dunder, she vhas no use. I make a big fight but I vhas beaten. I haf made oop my mind to shuffle off some mortal coils. I vhas going to die right here and now, und I like to say gootpy to you who vhas eafrybody's friend. Farewell, oldt man!'

"Vhell, dot scars me, you know. I doan' like nobody to suicide in my place und haf some big pieces in der paper, und so I speak softly to him und gif him a glass of beer und feefty cents und get him oudt. Der werry next day dot second man comes in und sits down und throws his hat on der floor und says:

"'Carl Dunder, my wife, shildren, home und fortune vhas swept away und I doan like to live any longer. Please gif me a private room in which to expire, and mebbe you vas so goot as to see dot my grave vhas kept green.'"

"I see," said the sergeant.

"Vnell, I can't gif dot man no private room, und I doan like dot corner to come around, so I fill him oop und gif him some change und he goes away happy. He says if he dies he vhill bless me. Vhas dot like you expected?"

"Yes. What else?"

"Der next day dot third man come. He vhas a slim man, und he vas weeping. He goes over by a table and

cries like some shildren. By und by he looks oop und says:

"'Mr. Dunder, I vhas some wrecks on dot sea of life. It vhas no more use to struggle against adversity. I make a good fight, but I vhas licked. Pleas gif me a leetle water dot I may take some poison, und bid dis vorld a last adieu!'"

"Do I want some dead mans lying around mit all dose reporters rushing in to put it in der papers? No! I speaks to dot man werry kindly, und I pats him on the shoulder, und in ten minutes he drinks some beer, und takes feefty cents, und says he will go by his brother in Buffalo to expire. Was dot right?"

"Did a fourth man come?"

"Yes, und a fifth und a six. I shust get dotsixth man oudt doors before I come away. He vhas a fat man und it takes a quart of beer und seexty cents before he says he vhill struggle some more mit dis cold world."

"Mr. Dunder, you have been played again," said the sergeant.

"Vhas I tookeen for greenhorns und hayseeds by dose men?"

"Exactly. It was a sort of a gum game. It's a wonder somebody doesn't beat you out of your shirt. I have talked and talked, but——"

"Sergeant," interrupted Mr. Dunder, "I vhas going home."

"Well."

"Pooty queek after I vhas home a man vhill come und look tired und weary und discouraged. He vhill take out some white powder in a paper und say to me:

"'Mr. Dunder, a leedle water, please. I can't fight dis vorld no more. I vhas going to dot land where eafrybody vhas an angel mid vings, und sings all day long. Please see dot my legs vhas straight in der coffin, und dot I hold a rose in my hand.'

"He vhill say dot to me—Sergeant,

and do you know how I shall perform? I vhill spring on him like an elephant. I vhill catch him by der neck und flop him dis vhay und dot vhay around like dis, und I vhill run him to dot door und kick him seventeen times mit both feet at once! Dat vhas some gum games, eh? I vhas greenhorns, vhas I? You keep quiet. If you hear somebody cry for mercy, don't come up mit der patrol wagon. You vhill know it vas only me helping dose veary pilgrims to shuffle off mortal coils und become angels so quick dey don't haf time to say gootby."

OLD BRAYLEY AT THE CONCERT

John Habberton.....*The Tuxedo Reciter*

Old Brayley was a mule driver in the far West, and he was so well satisfied with his occupation that never but once in twenty years did he venture East to visit some relations. When he returned to his team and his old associates, two months later, he had a head stored with recollections which he would drop unexpectedly, one at a time, as he and the other drivers for the transportation firm of Jerkem & Co. gathered about the stove in their quarters and smoked their pipes. One evening the old man remarked:

"When I was in New York, I heerd the durndest tunē that ever wuz."

"How does it go?" asked Whitefoot, named for one of his mules and who had a deft finger for the banjo.

"Go?" echoed Old Brayley, with a short laugh which developed into a series of chuckles of considerable duration. "Go?" Then the old man's face sobered and his eyes became introspective.

"Well, if you'd heerd a tune a full hour long, I wonder what you'd say ef some galoot asked 'how did it go?'"

"But can't you whistle it?" persisted Whitefoot. "I can whistle almost any tune I ever heard—whistle some of it, anyhow."

"Oh, ye kin, eh? Well, I ain't over an' above slow on puckerin' my lips myself, when I hear a good tune on a fiddle or a horn, but when a hull

lot of fiddles an' horns is a-goin' at a time, besides half a dozen drums an' a lot of other things that I couldn't tell the names of if I hed to save my life by doin' it—when all them things plays a tune, why then I don't try to whistle as much as I might."

"Oh, I see. A band played it?"

"Well, somewhat. A band, or half-a-dozen bands, more like."

"But," urged Whitefoot, as he took his banjo from the wall and began to tune it, "I reckon you can kind o' get onto the jingle, so I can give the boys a taste of it."

The old man eyed the banjo as contemptuously as if it were a man who drove only a single pair of mules instead of a prairie four-in-hand.

"Tisn't that kind of tune that's got a jingle to it. You couldn't play it on no durned banjo, no how."

Whitefoot pocketed the insult, for Brayley was too old to hit. Then Gloves, a mule-driver who read books, sometimes talked about the East, shaved every morning, and was therefore regarded with suspicion, said:

"Tell us what you remember about it, Mr. Brayley, won't you?"

"Well," answered the old man, after several vigorous whiffs at a refractory pipe, "it ain't no easy thing to tell about. First, ther' 'peared to be about three or four tunes mixed up together an' not knowin' which eh 'em was to lead the percession. They wasn't mixed long, though; all of a sudden they got a fair start, all together, an' 'twas jest bully. Why, it made me feel as if we wuz a-breakin' camp for a long prairie trip where the grass wuz good, with plenty of water along the road. I'd have given five dollars if I could have got upon my seat an' cracked a whip an' cussed a mule, I felt so good."

"Then the music wen along, an' along, an' 'fore I knew it I began to feel ez ef I was a-takin' a rest an' a smoke along the edge of the evenin'; with the mules picketed out all right, an' none of 'em kickin' no ether mules thet didn't belong to their team."

Then it went along an' went along some more, till I jest shet my eyes an' thought I wuz at a fandango down on the Taos Trail, ez it used to be, an' 'fore it got late enough for the boys to have drunk much, or the gals to hev got jealous or mad.

"All of a sudden, though, an' jest ez if it *wuz* at a fandango, it kinder 'peared ez ef ther *must* be an infernal row goin' on somewheres, an' fellers thet didn't want to be into the scrimmage needed to light out mighty lively. I began to think I'd better make tracks myself; then I got afraid a hull corral of mules wuz a-goin' to stampede. I never *wuz* such a fool, fur of course ther wuzn't no mules within a thousan' miles of that music. Pooty soon, though, the fuss all petered out, an' I kinder felt ez ef I'd gone through the stable, an' seen that none of my anamiles wuz in trouble, nor none of the harness stole, not nuthin',—an' I jest tell you that music made me feel mighty comfortable.

"But it kept a-goin' on, an' a-goin' on, an' I got to almost b'lievin' that I was in quarters here, the mules all fed an' watered an' the supper a-cookin'—why, lame my leaders if I didn't smell the coffee a-steamin' an' the pork a fryin' ez plain ez ever I did in my life, though of course nobody wuz a fixin' grub in a high-toned, six mule concern like that music ranch wuz. I kept a feelin' nicer an' nicer, an' quieter, till at last it seemed time to turn in—the music 'peared to say so, an' I reckon I *did* turn in, fur after a while a feller wuz a shakin' me, an' everybody else dug out, an' the band hed made tracks, too, so I harnessed up an' lit out myself. But you recollect what I tell you, that tune wuz jest a hull corral of music."

"Can't you remember its name?" asked Gloves the driver from the East, who had listened with great interest to old Brayley's story.

"Durned ef I kin," was the reply, after a moment or two of intense thought and head-scratching. "But say—I believe I got the bill of fare

uv it in my pack. Jest wait a minit till I see."

The old man arose briskly, rummaged through his pack, and finally extracted a crumpled programme, which he handed to Gloves, who regarded it as eagerly and lovingly as if it were a dear old acquaintance, as he murmured:

"H'm. I might have known it. 'Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony'—by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra."

RISE AND FALL OF JONES CITY

H. C. Harper's Weekly

"That was a good story," briefly observed Robinson.

"Thank you," returned Jones. "As I have remarked so many times before, I simply related the facts. Of course Jackson will pretend that he does not believe it. Instead of treasuring up such things for use in the future, he rejects them.

"How long did you stay with the circus?" asked Smith.

"Two years," answered Jones.

"But what I'd like to inquire," broke in Jackson Peters, with some earnestness, "is if you pretend to tell us that you could take an elephant and teach him to swing on a trapeze by his tail like a monkey?"

"I don't know why I couldn't, Jackson," replied Jones. "I taught that one, and he was just a plain Asiatic elephant. The swinging was comparatively easy—the hardest part was to teach him to twist his tail about the bar and raise himself up. He would have been performing yet if that rival showman hadn't greased the second trapeze-bar, so that his tail slipped and unwound in making his final \$10,000 challenge flying leap. After that I went out to Dakota and began in the real-estate business by founding Jones City, and making it the capital of Tumble Weed County."

Jackson Peters did not seem to be wholly satisfied.

"Perhaps the bears out there swung from branch to branch by *their* tails," he suggested, in fine sarcasm.

"Impossible," answered Jones. "It was a prairie country, so there were no trees, and consequently no bears. Besides, bears have no tails. It was while at Jones City that I patented my Dakota pumpkin anchor. Before that it was impossible, as you doubtless know, to raise this nutritious vegetable in the Territory."

"No, I didn't know it," returned Peters. "Why was it impossible?"

"The vines grew so fast that they wore the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground. I sold my patent for \$5,000, and used the money in booming Jones City. I built two churches and a theatre, and started a daily newspaper—the Jones City 'Volcanic Eruption.' But it was a severe blow to the town when it lost the county-seat. At that time—it was ten years ago—the Dakota court-houses were kept on wheels, I may almost say. One afternoon a party of men from Jumpersburg crept up, hitched six mules on my court-house, and trotted away with it to their own town.

"But I was not discouraged, and determined on the boldest stroke ever attempted in the Territory. It was nothing more nor less than to bring the Capitol building down from Bismarck and put it in the place of my court-house, thus making Jones City the capital of the Territory. Fearing that the old Territorial officers might not come, I hired a new set of officials, including a Governor, auditor, judges, attorney-general, and so forth, choosing them mostly from my old county officers, who had been left behind. Borrowing the court-house wheels from Jay Bird County, I took my Territorial officers, fifty leading citizens, and ten spans of mules, and proceeded to Bismarck. Under cover of darkness we adjusted the wheels and hitched on the mules. Most of my officials took their places in the several rooms, and as the level rays of the rising sun shot athwart the great broad plain, carpeting it with cloth of gold, and waking the song-birds to melody and the wild flowers to prodigality of fragrance, I touched up the wheel mules from the front portico, and we rolled away out of town, with my Governor on the roof blowing a tin horn. It was a noble scene and one which lives in my memory, but the effort was a failure. Gentlemen, I left Dakota without a cent."

"But tell us what was the difficulty," said Robinson.

"Yes, it is no more than right that you should know. When we were about ten miles out my attorney-general came to me and raised a point of law. It was this: That Jones City would not become the legal capital of the Territory unless we had the cellar which belonged under the Capitol building. I gave the reins to my territorial secretary, and directed the attorney-general instantly to bring a test case before the District Court, then sitting in its chambers on the first floor. It decided that he was right. Then, as we rattled along across the prairie, I appealed the case to the Supreme Court, on the second floor. It confirmed the decision of the lower court. I instantly stopped, unhitched the mules, and went back after the cellar. We were all arrested at Bismarck, with the aid of troops from Fort A. Lincoln, for abduction. It appeared that the beggarly janitor of the Capitol was hidden in his room in the attic, and that we had kidnaped the scoundrel without knowing it. We got off at the trial, but it cost me every cent I had. To-day the anti-quarian who searches for Jones City finds only the trackless plain.

No one spoke when Jones stopped, but all looked at Jackson Peters. His eyes were closed as if in sleep, but there was a nervous, half-painful expression on his face, and even the waiter knew that he was not asleep.

THE CONVERTS TO NORTONISM

Lucy's Argument.....Memphis Appeal-Avalanche

It was in a cove on the Cumberland mountains that I sat on the door step of a mountaineer's cabin, in the twilight of a Summer's evening, and listened to the following:

"Yo' see, stranger," said the mountaineer's wife, as she drew a long whiff from her corn-cob pipe, and gave one of the dogs a kick with her bare foot, "a Mormon elder, he cum up yere to lead we uns to the promised land. It war way out west somewhar, but he un had bin sent by the Lawd to lead us through the wilderness. Reckon yo've met up with Mormons?"

"Yes."

"Got long tongues. Git everybody stirred up in no time. People all round yere got stirred up to go to the promised land. He all promised every man four or five wives, and the wimin folks was to sit and sing the praises of the Lawd from mawnin' till night. First I knowed my ole man was hankerin' to go. Then he un got Bill Raynor and Sam Beebe and Jim Taylor a-itchin' to dwell in the tents of the Lawd, as he un called 'em.

"Lucy," says my ole man, as he sot right yere one night, 'the Lawd is dun a-callin' of me to go, and we'll sell them mules.'

"Sam, is the Lawd I hear a-callin' of me?"

"Reckon not. Yo' is too ole to be called."

"Has the Lawd dun called Mrs. Beebe or Mrs. Taylor?"

"Reckon not. They is too ole and humbly to be called to the promised land."

"And how about Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Bartlett?"

"Too ole and humbly. Lawd don't want 'em out thar."

"Stranger," said the woman as she uttered a chuckle of satisfaction, "I reckon yo' dun see the rabbit in the holler log?"

"According to the elder, the Lord only wanted your husbands. Eh?"

"Yo's hit it! They all was packin' up to go when sunthin' happened. The elder was stoppin' up yere at Tom White's. Tom's wife was one of the ole and humbly ones the Lawd didn't want. Thar was fo'teen of us. They all met yere 'bout ro o'clock. See that bresh over thar?"

"Yes."

"Mighty fine place to cut switches. I had fifty cut and ready. We uns marched up to Tom's and took the elder outer bed and tied him up in the back yard with the clothes-line. Powerful scart, he un was, while Tom was away. Did yo' ever see a messenger from the promised land git a-switchin'?"

"No."

"They uns heard him holler fur a mile and a half, but thought it was mewls brayin'. We used up thirty switches. He dun laffed, and cried, and hollered, and cussed. He called on the Lawd. He promised us fo' husbands apiece in the promised land. We marched him down to the forks, turned him to the left, and everybody giv' him a cut. He un never did cum back fur his clothes. Reckon he un's still on the canter."

"And what did the men—your husbands—say?"

"He-he-he! My ole Sam sits right down yere next day, and smokes, and smokes. Bimeby he un says:

"Lucy, I dun found out about that call. I thought it was the Lawd a-callin' of me alone to the promised land, but I was mistook. It was Sam Beebe a-callin' of both of us to cum over and eat green co'n and coon meat fur dinner. Git on your bonnet, Lucy."

"I'ze too ole and humbly, Sam—I am fer a fac."

"No, yer haint, Lucy—no yer haint, I was jest a-lookin' and a-figurin'. You hain't a day over fo'ty, and yo's the best lookin' woman on all this yere Cumberland tumblification of hills and hollers. Come on, Lucy!"

"And so?" I queried after a long pause.

"That's jest all," she replied, as she reached for some more tobacco, "jest all, except that when my Sam gits a leetle high-headed I jest say 'promised land' to him, and he wilts right down jest fagged out, in a minute, like a cabbage leaf in the sun!"

PRATTLE: BITS OF CHILD VERSE

LITTLE ELAINE

Frank L. Stanton *Songs of a Day*

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
With the eyes like violets wet with rain;
Silvery April rain that throws
Melting diamonds over the rose?
(Ah, never were eyes as bright as those.)
You have left me alone; but where have
you flown?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
With laughing lips of the crimson stain—
Lips that smiled as the sunlight glows

When morning breaks like a white rose
Over the wearisome Winter snows?
Shall I miss their song my whole life long?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

You have left me lonely, little Elaine:
I call to you, but I call in vain;
I sing to you when the twilight throws
Its dying light on my life's last rose,
While the tide of Memory ebbs and flows.
Is it God's own will I should miss you still?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

THE SANDMAN'S SONG

Charles B. Going *A Lullaby* *Summer-Fallow*

Sleep pussy willows that nod along the stream,
Drowsy little buttercups that dream, and dream, and dream;
Little downy birdies, asleep within the nest,
And a tiny sleep baby that lies on mother's breast.

Little water-frogs sing the pussies off to sleep,
Buttercups are nodding to the crickets' "peep a peep;"
Softly sing the breezes to hush the nestling birds,
And mother sings her baby a song of baby words.

Fireflies go tip-toeing around the willow beds;
Buttercups are watched by all the stars above their heads;
The great gold moon sails over to shield the birds from harm,
And mother rocks the baby and holds it on her arm.

When morning calls the pussies across the waking brook,
And all the golden blossoms unclothe their eyes to look,
When birdies wake and sing, in their nest upon the tree,
Why, what a happy morning will mother's baby see!

ENGLISH SLUMBER SONG

Jean La Rue Burnett *California Illust.*

Oh, wilt thou close thy violet een,
My tiny dimpled girlie?
And wilt thou be my fairy queen
And droop thy head so curly?
Then thou shalt sail on a golden sea
In a silver shallop, sweet, with me,
Which thy angel sisters bring to thee,
Nid-nod-nee!

So cuddle close to mother's breast,
My lovely lily lady,
And we will sail the billow's crest
To find an island shady

Where thou shalt ride on a starling's wing,
Or soft on a snowy thistle swing,
And list to the songs the peris sing,
Nid-nod-nee!

Now softly shut each silken lid,
My dainty little snowball,
And, darling, do as thou art bid,
I hear the fire-fly's night-call!
For see, he has lit his torch in glee
To guide thee on o'er the amber sea
Where the elfin babies wait for thee,
Nid-nod-nee!

With cobweb strands of purple hue,
 My turtle dove, my fairy!
 We'll hitch the beetles two by two
 And speed a wing so airy;
 We'll steal away with the cricket's horn,
 We'll tickle the bat with the rose's thorn,
 And ne'er return till the break of morn,
 Nid-nod nee!

So, sweetly, sweetly, take thy rest,
 My bonnie one, love lassie!
 With dreams of joy thy sleep is blessed
 And weary cares shall pass thee!

Thou shalt dance with the moonbeams white
 And sport with the misty gnomes of night
 Till the stars laugh loud in wild delight,
 Nid-nod-nee!

A cooing pigeon by thy side,
 My pretty, drowsy dearie,
 Will take thee for his tiny bride,
 So slumber on—nor fear thee!
 For he'll bring thee sweet nepenthe's bloom
 And fan thy cheek with a lilac's plume
 Till thy blue e'en steal the faint perfume,
 Nid-nod-nee!

BACK TO THE LOTUS LANDS

James Whitcomb Riley..... Poems of Childhood

Heigho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger.

Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;

Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger

Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

Turn back the leaves of life; don't read the story—

Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest;

We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory

Than Old Time, the story-teller, at his best.

Turn to the brook, where the honeysuckle tipping

O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,

And the bee and humming bird in ecstasy are sipping

From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane, where we used to "teeter-totter,"

Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold;

Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water,

Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold.

Where the dusky turtle lies basking in the gravel

Of the sunny sandbar in the middle of the tide,

And ghostly dragon fly pauses in his travel

To rest like a blossom where the water lily died.

Heigho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger.

Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;

Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger

Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

Eugene Field..... The Chicago News

Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow—

It's off for a sailor thy father would go;

And it's here in the harbor in sight of the sea

He hath left his wee babe with my song,
 and with me:

Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow!

Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow—

It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!

And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth
 me when

I sing my song over and over again:

"Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low,"

The sea singeth so,

And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;

And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of
 the sea,

Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!

"Swing high and swing low

While the breezes they blow—

'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

THE FOLLY OF HOARDING MONEY

Current Commercial Distress.....Providence Journal

Of all the absurdities that have had their origin in a financial scare such as the country is passing through none can be rated as less excusable than the conduct of those who rush to the banks to withdraw their deposits under the idea that their money will be safer in their pocket books or stockings than in the iron vaults of the bank. If this hoarding of money could assure to the hoarder its full nominal value, where, in the banks, it stood in danger of redemption for only a part of its nominal value, there might be some intelligible motive in laying it away. But where the hoarder equally with the banks is dependent on the ability and credit of the Federal Government to redeem for full value, the course of the hoarder is not only mischievous, but ridiculous. It produces results that must inevitably react on himself. He is engaged, not only in pulling the house down on the rest of the community, but on his own head as well. He becomes at such a time almost a dangerous character.

Civilized society rests upon the trust of each in the general good will of his fellows. When, therefore, as often happens, a man is shot down in the public street unawares and without provocation, what would be the effect did every other member of society abandon this trust in his fellow citizens and run off to arm himself, barricade his house and cut the ties of social intercourse, even through those which bind together the lowest of savage tribes? How long, under such conditions, before the social organism would be resolved into its original warring and murdering elements, ultimately doomed to extinction? Yet, in the great field of human activity connected with money and business, is not this the course exactly being pursued by the money

hoarder? He knows that the whole structure of trade and industry rests upon a foundation of the same nature as does society itself; and yet, hearing of some financial tragedy like a bank failure, he rushes off to fortify his house and cut off commercial intercourse with his fellows. And well does he succeed in bringing about anarchy and a state of commercial barbarism.

THE DEGENERACY OF THE AGE

Max Nordau's Criticism.....New Orleans Picayune

A writer, under the name of Max Nordau, has just finished the last volume of a book of criticism upon the physical, moral and mental condition of the human race in modern Europe. It is written to show that the leading races to-day, although they may claim to be advancing rapidly on the high road of progress, have actually entered into a state of degeneracy. "Degeneracy" is the title of his book, which is said to be a remarkable product of scientific knowledge, scientific deduction and incisive satirical criticism.

Max Nordau is the pseudonym of a Hungarian doctor living in Paris. He holds that the European races that claim to be at the summit of civilization are in every way on a down grade, and he undertakes to prove it from their art, their literature, their sciences and their diseases. He holds that painting, music and fiction have seriously declined. The later products in every department show only a striving after sensational effects and novelty of treatment. Unity, congruity, harmony of development, lofty aspiration and noble sentiment are wholly disregarded. What are wanted are new effects, new sensations, surprises in art, monstrosity in morals. He groups Rossetti, Swinburne, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Baudelaire, Zola and others of lesser note, and Wagner and his imitators, as the illus-

trators of the end-of-the-century literature and music. As for the picture galleries, the same striving after new sensations is just as apparent, and the same disappointment, emptiness and languor, if not disgust, are the resulting impressions received by those who have extracted excitement, but not satisfaction, from their perusal or consideration.

Turning to the diseases, insanities and crimes of the age, the reflex of the characteristics of the writers and musicians mentioned appears, and he declares that medical specialists of to-day claim that male hysterical patients outnumber the female; he finds even the symptoms of diseased minds, of idiocy in the peculiar tricks of language and trains of thought that endear the writings of such men as Ibsen and the like to sympathetic readers. The cause of these symptoms thus revealed in writers and readers are attributed by Nordau to the present conditions of life in Europe. He asserts that men and women are handicapped at their start by heredity, by the irritating food and drink and stimulants of the men and women before them; and that the handicapped in turn constantly over-stimulate themselves. Such bodies cannot contain sane minds, nor can the minds endure the grand simplicity of classic models in art and literature. "The manias of literary hunters after style delight them; they find comfort in the expression of a thought rather than in the substance of thought; their inordinate egotism provoked by insane introspection leads them to accept the pessimistic gospel of Ibsen; their craze for so-called realism is only quieted by strong doses of Zola; their hysteria is turned into lively pleasure when they listen in the music of Wagner for the climax that never comes."

It is in the age of what is called the highest civilization that satire has found the greatest opportunity for its exercise. The highest civilization means the highest luxury, the extremes of self-indulgence, the devel-

opment of new diseases coexistent with the development of novel methods of enjoyment. The chief demand of the Emperor Nero was for new pleasures, and his procurer and purveyor of infamous luxuries was the satirical Petronius. Dr. Nordau may have discovered that society is nearing the state it reached at the culmination of civilization in the Roman Empire, but we prefer to believe that the difference is immeasurably vast and to the credit of our age. The Doctor is doubtless a pessimist of the gloomiest school, but he is, at least, a surgeon who recognizes a social ulcer, and when called to cut it he cuts deep.

THE ANTAGONISMS OF THE SEXES

Elizabeth Cady Stanton..... Humanity and Health

Women and their religious duties became objects of hatred to the Christian missionaries and of alternate scorn and fear to pious æsthetics and monks. The priestess mother became something impure, associated with the devil; her lore and infernal incantation, and her cooking a brewing of poison, nay, her very existence a source of sin to man. Thus woman, as mother and priestess, became woman as witch. The witch trials of the middle ages, wherein thousands of women condemned to the stake were the very real tracers of the contest between man and women. Christianity putting the religious weapon into man's hand, made his conquest complete. But woman did not yield without prolonged resistance and a courageous final struggle. Driven from the home an outlaw and wanderer everywhere, ostracised by the State, condemned by the courts, crucified by the church, the supreme power of the mother of the race was conquered only by death; and the dark ages tolled her funeral knell.

Thus in fraud, violence and superstition, the Patriarchate or father age, was established in a more cruel antagonism of sex than ever before.

With the sceptre of power in his hands, man enforced one lesson in

government and religion, in the civil and canon law, the subordination of woman. While they chanted the glory of motherhood in all their cathedrals round the globe, the contempt they taught for womankind was only equalled by the fear of her as a spirit of evil. Church and State united to make her subjection sure; Catholic and Protestant alike joined in the persecution. Luther and Calvin vied with St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine in their denunciations of the sex, while bishops and judges presided over witch trials far into the eighteenth century.

The antagonism of sex under the Patriarchate has been so pronounced and persistent that the hateful fact cannot be doubted or denied. In the general advancement of civilization in the last century, woman has of necessity had some share. Laws and customs have been modified; opinions as to her nature and capacity essentially liberalized, but owing to the artificial conditions of her life, her civil and social evolution has been as unnatural as would be that of a flower from its bud, or a bird from its egg, under an exhausted receiver. Hence her idiosyncracies have been the puzzle of philosophers and the jest of wits in all ages. Every step in the progress she has taken has been met with ridicule and opposition. Men have been unwilling to have her play any rôle in which they were successful.

Even such men as Carlyle and Wordsworth of our times had no patience with the literary ambition of women. The antagonism of sex amounted to such personal dislike that they could hardly tolerate the presence of an authoress.

It is said that after Miss Martineau took up her residence in Wordsworth's neighborhood, this abhorrence to authoresses sometimes took such active expression that the deaf lady was frequently obliged to see what she could not hear, and perforce to recognize that her presence was unwelcome at Rydal Mount.

On one occasion, after unsparingly condemning the work of Miss Sedgewick, he concludes his criticism thus: "Such productions add to my dislike of literary ladies—indeed, make me almost detest the name." And farther on we find the rather sweeping announcement that "blue stock-ingism is at enmity with true refinement of mind." This last sweeping criticism was said in reference to Sarah Coleridge.

On several occasions, of late years, French students in various institutions of learning have openly manifested their hostility to the presence of women at their lectures. Some eight years ago, when the late Prof. Caro, author of "*L'Idée de Dieu*," drew from his philosophic lectures such fashionable and feminine crowds to the *Collège de France*, the students who were neither fashionable nor feminine invented a nickname for the ladies whose worship of M. Caro was the joke of the period. They were called "Carolines." But the ladies were not to be ridiculed out of their taste for philosophy which they had so suddenly acquired; the lecture room became more than ever crowded by them. At length the students' displeasure at this invasion broke out in a demonstration against the lecturer, whose attempts to speak were met with cries of "*A bas Caro!*" What took place then has been repeated recently at the Sorbonne. The students, becoming more and more irritated by the presence of ladies at M. Larroumet's lectures on French literature, interrupted the proceedings by singing songs which it is said were not selected on account of their fitness for feminine ears. They also imitated the clucking of hens with a verisimilitude that would have caused complete deception in the poultry-yard. When the lecturer asked for an explanation for this demonstration, the students shouted in reply, "No women, no women?" Over 200 young men united in these vulgar demonstrations. Similar insults have been offered women

in London, Edinburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

While some men with untiring patience train elephants, horses and dogs to perform all manner of wonderful feats, others do all in their power to repress the ambition of women for higher educational advantages; and such is the conceit of these literary gentlemen that they imagine that women are struggling, not so much for a complete development of all their own faculties, as to rival men in their attainments. Heine, the German poet, says, "all authoresses write with one eye on their paper and one on some man, except the Countess Hahn, and she has but one eye."

THE GEOGRAPHY OF CRIME

Professor Oettinger.....Moral Statistics

For the first time an attempt has been made abroad to compile criminal statistics according to geographical latitudes and conditions, and the experiment has proven interesting.

The best material that could be found, which furnishes incontrovertible proof, is the crime of suicide, based on geographical conditions. The geographical center of the suicidal mania is Saxony, which yields an enormous crop—400 cases to every 1,000,000 inhabitants. Among all the civilized States, Germany rolls up the greatest number, an average of 220 to every 1,000,000 souls. The other countries range in the following succession: France, Austria, Belgium, England, Italy, and Russia. The smallest number of suicides occurs in the country where there is the most oppression and the most suffering—the Emerald Isle. Denmark, on the other hand, furnishes a strikingly large percentage of suicides.

From all sides of the compass, according to its greater or lesser distance from the Saxon center, arises the colossal suicide mountain range of Germany. From the Sarmatic plain in Russia, where the suicide percentage falls below thirty, the crime increases in number as it nears

the heart of Germany. In the provinces of the East sea the number runs up to 45; in Eastern and Western Prussia its quota is almost 100; in Brandenburg it is 200; in the Saxon provinces from 230 to 240 (higher than in all the other Prussian States), reaching its maximum in the kingdom of Saxony itself—400.

The same condition prevails on the Western approach. The Rhenish provinces, in common with the Belgian tier, produce from 60 to 66 cases to each 1,000,000 souls; Westphalia, 70; Hanover, 140; Thuringia, as it gravitates toward Saxony, 300. The same proportion holds good for the South, while further north, in Sleswig-Holstein and Denmark, a sort of independent mountain range with a second gravitation center seems to have formed.

The southern regions, Austria and Bavaria, are under the baneful influence of Saxony. The average in Bavaria is 100, farther south it is barely 70, while in the northern provinces of Bavaria, as they border on Saxony, the number increases to 150.

Austria, aside from the infectious surroundings of Vienna and Lower Austria, furnishes an average of 130 suicides to 1,000,000 people, but in the provinces which approach Saxony this number increases rapidly, being 150 in Maheren, 180 in Bohemia, and 228 in Silesia, while in the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria, and Vorarlberg the number declines to 90 and 100.

Before passing on to a review of other crimes it is well to state that the metropolitan cities are not included in these geographical statistics, for all the large cities of the world—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York—are centers of crime. They may be regarded in the light of international criminal resorts, where all crimes are equally represented, the size of the city being the only cause or difference.

London, with its 4,000,000 inhabitants, has the largest number of criminals—nearly 80,000 individuals

are constantly menacing the public peace of London, the safety of life and property, and England's peculiar laws encourage this state of affairs. It seems incredible that only one-sixth of the most notorious law-breakers are imprisoned in England, while the rest go about on evil bent.

The two next largest cities where crime abounds are New York and San Francisco, encouraged as in London by the laws of the country. Paris at the present time manifests a striking increase in crimes of immorality, far in excess proportionately to all other crimes. In Vienna burglary is far in excess of murder, as well as in the second capital of Austro-Hungary.

Murder, geographically considered, is the product of lack of civilization. Whenever a state of government is in a state of disorganization the people become demoralized, educational and religious progress is at a standstill, and murder is bound to increase. It is essential to lay great stress on the religious feeling of a community, because comparatively few murders occur in Turkey, a country deranged and unsettled in its affairs, wherein a large proportion of the people are lacking in civilization and culture.

But the Islam faith is productive of a certain religious sentiment in these uneducated masses which prevents murder, the greatest crime against human and divine laws. Compared with Turkey, Greece, once the seat of civilization, but now demoralized and degraded by Turkish influences, without the prohibitive power of the Mohammedan religion, manifests the truth of this assertion by rolling up, in a population of less than 2,000,000 people, 316 murders and 473 felonious assaults, an average of one killed or maimed for every 2,800 souls. This number overshadows demoralized Ireland, where for a number of years the most terrible agrarian crimes, murder, arson, etc., have been committed, the outcome of the atrocious feeling between land owners and the peasantry. Another country

with a large percentage is Spain, and an increase in bloodshed goes hand in hand with its gradual decline.

A glance at the criminal statistics of the United States demonstrates that murder reaches its highest percentage among the uneducated class, who can neither write or read. In the State of Texas, for example, one murder occurs to every 8,500 inhabitants. In Illinois this percentage is considerably lowered, one murder being quoted for every 50,000.

Germany of late years shows an increase of murder cases and assaults, born out of Socialistic tendencies. The murder percentage of Great Britain is comparatively small, with the exception of London and Ireland, and personal safety in England and Scotland is commended on all sides. Even few thefts are committed in the level portions. France, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland record murder statistics similar to those of Germany. No substantial data can be obtained about Russia, but the striking increase in political murders, signalized by the Nihilistic and Socialistic era, needs no comment. No State in the world rolls up more revolutionary attacks and crimes at the present time than Russia. During the year 1886-87, the last authentic report that could be obtained, 3,000 persons were deported to Siberia for life.

As with suicide and murder, it is with theft geographically speaking. Lack of culture and civilization is synonymous with increased theft and dishonesty, not so much on account of the immoral and depraved condition of the people as because of lack of protection. Theft in Sweden and Norway, in Denmark and the extreme north is exceedingly rare.

The Oriental and Southeastern States show an alarming amount of theft, and next to America, Turkey, Russia, the Balkan States and Hungary contain the most crooks.

Fraud in all its various denominations, ranging from high-grade swindle

in its manifold phases down to small shady transactions which hover between dishonest purposes and technical evasions of the law, has its home principally in the large cities of the world. London is a perfect Mecca for swindlers, while throughout England, with the exception of London business dealings are characterized by sound principles of honesty. Comparatively little fraud is practiced in the Northern and Western States, as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland. Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland rank favorably in this respect. In Germany a striking decline is noticeable in fraudulent transactions. The same conditions—lack of civilization and education—which prevail with other crimes pertain to fraud. Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and, above all, Russia, lead the line.

The most notorious crooks at the present writing are produced by the Balkan States, and the police of all civilized countries, especially Germany and Austria, watch with terror the influx of thieves, burglars and crooks of all kinds, that are wending their way westward from Servia, Bulgaria and Bohemia. Bukarest is known to-day as the greatest den of swindlers in the world. Even the great American crime centers cannot hold a candle to Bukarest. It is the exit, so to speak, the initiative station for the crooks of the Balkan States, from where they travel westward to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Rome and New York.

The international criminal profession is recruited through a large contingent of the uncivilized element of the Balkan peninsula, which is still further increased by what comes from Russia and Galicia. The international pickpocket art is, in Europe at least, almost entirely carried on by Roumanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Russians and Galicians. They outrank in cleverness by far the once world-famous English and American professionals in that line.

The increase in all civilized lands of crimes against morality, religion, public peace and the government is mostly due to the socialistic wave which permeates all classes. While crime and criminals will always exist, as long as the world lasts, the next few centuries in their onward march of education and civilization will bring about a marked decrease, and the criminal statistics and annals of the present time will read like fables to the people of that remote future.

RIGHTS OF ORGANIZED LABOR

Edward Arden.....The Chautauquan

The extension of labor organization into every field of industrial action and a combined membership including all trades and occupations, covering the whole area of industrial enterprise, would increase the efficiency of labor and give to the cause stability. It is the right of labor to expect the enactment of laws protecting the capital of labor just as the capital of corporations is protected. With all violence, disorder and intimidation eliminated from the code governing strikes and lockouts, be it written or unwritten, the era of Pinkertonism will have passed without having been reduced by the law of extermination, and the way will open for the better and more peaceful settlement of industrial disputes. If labor would protect its rights and fulfil its duties as evidenced by the march of history it will organize everywhere and prune itself of those provisions of its unwritten law which a wise public sentiment does not countenance. An intelligent use of the ballot and conservative and determined action on the part of labor and a wise use of its power will make arbitration and conciliation a necessity and a fact. "Progress begins with minority. It is completed by persuading the majority." Let persuasion extend beyond the pale of Unionism and in the achievement of Industrial Democracy will the rights of labor be guaranteed and the duties of labor be fulfilled.

SUPERSTITIOUS, UNUSUAL AND WEIRD

MYSTERY OF AUTOMATIC WRITING

William T. Stead.....Borderland

In publishing the following record of how it was I began to write automatically, with illustrations of the nature of the communications thus written, I do not venture to dogmatize as to the cause of this strange phenomena. The reader can form his own opinion as to how the messages were produced. He may decide that they were the product of my subconscious self. He will not, I am sure, accuse me of writing them consciously when I state, as I do, that all these communications were written by my pen, held in the ordinary way by my right hand without any conscious direction by my mind, or without any knowledge on my part of the nature of the message which was written down. Whether my hand was directed by the intelligence of one deceased, or by a living person or by my subjective self, I did not control it. I rested the point of the pen on the paper, and the mysterious force did the rest.

These communications come to me at all times and places, but their arrival depends altogether upon my own volition. That is to say, unless I take a pen or pencil, make my mind passive, and wait for the message, I do not receive any communication any more than I should receive a telephonic message if I never went to the telephone. The analogy between the method of communication and the telephone is very close, but with this difference—in this system it is always the recipient who rings up, so to speak, the transmitter at the other end of the line. Possibly, others may have a different experience. But I am never rung up by the Invisibles. They do not seem to have any means of communication with me when I am alone unless I first place my hand at their disposal. They of-

ten complain, when I have been too busy to let them write for some time, that I have never given them an opportunity of addressing me.

The *modus operandi* is of the simplest. As a rule, I write best automatically when I am alone, but I have had many messages when a friend has been with me. My hand writes almost invariably when it is disconnected, so to speak, from my conscious brain. Not that it will always write what is sought. Often it will merely communicate a few words, with an intimation that no more writing will come just then. On one occasion, when I met a small circle in the West End, my hand refused to write anything the first two attempts, and when a third and final attempt was made later it only wrote: "It is time that this seance should cease," the alleged reason given by the Invisible being that it did not like the influence of another invisible controlling an automatic writer who was present at the time.

I hold my pen in the ordinary way, but when the writing is beginning I do not rest my wrist or arm upon the paper, so as to avoid the friction, and to give the influence, whatever it may be, more complete control of the pen. At first the pen is apt to wander into mere scrawling, but after a time it writes legibly. Unlike many automatic writers who write as well blindfolded as when they read what they write as they are writing it, I can never write so well as when I see the words as they come.

WAKING WHEN YOU PLEASE

A Time-Lock on Consciousness.....London Spectator

A discussion has been going on in the English Society for Psychical Research as to the existence and the nature of the power by which so many people manage to wake themselves precisely at the hour at which

they have resolved to wake themselves the previous night. It is a matter on which probably the greater number of people can convince themselves. You may fix a time when no clock strikes, so that it cannot be a half-heard sound which wakes you.

You may fix five minutes before the hour in a house in which no clock strikes the quarter or even in a house in which there is no striking clock at all, and no church clock within a couple of miles, and yet not one person only, but a great many—we might, perhaps, say the majority of persons past middle age—can wake themselves at the right hour if on the previous night they go to bed with the resolve to do so strong in their minds. It is a power which belongs to all sorts of persons—not only persons who have been in the habit of getting up at given hours, but to persons who have not this regularity in habit.

Most nurses have it, most servants, most laborers, most professional men. Yet it is very difficult to account for, for when you wake you have no distinct, nor, indeed, indistinct recognition of the time on you. You only know what time you ought to have been awake, but not in the least consciously that this time has arrived, though, when you look at your watch in a fright, you find as a matter of fact that it has arrived, and only just arrived. We believe that the same power would apply to the daytime under the same conditions, namely, that you fix firmly in your mind some hours, or at least some considerable time, earlier than you are to do something specific and to be aroused to a sense of the time at a specific minute; only people notice this less since there are so many things in the daytime which warn us and thus put us on the watch as to how time is flying.

The curious thing is that, though you can arrest your own attention and wake up at the required time, you never seem to have the least assurance that it is the right time with-

out consulting your watch. If you do really "divine" time you have no power of recognizing that you have "divined" it. You feel as if you had merely guessed it, and very probably guessed wrong, until your watch confirms the guess.

The mind measures duration chiefly by the successions of its own thoughts, but, as we have seen, it is not duration, but something quite different from duration, of which it appears to be conscious; thus it can wake the body at any given hour without even knowing (consciously, at least) how much time has elapsed since the resolve to wake was first formed. In the *Journal of the Society of Psychical Research* for August we are told of a lady, "well known to the editor," who chronicled her experience in this matter during a part of last July, and for July 5 she makes the following entry:

"July 5.—Order given again casually, with none of the seriousness of intention which I should have associated with it had I been going to act upon the sequence instead of merely experimenting on it. This time I said, 'Wake me to take a journey at 4 o'clock,' meaning wake me at 4, but not saying so. I was awakened with a struggle of consciousness, could not remember where I was or anything, but seemed to be down in a deep place like a well and heard an inner voice say, 'Wake and get up, it's just 3 o'clock; you need an hour to prepare for a journey at 4.' Still I was but half conscious when the words repeated, 'It is 3, not 4, but you said, 'Wake me for a journey at 4.''" By that time I awoke completely, and the clock struck 3."

The agency which awoke this lady at the wrong hour because her words had been inaccurate either had a grudge against her and took advantage of her slip of the tongue to awaken her before she needed, in which case it could hardly have been her deepest self which did this, or it was really misled by her language

in which case it certainly was not her deepest self, for it took her at her word, and not at her meaning, though if it had been her deepest self it would have known her meaning.

It is a very curious power, for which we can assign no parallel. We certainly have no similar power of waking ourselves on a journey, at an exact point in space on which we may previously determine. If we resolve to wake up at the moment the express train in which we are travelling passes a particular point from which, suppose, a striking landscape is visible, we should not manage it unless the train was so punctual that we could effect it by determining to waken at the precise minute when the train was due there, though in that way we believe it might occasionally be effected.

But there are certainly multitudes of persons who appear to carry some kind of clock about them in their inner mind, though whether it be the clock of the house or the clock of the neighborhood, it would be well to find out.

In the present writer's case it is not the clock of the house, which is kept fast, but, as near as he can judge, what he believes to be the right time—i. e., railway time—though if he were, say, five minutes wrong in his impression of what right time is, it is probable that he would awaken by the time of his impression and not by the railway or Greenwich time.

FAmous SUICIDES IN HISTORY

Curious Methods of Meeting Death... Cincinnati Enquirer

Aristarchus starved himself to death out of weariness of life. Lucretius, the great Latin poet, stabbed himself in a fit of disgust with life. Cassius fell by his own dagger, after the battle of Philippi—the same dagger, it is said, with which he stabbed Cæsar. Homer, it is said, hanged himself in extreme old age because, after a long trial, he could not solve the "Fisher-man's Puzzle." Saul, the first King of Israel, killed himself rather than be slain by the Philistines. Defeated in battle and his kingdom gone, he

had nothing to live for. Like his great guest, Hannibal, Mithridates killed himself by poison to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans. He preferred death to appearance in the triumphal procession of a Roman General. The great Zeno lived a quiet and happy life until the age of 98, when one day he accidentally stumbled and broke his thumb. He interpreted the accident as a summons from earth, and so he forthwith hanged himself.

Cato was the typical Roman suicide. He killed himself with a dagger on the approach of Cæsar's forces to Utica, knowing that the cause of liberty was lost, and being unwilling to survive the downfall of his country.

Sardanapalus, the luxurious Oriental monarch, finding himself hard pressed by his enemies, gathered his guards, his wives, concubines and children together, with all his treasures, and set fire to the building, thus thwarting the hope his foes entertained of taking him alive.

Sappho killed herself by jumping from the Lover's Leap, a Loucadian cliff. This leap was often taken by love-sick persons, who believed that if they survived the fall they would be effectually cured of a hopeless passion. The leaps were always witnessed by a crowd of spectators, and the would-be suicides were in no way interfered with by the State. Boats were in attendance below to pick up the leapers if they came to the surface of the sea after the plunge. Sappho had a passion for a young man who did not return her love, and leaped from the cliff in order to be cured. Marc Antony gave the world for a woman's love, but he found himself so poorly compensated by the exchange that, in desperation at the approach of Octavius, and being informed that Cleopatra was endeavoring to make terms for herself by surrendering him, he stabbed himself with his dagger. Being revived, he received the message sent by Cleopatra that she desired to see him; he

was carried to her place of refuge. Cleopatra and her maids raised him by ropes to the window of the tower where the Queen found her last home; he was lifted in, and died in her arms.

Defeated at Zama, Hannibal fled to the East to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans, and found temporary security in the dominions of Mithridates. He incited this monarch to engage in a Roman war, and his advice as to its conduct being rejected, the war proved unsuccessful, and Mithridates was required, as one of the conditions of peace, to deliver up Hannibal to his enemies, the Romans. The unfortunate Carthaginian heard of his approaching fate, swallowed the poison which for years he had carried about his person, and expired just as the envoys arrived to take him in charge. Suicide was a fitting termination to the career of a monster like Nero. Deserted by every friend and in momentary danger of falling into the hands of his enemies, he could not summon up courage to take his own life. By turns he wept; prayed to the gods and cursed his fate. He begged some of the attendants to die first, in order to teach him fortitude. They respectfully declined. There was a knock on the door of the miserable abode. Soldiers sent by the Senate to arrest him had come. In desperation he seized a dagger and gave himself a slight wound in the throat. But the effect would have been a failure had not his freedmen lent assistance and pushed the dagger into a vital point. He had sufficient strength left on the entry of the soldiers to mutter. "Is this your fidelity?" and immediately expired, even in death his countenance retaining its appalling ferocity.

SPIRITUAL PROMISES OF MONTEZUMA

Juanita the Prophetess.....San Francisco Examiner

New Mexico is having an exciting time with a new prophetess. She is a beautiful and accomplished Indian girl named Juanita Vasquez Dolorosa, and is the adopted daughter of Don

Francisco Dolorosa, a wealthy Spanish sheep and cattle breeder, who lives in a magnificent mansion in Roswell Park on the headwaters of the Chama river. All the Utes and Apaches and many of the Mexicans of Santa Barbara are in a perfect fever of religious excitement over her prognostications.

Juanita is a graduate of a high class Indian school in the East, and during her student life acquired some knowledge of spiritualism and hypnotism, in both of which she became much interested. Just now she is going into a trance twice a day and holding converse with Montezuma, who is promising (through her) restoration of the Indians' lands. It is now over a month since she had her first vision, and in that time has worked the Indians into a frenzy over the impending change in their condition.

There is a good deal of white horse business about Juanita. She says that Montezuma comes to her riding on a spirit animal of this complexion and prescribes that all good Indians don white robes and ride white horses also. This has sent the price of white steeds a hundred fold above par, and the market is far from being satisfied. At Santa Barbara the priests have had to surrender the little church, and here Juanita holds two meetings every day, each being preceded by such ceremonies as she prescribes. A procession of Indian boys attired in white surplices open proceedings by marching around the church in one circle, while all the adults that can secure white horses gallop furiously around in a large circle, discharging shotguns for the purpose of driving away the devil and pleasing Montezuma's warlike spirit.

When there has been sufficient of this sort of thing Juanita goes into a trance, lasting an hour or more, and on restoration to consciousness imparts to the enraptured thousands who assemble at each performance such promises and instructions as Montezuma has seen fit to give her. Her addresses are delivered with

splendid oratorical effect, and the promises of the spirit are accepted without a particle of discredit by her hearers. The restoration of the Indians to dominion and the eviction of the whites is to occur in 1900, and when the time comes Montezuma is to appear on earth in the form of a white deer. This form is not to be maintained long, however, for reincarnation in human shape will occur as soon as the Indians have any necessity for a leader or commander.

After the discourse the prophethood, obeying the spirit command, baptizes with fire. The sacred fires, such as have been constantly burning at Santa Maria for over 200 years, have been lighted and are being kept up for this purpose. Their attendants are virgins, who stand six-hour watches. Fire baptism consists of scarifying the right cheek by the application of a burning cactus-leaf, and over a thousand converts have submitted to the painful ordeal up to date. A frenzied war dance precedes this ceremony. Over 4,000 Indians are constantly on the ground, and the scenes rival any ghost-dancing ever witnessed.

TURKISH CHILD MYTHS OF TO-DAY

Tokens and Signs of Infancy.....New York Press

When a child is under a year old its nails must not be cut or it will never live to see another year, and if it cuts its under teeth first it will be a liar. If it cuts its stomach teeth first that is a certain sign that it will live to see the fourth generation, which is a very common thing in Turkey where both sexes marry so young. If an infant has thick hair when born, that signifies that it will have hordes of slaves and be powerful. If it sleeps with its hands closed it will be avaricious, and will also attain a high position. If, on the contrary, a child sleeps with the palms open, it will be generous. If there are "two crowns," two places on the head where the hair forms a center, it is because that child is born for a great purpose. If quite bald, it may be a laborer or a great philosopher. If a

child runs before it walks, it is a prophesy of a grand and exalted station.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE ABYSS

A Study in Acrophobia.....St. Paul Pioneer Press

Chevreul's well known experiments with the exploratory pendulum and the divining rod show that if we represent to ourselves a motion in any direction the hand will unconsciously realize it and communicate it to the pendulum. The tipping tables realize a movement we are anticipating through the intervention of a real movement of the hands, of which we are not conscious. Mind reading by those who divine by taking your hand where you have hidden anything, is a reading of imperceptible motions by which our thoughts are translated without your being conscious of them.

When a child I was navigating a plank in the river without a thought that I might fall. All at once the idea came like a diverging force projecting itself across the rectilinear thought, which had alone previously directed my action. It was as if an invisible arm seized me and drew me down. I cried out and continued staggering over the whirling waters till help came to me. The mere thought of vertigo provoked it. The board lying on the ground suggests no thought of fall when you walk over it, but when it is over a precipice and the eye takes the measure of the distance to the bottom, the representation of a falling motion becomes intense, and the impulse to fall correspondingly so.

Even if you are safe, there may still be what is called the attraction of the abyss. The vision of the gulf as a fixed idea, having produced an "inhibition" on all your ideas or forces, nothing is left but the figure of the great hole with the intoxication of the rapid movement that begins in your brain and tends to turn the scales of the mental balance. Temptation, which is continual in children because everything is new to them, is nothing else than the force of an idea and the motive impulse that accompanies it.

SAYINGS OF THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS

"Freddie, when you said your prayers last night didn't you ask God to make you a good boy?" "Yes, mamma." "Well, Freddie, you've been as bad as ever to-day." "But, mamma, you can't blame me if God doesn't do just what I ask Him."—Life.

Little Miss Freckles—I made ugly faces at your stuck-up sister the other day, but I guess she didn't see me. Little Johnny—Yes, she did, but she thought it was natural.—Good News.

Pretty Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle? Johnny—Yes'm. Mother says ef yew don't ketch the new parson it will be a miracle.—Judge.

Governess—You see, my dear, the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they only go to bed when we are getting up. Little Emma—Then, I suppose my brother Fritz is an Antipode, eh?—Fliegende Blätter.

"I got kept in to-day for standing up for Tommy," said Nellie. Teacher asked Tommy to spell oxen, and Tommy said o-x-o-n, and then she asked me if he was right. I didn't like to go back on Tommy, so I said yes. But she wouldn't believe me."—Harper's Young People.

The nurse was giving the twins a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said: "What are you children laughing about!" "Oh, nothing," replied Edna, "only you gave Edith two baths, and haven't given me any."—MidContinent.

Henry Ward Beecher was once addressing a Sunday school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out, "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" Beecher replied, "Well, that is a fair question. Who can answer it?"

There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man, why was it?" "I guess mebbe they was a-moultin'," was the reply.—Christian at Work.

Mamma.—If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the bogie-man to-night. Tommy (after a moment's thought.) Well, give me some more. I might as well settle that story once for all.—London Tid-Bits.

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody obeys." "Papa, is mamma a king?"—Free Lance.

A little girl has an uncle who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming with his new silk hat wrinkled like an accordion. "Oh, uncle," she said, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."—Portland Transcript.

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass. Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keeps sayin' to their children, "If you don't eat grass, you sha'n't have any pie."—New York Telegram.

The rector was expected to call in the afternoon. After luncheon the mother began to coach Frankie.

"He will ask your name," she said, "and you must tell him 'Frankie Jones.' Then he will ask your age, and you must say 'Six years old in June.' He will ask you who made you, and you must say 'God,' and then if he asks what he made you of you must say 'Dirt.'"

The rector then came, and sure enough he asked the little fellow his name, whereupon Frankie shouted "Frankie Jones, six years old in June, God, dirt."—New York Times.

STORIES AND SKETCHES OF ANIMAL LIFE

MECHANISM OF A SNAIL'S MOUTH

Its Strange Construction..... New York Sun

It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom, that no larger wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp, and only a few of them are used at a time. Not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4,000 or 5,000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back coil are renewed.

EXTINCT GIANTS IN ANIMAL LIFE

James E. Culver..... California Illustrated Magazine

The romancers of the past centuries, Pontoppidan and others, who created the Kraken and various fabled monsters, would, if they could look in upon the collections of the National Museum and Yale College, have reason to believe that they were not so far out of the way in their conceptions, and that the actual productions of nature really outrival all the creations of the most vivid imagination. For a number of years collections have been made of the gigantic forms that once peopled Western North America—huge lizard-like creatures, veritable sea serpents mounted on legs or flippers, and now they are being mounted at the National Museum, to the astonishment and wonder of the unscientific public. Some of these monsters are found intact so far as the skeletons are concerned. Others are known only by their tracks—huge footprints literally upon the sands of time.

The appearance of these early inhabitants and their size is almost beyond comprehension. It was a time of weird shapes—dragons, with all but the fiery breath; sea serpents one hundred feet in length; whale-like monsters that crawled along in shallow waters; uncouth reptiles with gigantic bodies and small heads, helpless and harmless; others with enor-

mous jaws lined with sharp fangs; birds with teeth and no wings; flying monsters with leathery wings twenty-two feet across; others with slender tails, the end broadened into a paddle-shaped structure; lizards thirty, forty or more feet in length crawling through the mud, now standing on their hind legs, or anon bathing in the warm waters in search of prey. Such were some of the giants that formerly lived in North America in the old days, and made up its fauna.

While to-day we laugh at the stories of the sea serpent as an impossibility this creature in gigantic shape and of frightful appearance was one of the common forms of this time, and in some of the Western States, as Kansas, the skeletons of the monsters have been seen, ten within a small area reaching away from sixty to nearly one hundred feet in length, telling a marvelous story of their former size and power. One of the most astonishing is the *Hypsirhophus*, represented by a skeleton in the Smithsonian. Imagine a kangaroo, thirty feet long, its back studded with enormous spines, some four feet across, its tail covered with a double row of sharp spines. Cover the entire body with a coat of mail, arm the mouth with a bony beak, and some conception of this huge beast may be obtained. Its hind legs were much longer than the front ones, so that it could raise up and rest on these and its tail as pillars of support. Its head was wonderfully small, the most diminutive in proportion to the size of the body known, while, wonder of wonders, it had what scientific men consider a second brain in its pelvis, an expansion of the spinal cord, forming an object or second brain, nearly ten times as large as the brain proper. When the *Hypsirhophus* was attacked, few creatures could make so vigorous a defense. A single blow of the long tail would drive the double row of bony bayonets through the enemy, while the enormous spines added not a little in repelling an attack. The bones of this giant were

found imbedded in the rocks of Colorado, where it died millions of years ago, and became buried in the mud of the ancient lake.

Equally remarkable is the *Plesiosaurus* and the *Ichthyosaurus*, the former a veritable sea serpent, thirty or forty feet long, with four paddles, a long, snake-like neck and head; while the latter has a huge whale-like body, with a head resembling that of an alligator. The sight presented by these monsters swimming about in a shallow lake must have been a remarkable one. Here and there the long necks could be seen rising above the surface, working like snakes, twisting this way and that, now disappearing beneath the waves followed by forms more wonderful still.

Another of these animals, which has recently been placed in the National Museum, is the *Agathaumas*. It resembles to some extent a rhinoceros, but in life bore little resemblance to this creature. The animal was twenty-five or thirty feet in length, its head being armed with three horns—two, each three feet in length, extending from the forehead, while another, sharp and dangerous, was perched upon the nose, which was further protected by a hard cutting beak. Scientists are able to form some definite idea of the appearance of an animal from its bones, and noting the extraordinary frill of bone which extends backward six feet from the head of the *Agathaumas*, we can realize the enormous mass of muscles required to hold up the giant's head, and which made its neck of great dimensions.

The *Agathaumas* was higher than Jumbo and longer than two Jumbos, placed in a row, and besides the horns as a defense, it was covered with a protective armor which rendered it safe from the other predatory animals of the time.

If men lived in those days, they were cave dwellers living in the rocks, garbed in skins, defending themselves, if necessary, with stone clubs and hammers. But what could

their weapons avail against the giant *Amphicoelias* that crawled slowly and heavily out of the water in the direction of their homes, a mountain of flesh, weighing possibly twenty tons, four or five feet taller than the tallest elephant, and dragging along sixty or seventy feet of flesh? What could such an animal be? A long neck, a snake in itself, a tail like that of a crocodile, with a huge body, the hind limbs longer than the fore ones, suggesting that possibly the giant could rear himself aloft.

As it marched slowly along, it dragged its huge tail, and its weighty feet sank deep into the beach, making footprints in the sand, which the reader may examine in the National Museum, footprints, each of which covers a square yard of surface. The writer has stood by the thigh bone of this giant as it rested on a shelf, and the bone was the longest, and four men were required to place it in position. The appearance of this strange nondescript reptile was marvellous indeed. A slow-moving stupid creature, with head and mouth so small that it was to all intents and purposes helpless, relying upon its gigantic shape to terrify its enemies.

A cousin to the *Amphicoelias* was the *Atlantosaurus*, a giant that undoubtedly attained the length of the largest whale of to-day, over one hundred feet, a sea serpent with enormous limbs, the thigh bone being seven feet in length, its legs being pedestals for support rather than for locomotion, and in the water anchoring it to the bottom. This monster is the largest land animal yet discovered.

THE INSECT HOUSE AT THE ZOO

Tropical Moths and Butterflies....Westminster Budget

There is no part of the London Zoological Gardens which at this time of year more demands a visit than the glass house in which the moths and butterflies of the tropics are entering upon a London existence.

There is no delusion greater than to suppose that these beautiful crea-

tures can be seen as they really are in the glass cases of the collector. Above the cages in the Zoo "butterfly farm" there is nearly always a small case containing a dead specimen of the live insect that is within. Let who will compare them, looking at the bleached wings of the one, its dead and laid-out appearance, and then at the brilliant colors of the other, its graceful attitudes, with wings spread, wings closed, or wings half-folded, now hanging, now poised. Their homes are as appropriate as can be—generally glass boxes filled with moss or grass, fitted with miniature tree trunks and branches, and shady places, where the night-moths may avoid the mid-day sun. There is bark for the trap-door spider, red pots to make a den for the great tarantula spider, and wet sand for the scorpions—since these things also share with moths and butterflies the honors of the Zoo hatching-house. Another rather strange inhabitant of the same place is the electric eel, who will brace the nerves of any jaded entomologist with a wholesome shock.

The most beautiful of all the creatures to be seen at present is the Indian moon-moth. It emerged from its chrysalis ten days ago, and has therefore lived more than half its existence, for the life of a moth or butterfly is usually a brief fortnight. Outspread, the wings of the moon-moth would measure from five to six inches across, but as we see them they are half-folded, and the insect hangs motionless from a branch, in shape like an inverted lyre. Its color is exquisite beyond description—the body pure white, and covered with soft feathers like swan's-down, the wings of palest transparent green, with a border of deep claret to mark the outline of their upper rim, the antennæ-like miniature ferns of pale green, and the legs of purple.

At the present moment the cage of the Cecropian silk-moths is full, and the first batch are nearing the end of their period. Beautiful creatures they

are, and differing from one another in color quite remarkably. The generality of them are a speckled grey, toning into soft blue, and figured with rich brown in the centre of their wings. In the next cage is the *Polyphe-mus* silk-moth—a splendid creature, richly marked in brown and orange. One of these, as we watched, pushed its way through its thick cocoon, climbed slowly upwards, and, having fixed itself on a branch, set to work arranging its upper wings, while the lower were still held fast in their *chrysalis* form.

The *Tusseh* silk-moth, which produces the best of Indian silk, has yet to come, and so also the *Ailanthus*. All these will probably be contemporaries of the great *Atlas*. Meanwhile, it is possible to study the cocoons, which are hung in rows along the backs of the cages. In size and shape they are like thrushes' eggs, but with a wonderful variety of color on their surface, which is generally mottled with a delicate network of veins. In one of the cases there are specimens of two of these most ingeniously attached by the caterpillar itself to the branch of a tree. It might be mistaken for a delicate kind of plum, and its stem holds it in place at that critical moment when the moth is working its way out.

On the opposite side of the house the *Papilio* butterfly is in full feather. During the day time the moths seem heavy and drowsed; they hang motionless and avoid the light. But the butterflies are all activity, and there could be no more beautiful sight than this cage, full of the *Papilio cresphontes*, which flutter from branch to branch, displaying the beauty of their black and yellow wings and long swallow-tail pendants. This particular variety is American, and in size and shape it differs hardly at all from the British swallow-tail (now unfortunately much too scarce), but if anyone wishes to see what decorative possibilities there are in arrangements of black and yellow, let him study the arrange-

ment of the yellow markings on its black wings, and note how the yellow is first laid on the black and then the black upon the yellow.

Next to these are some of the most curious creatures in the whole collection—the little gold beetles from Ceylon. Sometimes they may be seen clinging to the lower side of a sheet of glass placed horizontally, through which you perceive tiny round bodies and legs shining like burnished gold. Turn them over, and they resemble nothing so much as a small and highly-wrought Japanese curio of old gold, representing, perhaps, a tortoise, set in a frame of talc, very like a button. The talc is the creature's wings which will perhaps unfold as you look, and carry its possessor across the cage.

Passing from these to the great *Tarantula* spider, we seem to reach the opposite pole of the insect kingdom. This creature, surely, with its long crab-like legs, all black, and covered with stiff bristles, its bald red body, and fierce eyes, could not share the spider's privilege as a bringer of good luck. He bites, and even the keeper handles him gingerly with a hook. When he is brought out he sulks, and then shambles back to the pot which serves him for a hole. The last thing in the world he suggests is dancing, and there are some who say that the dance connected with his name is the result of the whisky which the victim of his bite takes to cure the consequences.

Close by is a cage containing, apparently, scores of little green twigs running about in all directions, each supported by four other still smaller twigs which act as legs. This is the Canadian stick-insect, and its resemblance to a stick is absolute; for it is perfectly straight, and it withers to a sort of brown, which is exactly the color of dry wood. The next cage shows the trap-door spider at work on a large piece of rotten wood covered with bark. Their holes are of all sizes and shapes, but the trap door always fits exactly, and works most in-

geniously on its hinge. A woodpecker would discover it, no doubt, but to ordinary birds and other investigators the bark would not appear to have been disturbed.

The keeper opens one gently, exposing a perfectly round hole lined with soft cobweb. The spider shortly appears, and, having satisfied itself that there is no fly there, pulls the door to pointedly and firmly. The keeper tries it again gently, but now it is held tight, and nothing short of violence which would break the hinge and snap the cable by which the spider holds it fast would be sufficiently strong to open it.

MYSTERY OF CROCODILE BIRDS

An African Wonder.....The Youth's Companion

Thirty years ago, and probably more recently, all grammar-school pupils were acquainted with the ancient story of the trochilus, a little bird said to attend the Egyptian crocodile in the manner related by Herodotus, the "father of history."

"All other birds and beasts avoid him (the crocodile); but he is at peace with the trochilus because he receives benefit from that bird. For when the crocodile gets out of the water on land and then opens its jaws, which it commonly does toward the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches; the crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus."

A variation of this story, to the effect that the crocodile opened its enormous mouth to the bird in order to protect it, grew up during the Middle Ages. Both tales were commonly regarded, till recently, as equally fabulous.

Almost all modern naturalists discredited the report of Herodotus, for modern scientists are very apt to doubt anything for which they have not the authority of some known modern scientific observer. This is a natural consequence of the fact that the ancient writers, and, indeed, most writers, up to within a hundred years,

were very credulous, and gravely reported numerous untruths because they believed wonderful tales on little or no evidence.

Now it has been proved that the crocodile does open its mouth for a little bird identified as the spur-winged plover. Mr. J. M. Cook and his friend, Mr. Hedges, being on the Nile, saw on a sand-bank some crocodiles apparently attended by these birds, which the natives called crocodile-birds. So the two Englishmen determined to watch developments.

"For this purpose," says Mr. Cook, in Ibis, "during the dark hours we had a small pit dug on the western side of the sand-bank, and ensconced ourselves in the pit. We watched patiently until about noon, when two large crocodiles came out of the water on the bank, and apparently were soon asleep. Several crocodile-birds commenced flitting over them. We watched one bird, and saw it deliberately go up to the crocodile, apparently asleep, which opened its jaws. The bird hopped in, and the crocodile closed its jaws.

"In a minute or two the crocodile opened its jaws, and we saw the crocodile-bird go down to the water's edge. As the sand-bank was at least half a mile across, and the bird's back was turned toward us, we could not see whether it vomited in the water or drank; but in the course of a few seconds it returned to the crocodile, which opened its mouth again, and the bird again entered.

"The mouth was again closed, and in a short time was opened for the bird to come out, and the same operation was repeated at the river-bank. We saw the same bird enter the crocodile's mouth three times, and on three occasions go to the water."

The story of Herodotus is confirmed unanimously by the Nile boatmen; and it can no longer be doubted since Mr. Cook's evidence. But the question what the bird does in its brief visits in the crocodile's mouth remains unsolved.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE WOMEN*

On this Summer morning, Plympton looked unusually grave, and his looks did not belie his feelings. Every man and woman in the room waited for his opinion with undisguised anxiety.

"I am getting old," he said, rising in their midst, "and it may be my nerve is not what it was; if we were within our strict legal rights, as we undoubtedly are within our strict moral rights, I should urge resistance to these officers, these pirates, despite the letters of authority that justify their piracy. And that is the worst part of the business. A pirate we understand; we fight him or we give in; but here are men backed by the powers in London, whose acts are nothing short of piracy, though resistance to these magisterial powers means rebellion."

"Then let it be rebellion, say I!" exclaimed the next oldest man in the colony; "better lose our lives than be slaves to such ruffians as Ristack and Ruddock, who have been the bane of Heart's Delight these three seasons back."

"Ay, ay," said several voices.

Alan Keith, nervous, but self-restrained, stood by Hannah near the bay window that looked out upon the broad ocean. He was leaning against the window frame, watching the unaccustomed scene in the Great House. Hannah had laid her hand upon his, and was looking up into his face. She could see how bitter was his struggle to remain calm; she knew it arose from his great love for her. Alan would have liked to stand forth and champion the rights of the

villagers with his strong right arm. He longed to grip Ristack by the throat. He would not hesitate at commanding a fleet of boats to board the "Anne of Dartmouth," were he free as that day when he had first seen Hannah standing at her father's door.

"What has Alan Keith gotten to say?" asked the second oldest man in the village, who had spoken after Plympton.

Alan made no reply, and Pat Doolan in the porchway, with others of his way of thinking, bit his lips for fear he might be tempted to interrupt the proceedings before Alan Keith had spoken.

"You would like the voice of the younger men, would you not?" said a stalwart fellow from the east coast of England. "If I might be so bold as to speak that opinion, then, I am with my gray-haired and honored neighbor who prefers death to slavery."

"Ay, ay," shouted the men in the porchway, and "Hooroo!" exclaimed Pat Doolan. Then there was a cry of "Keith—Alan Keith!"

"Ay, why does not Mister Keith speak?" asked a grim looking villager, broad as he was long, with the arms of a giant on the body of a dwarf.

"I am thinking o' the women and bairns," said Alan, looking round the room. "If we could place them i' safety, it would just be the reight thing to feight! And when I look at the master there and know how brave a man he is, and he tells us we're i' the wrang, I dinna ken what to advise. I hae got over the passion I felt yesterday face to face with the deevils yonder, and I'm willin' we

*From "Under the Great Seal." By Joseph Hatton. Cassell Co. The scene is laid in a fishing settlement of New Foundland, at the time of George III. The master of the first incoming ship from the fleet was called "admiral," and given despotic sway over the settlers, who were forbidden to build their homes within six miles of the shore. Ruddock, a cowardly bully, who had just arrived, in a spirit of malice and revenge ordered the people of the hamlet of Heart's Delight to remove into the interior within twenty-four hours. At this meeting the settlers discuss the question of submission or rebellion.

should be guided by what's best for the women and bairns."

Hannah pressed Alan's hand. He had spoken without changing the attitude he had taken up from the first.

"Spoke like the good man ye are," said one of the women. "We might take sides with ye, and die with ye for our rights and honor; but what about the childer?"

"Ay, ay," said one or two earnest voices.

"If we could place the women and children in safety," said Plympton, "what then? Supposing we are overcome; these admirals, as they are called, would have the power to take us to England and try us for treason."

"Man," said a Scotchman, coming forward, "it's just an awfu' position! But I'm for feichtin' all the same!"

"Hurrah!" shouted a little knot of belligerents, especially those who had no belongings of wives or children.

At this moment Father Lavello appeared upon the scene. There were among the people of Heart's Delight only a few Protestants. This was also a grievance of the Ristack faction. Father Lavello and his predecessors had worked for and with the people; had befriended them in their money troubles, had joined in their labors, and assisted at their humble festivals. They had made many converts, but those who still preferred to worship outside the pale of the more popular church had no ill-feeling toward the kindly priest.

"God save you, my friends!" said Father Lavello, in his rich, deep voice. "I am grieved at the trouble which has befallen us. I have heard of it from your messenger. You are met in council; let us first ask our Heavenly Father to guide and help us to a right judgment."

The people fell upon their knees; some with a fervor of devotion, others with something like a protest.

"Fight first and pray after, I say!" was the remark of Damian, the dwarf, with the giant arms; nevertheless he went on his knees with the rest.

"Guide us, O Lord God, in this hour of peril and danger," said the priest, raising his bared head, "that we may follow Thy divine will and glorify Thee in our acts and deeds. We are men of peace, children of Thy mercy. Thou hast given us this place for a habitation. We have raised to Thee and to Thy saints an altar and a church. Our days have been spent in honest labor according to Thy laws, and we have striven to the best of our poor weak natures to walk in Thy ways, to honor and glorify Thy beloved Son, and to make unto ourselves a home of peace and contentment. If it is Thy will that we quit our altars and our homes, and seek Thee beyond the boundaries that arbitrary human power has set up, let the same be made manifest to Thy priests and to these Thy people by such natural inclination as comes with humbleness and prayer. We pray Thee to inspire us with a rightful judgment, and to strengthen us so that we may overcome the devil who works against us, and to give us courage to do that which is right, and just, and true, and obedient in Thy sight. Amen!"

"Amen!" said the people, as with one voice; and every man and woman rose from their knees.

"I beg to offer to Father Lavello and the rest," said a villager who had hitherto been silent, "this proposal. We leave it to his reverence, and to Master Plympton, Alan Keith, and John Preddie what course it would be deemed right for us to take; whether to stand by our homes to the death or to take away our bits of things and seek new homes in the interior?"

"Where we'd starve to death in the Winter," remarked one of the women.

"Nay, nay," said another quickly, "we wouldn't starve; and we'd better starve than see our men carried to England and beheaded on Tower Hill."

"Yes, yes," said twenty women.

"I have only one objection to make," said the dwarf with the giant's arm; "it is this—and I mean no of-

fense to the priest, though I'm a Protestant hand and foot, heart and soul; that is, if I'm anything. It's no good leaving this question to Father Lavello; he's a man of peace, of course—though I've heard of fightin' priests as well as sportin' parsons. But that's neither here nor there; I'm willin' to leave this to the master, to Keith and to Preddie; and I hope they'll let us fight these thieves with law on their lips and hell in their hearts."

"Hooroo!" shouted Pat.

"And one cheer more!" cried his mates at the porchway.

"Then let it be so," said Lavello; "I assuredly should advise peace, but I am willing that you should this day be guided, under Heaven and Holy Mother Church, and the three good men and true; let us then retire while they take counsel together."

"Nae," said Alan Keith, standing away from Hannah, "we hae nae need to tak counsel in secret; let us tak it among our friends and neebors. I shall gie ye my opinion right here where we stand. There's naething I'd like better than to gae forth and fight these buccaneers o' the sea, these villain agents of a besotted and ignorant government, and tear their hearts out o' their vile bodies. But we mun stand by our women."

"Yes, yes," said several women.

"There are seasons when we stand by our women most true by seeming cowards—when we resist our impulses, when we decline to tak chances. Master Plympton tells us we'd endanger their lives and happiness if we resisted these men, whether we drove the ruffians to their ships or nae, whether we killed them or let them live, it would be all the same, we'd endanger our wives and bairns; we hae gien hostages to fortune, the master says, and we mun tak the consequences."

"Do you mean we mun gie in?" asked one of the young men.

"Yes, yes," said the women.

"Nay, nay," cried several men.

"Neighbors," exclaimed the second oldest man of the village, who, having

secured attention, went on, "hear Alan Keith out. But let me also tell you that the question before us is whether we leave ourselves in the hands of Master Plympton, Alan Keith, and John Preddie."

"Right ye are," said Pat Doolan; "me and my mates is agreed to that."

"I accept the responsibility with my neighbors," said John Preddie, a sober-browed, middle-aged man; "I am willing to tell you my opinion without more ado. Like my friend Damian," pointing to the dwarf, "I am a Protestant, though willing to acknowledge the good there is in Mr. Lavello apart from his priesthood, and I think it best that laymen should settle this thing. I would stand with any man and defend the rights of Heart's Delight; but it appears we have no rights to defend—we are only lodgers. This land, which brave Englishmen discovered and planted, is not for all, but for a chosen few; and for my part I shall take myself and belongings in the first ship that can carry us to America and join our brothers there who have not only the courage, but the power, to resist tyranny and do battle for liberty."

"Hooroo!" shouted Pat; and his approval was followed by a cheer that might have been heard away on the decks of the *Anne of Dartmouth*.

"In the meantime," continued Preddie, "I'm for peace. I'm not one, as a rule, who'd turn the other cheek to the smiter; but just now, to the strength of the tiger I would oppose the cunning of the serpent. At present, I say, I'm for peace."

A murmur of approval came from the women. The men were silent, for they saw Alan was again to speak.

"Dinna ye think, neighbors," he said, his face white with suppressed passion, "dinna ye think I woulna like to fight; dinna ye think it doesna tak me all my time to say 'Nae' to them as wou'd. And, above all, dinna ye think, feight or nae, I will na be revenged. By the God above us I will, and up to the hilt!"

IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

A HAPPY PHILOSOPHER

Frank L. Stanton..... *The Atlanta Constitution*

Some folks, they're complainin'
Because it ain't rainin',
An' some 'cause the weather is dry;
But I kinder content me
With all that is sent me,
An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

There's lots o' good fun in
The world the Lord's runnin',
Though it's sometimes a song an' a sigh;
But when troubles are rilin',
I just keep a-smilin',
An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

Jes' hear the birds singin'
When death-bells are ringin'
An' thrillin' the world an' the sky!
They'll sing so a while hence
When I'm in the silence—
But I don't go to askin' 'em "why."

If life has one flower—
One beautiful hour,
One song that comes after a sigh,
For me there'll be fun in
The world the Lord's runnin'—
An' I won't go to askin' Him "why."

HOW I LOOKS AT IT

Rev. Plato Johnson..... *The Independent*

Ef yo' reck'ns fur to go it jes' precisely as yo' please,
An' de Master from His girdle will onhitch the gol'n keys,
W'en yo' step across de threshold uv de mighty bimeby
An' tell yo' yo' is welcome to de mansion in de sky,
Dere's mistake somewhar.

Ef yo' scatter yo' wile oatses in the Maytime uv de year
Wid a notion dat October 'll fill yo' barn, my honey dear,
Dat de oatses in de furrer's go'n to change to yallar corn,
Better hark to Master Gabril, who's a-shoutin' from his horn,
"Dere's mistake somewhar."

Dere's a warnin' rolls from Siny, rolls a-thund'rin right an' lef',
An' yo' better listen careful, for it's tended for yo' sef':
Ef yo' spouse dat the angil w'ot is makin' up yo' count,
Go'd to mixify de figgers so yo won't pay full amount,
"Dere's mistake somewhar."

Ef yo' feeble, tremblin' fingers grip de fingers uv yo' Frien',
Ef yo' trab'l in de fores' to de clearin' at de en',
Ever lovin' like a lover dat is loyal an' is true,
Ever trustin' in His power for to see yo' safely froo.
No mistake dat time.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN

Sam W. Foss..... *Yankee Blade*

Jim wan't no good to fish and shoot;
But only jest to toot and toot;
He couldn' play tag an' couldn' play ball,
He jest could toot, an' that wuz all.
He used to toot upon the fife,

Tell we grew tired of our life;
For hours he would set an' set,
An' toot upon an ol' cornet,
Upon a bugle, fife or float—
His life was one eternal toot!

W'en he came in the rooms grew bare;
 He'd toot an' solitude wuz there.
 Out to the barn we all 'ud fly
 An' hanker for a chance to die—
 All 'cept his little sister Flo,
 An' she wan't big enough to know;
 She uster stay for half a day
 An' listen to the terror play.
 But she warn't very hard to suit.
 She said: "Me likes to hear you toot."

But Jim he tooted day by day
 Until the neighbors moved away,
 Until the little trusted Flo
 Said, "Jim w'at make e neighbor go?"
 Jim choked a sob, an' said, "They say
 That I have tooted 'em away;
 I can't do nothing thet'll soot.
 I'm good for nothin' but to toot."
 "If all the world should go," said Flo,
 "Oo toot for me we'll 'et 'em go."

An w'en Jim grew to quite a lad
 An' moved away we all wuz glad.
 An' everyone wuz filled with glee
 A sorter gen'l jubilee.
 An' there waz some purposed, they say,
 To have firework display.
 "You're all great, big, brutes," said Flo,
 "You're great, big brutes to treat
 him so;
 Shoot up your rockets in the sky,
 But my Jim's fame'll shoot ez high."

Now w'en there's musit in a man,
 Bimeby the worl' will un'erstan'.
 So Jim dressed in a bobtail soot,
 Brought out the worl' to hear him toot.
 They said heaven's music filled his fife
 An' anthem from the deeps er life.
 Their souls wuz filled an' overawed
 Just like w'en Moses talked with God.
 An' this young onery tooter Jim,
 They say played like a saraphim.

He'd toot, they heard the battle boom
 Of armies marchin' to their doom;
 An' then they'd hear the thunderous knocks
 Of wreck-strewn oceans on the rocks,
 An' then he'd toot and all wuz dumb
 Ez if eternity had come—
 So that if you dropped a pin
 'Twould sound as if the earth caved in;
 Then all the stars 'ud sing for joy,
 Like w'en ol' Adam waz a boy.

He'd toot again—an awful clash
 Ez if the nations went to smash.
 As if within the upper air
 The angels fit with devils there;
 An' then a strain of wil' delight—
 They knowed the angels won the fight.
 They knowed no soul wuz left alone.
 An' God set firm upon His throne!
 An' jest to think that this wuz him,
 That everlastin' tooter, Jim!
 They went an' tol' the news to Flo,
 She simply said, "I tol' yer so!"

WHEN A BODY'S DOON

William Lyle.....The Truth Seeker

It's unco kittle wark tae fen'
 When a body's doon.
 Ye canna borrow—canna len'—
 Ye needna ask a neebor hen—
 They dinna want yer name tae ben
 When ye happen doon.
 Ilk funny joke fa's died and flat,
 When a body's doon.
 When ye can treat wi' dinners fat,
 Then ony ane will touch his hat;
 There is na muckle mair o' that
 When a body's doon.
 Hoo sune ye notice on the street
 When a body's doon!
 Wha used tae smile whin ye wad meet,
 Noo pass ye like a daud o' peat—
 It's best, they think, tae be discreet,
 When a body's doon.

Ye gang tae kirk—nane becks or boos,
 When a body's doon—
 They dinna scramble owre the pews,
 A cushioned seat for ye to choose—
 Losh! a' the toon sune kens the news,
 When a body's doon.
 The coat, of course, is no sae fine,
 When a body's doon—
 Yer no sae dainty when ye dine,
 An' many things ye maun resign;
 But, Fate be thanked! The sun will shine
 Though a body's doon!
 If sae the heart be stout an' true,
 Though a body's doon,
 The hardest win' that ever blew
 Ne'er chills an honest conscience through,
 An' Fate aye hauds the richt in view,
 Even when they're doon.

THE BEAUTY IN THE CLOUDS*

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their grey shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you will see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up toward you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting

longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see the horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over its prey.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface with foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter, brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow

*Selected by F. M. H. for Current Literature from the writings of John Ruskin.

moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then, wait yet for one hour, until the East again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this, His message unto men.

We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray, not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into

the blue; or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk, looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain. These are the robes of love of the Angel of the Sea. To these that name is chiefly given, the "spreading of the clouds," from their extent, their gentleness, their fullness of rain. Note how they are spoken of in Job: "By them judgeth He the people. He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds He covereth the light. He hath hidden the light in His hands, and commanded that it should return. He speaks of it to His friend; that it is His possession, and that He may ascend thereto."

Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away; they are shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them and they form into vague mists, or whirl away in fragments of thunderous vapor. When near us, clouds present only subdued and uncertain colors; but when far from us, and struck by the sun on their under surface—so that the greater part of the light they receive is reflected—they become golden, purple, scarlet, and intense fiery white, mingled with all kinds of gradations. The finest scarlets are constantly seen in broken flakes on a deep purple ground of heavier cloud beyond, and some of the loveliest rose colors on clouds in the east, opposite the sunset, or in the west in the morning. . . . A thunder-cloud, deep enough to conceal everything behind it, is often dark lead color, or sulphurous blue; but the thin vapors crossing it, milky white.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS

TALKING ALONG A RAY OF LIGHT

Bell's Radiophone.....The Electrical World

Just now an interesting addition to the scientific curiosities in electricity building is Bell's Radiophone, by which conversation is transmitted through space on a ray of light, no wires or electricity being used in any portion of the apparatus. Most of us are probably familiar through descriptions with the photophone, by which a telephone is caused to respond to the variations in intensity of a light ray falling upon a selenium cell placed in a local electric circuit. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell succeeded in transmitting articulate speech in this way by making a beam of light, which a mirror reflects, vibrate, the vibrations being of the same kind as those produced by speaking through a membrane. He used a thin mica or glass plate as a diaphragm, which by being silvered served at the same time as a mirror. The reflection ray of light as it fell upon the selenium cell at the distant point varied in intensity in unison with the sound waves which caused the vibration of the diaphragm mirror. The varying intensity of the light produces in the selenium cell a corresponding variation in the resistance of the local circuit, and the varying current which results therefrom is translated into sound waves by the telephone, which correspond exactly with the sound waves which vibrated the diaphragm.

Bell's experiments and publications regarding photophone stimulated further investigation, and it was found that the transmission of sound was possible without using selenium cells and galvanic batteries, and that the non-luminous heat rays were capable of producing sound. The latter fact caused Mercadier to use the word "radiophone" instead of "photophone." A thin plate of any material serves as a receiver in the radio-

phone, the sound produced by this plate being transmitted by means of a tube to the ear. It was soon found that the receiver's plates were not made to vibrate transversely by the intermittent rays of light, but vibrated like ordinary sound plates.

One and the same plate, for instance, is capable of giving the highest or deepest notes equally well; the breadth and thickness of the plate do not influence the pitch nor the sonorousness or timbre of the sound, except as it affects the intensity of sound; it was found to be immaterial of what substance the plates were made, but the slightest alteration in the surface made a considerable difference; scratched or oxidized surfaces increased the intensity of sound very much, while a silver glass plate gave no sound at all. As a rule, those plates proved most effective which absorbed the rays most strongly. Very good results were obtained by using plates the surfaces of which were covered with India ink, platinum black, or soot; paper which in its ordinary condition gave no sound, did so when the illuminated surface was covered with soot. The great sensitiveness of surfaces covered with soot caused Taintor to form the idea of substituting soot for the selenium in a selenium cell. Prof. Bell, however, pursued his investigations looking to obtaining sounds without the addition of a local circuit, and his latest production, that which is now about ready for exhibition in the Bell Telephone pavilion in Electricity Building at the World's Fair, may be briefly described as follows:

In the northwest gallery, overhanging the main floor a few feet, there has been erected a small platform, upon which the sending apparatus is placed. This consists of a focusing arc lamp of the ordinary pattern, whose rays, rendered parallel by the

lens, are reflected from a thin diaphragm mirror to the receiving instrument about 80 or 90 feet away, at the north front of the Bell Telephone pavilion. The reflecting mirror is a disc of very thin glass, silvered on its reverse side, and held in a heavy brass frame by means of washers of ordinary blotting paper. Opening into the chamber in the rear of this mirror is an ordinary speaking tube, into which the sounds are uttered, causing the mirror to vibrate as would the diaphragm of a telephone transmitter.

These rays, reflected in parallel lines, are received at the further end by a parabolic reflector, in the focus of which is placed a glass bulb, containing a small portion of ordinary burnt cork. The bulb is blown into the end of a glass tube, about a quarter of an inch in diameter and four inches long, the other end of which is open, and to which is attached an ordinary phonograph hearing tube, which extends into a cabinet, where the listener, removed from external noises, receives the message that has come along a ray of light.

The only adjustments required are that the rays be directed from the mirror in the gallery in an axial direction into the parabolic reflector, and that bulb containing the burnt cork be brought to the focus of the parabolic mirror. This latter is accomplished by pushing the glass tube in or out until satisfactory results are obtained. Certainly nothing could be simpler than this, but although the instrument is of great scientific interest it has no apparent practical value. The transmitted words, as heard through the hearing tubes, lack sharpness of definition and have a somewhat muffled sound, which is probably due to the tube effects.

In order to explain the philosophy of this phenomenon, whether it was due to heat or light rays, a number of experiments have been instituted. The rays were allowed to pass through

a solution of iodine in carbon bisulphide, which has the property of absorbing the rays of light, but allowing heat rays to pass. It was found that the sounds were not influenced by inserting the solution. They disappeared, however, when a solution of alum, which absorbs the heat rays, but allows the light rays to pass, was substituted. From these and similar experiments it follows that the effect is not due to the light rays, but to the heat rays. Mercadier proved this by decomposing intermittent rays of light into their constituents by means of a prism; the spectrum thus received was examined by a receiver, the plate of which was covered up to a small slit. The different constituents of the intermittent light were examined in turns, and the same result followed. It must be remembered, however, that when light rays are absorbed as they are by lamp-black or burnt cork, they are degraded into heat energy, so that, although we may remove from the transmitting pencil of light all the heat rays, we still may have satisfactory results with the burnt cork, because the light rays which it receives are those transformed into heat. Prof. Bell has given the following explanation:

When the intermittent beam strikes upon the receiver the particles are alternately heated and cooled; when they are heated they expand, and consequently the intervals which are filled with air are diminished; when the light is intercepted, the particles are cooled and the spaces between them enlarged. Air is squeezed out from the interstices between the particles in the first case and drawn in in the latter; the enlarging of the intervals causes refraction of the air in the cork particles, and the outer air rushes in; the contraction of the interstitial spaces causes condensation and escape of the air they contain. These two effects are still further increased by the heating and cooling of the air in the intervals alternately in-

creased and diminished. By these means alternate waves of compression and rarefaction are produced in the surrounding air, and it is to this phenomena that the sound emitted to the ear of the listener owes its existence.

RECENT APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY

Elihu Thomson.....New England Magazine

Among comparatively recent applications of electricity is that of electric metal working, including the welding, shaping and forging of metal pieces subjected to heating by the passage of large currents of electricity. Many operations of welding metals and forging or shaping were for the first time rendered feasible and practicable by electric heating. The use of electricity of low pressure and great flow of current for such operations is extending constantly, and the indications are that a wide field exists for future work. Electric welding has hitherto worked great changes in methods of manufacture and given rise to new industries, such as in electric pipe coiling, metal wheels made by welding, electrically welded projectiles, etc. Other industries based upon the application of the same principles will doubtless arise from time to time.

A number of electric plants are now in operation in which electric currents are applied to the refining of metals on a large scale. This industry is akin to the older one of electro-depositing or plating from baths, and involves the same principles. For example, plates of crude copper containing small amounts of silver, lead, gold, and other impurities (?) are dissolved in baths, and pure copper deposited at another point by the passage of the plating currents. The gold and silver may thus be recovered, and sometimes in sufficient amount to cover the cost of the process, while the copper shall find for generating and supplying the current a gigantic power station, with its ponderous engines, dynamos, regulators, switches, together with a huge steam

boiler plant, the whole constituting the largest electrical generating station in the world to-day and aggregating over 20,000 horse power when in full work. All of this energy is put into the lines leading from the station in the form of electric current under a moderate pressure. The revolution thus exemplified in Boston is going on extensively in other places, and will constitute, without doubt, one of the most active of enterprises for a considerable time to come. In a modified form, railways in factories and mines are already being run by electricity. In such cases electric trucks or electric locomotives do the haulage work. The time is probably not far distant when there will exist electrically operated railways connecting different cities and towns wherever the traffic is considerable. The steam locomotive itself will on some roads be replaced by the electric locomotive, where the conditions are such as to warrant it. Water powers may thus be rendered available for the operation of the railways, and new water powers may be created for the operation of roads such as skirt along rivers having a sufficient fall. But it is not at all likely that the lines of road which have but a very few trains per day passing over them will be operated electrically by generating current at a station and conveying it to the moving trains. In such cases the problem is like that of the steamship, which will become an electric ship when means are found for cheaply generating electricity from fuel carried on board. Or perhaps this and many other such problems may receive another solution. Could we, for example, consume our fuel efficiently in setting free from combination two chemical elements or substances which could afterwards be combined in a compact battery and give out an equivalent electrical energy, and were it also possible to again use fuel in decomposing for a second time, and so on, the two sub-

stances, the result would be attained indirectly. Where the processes require the heat is of high quality. The art of electric metallurgy includes, besides refining processes, electro-plating and electrotyping, arts which have received such extended applications. These arts will extend in the future, it is believed, to include work with other materials than those now common. It is not long ago that the electro-metallurgic processes were first applied on the large scale to the extraction of the metal aluminium from its ores or compounds, and the production of its alloys with other metals. There resulted a remarkable fall in the price of this remarkable metal. It now sells for less than a dollar a pound, whereas a few years ago it was only obtainable at about two dollars an ounce. It is now comparable in price, bulk for bulk, with such metals as copper, brass, and German silver. The aluminium industry promises in time to become of vast proportions, and electrical forces seem destined to employment in performing many such difficult chemical operations as are involved in aluminium reduction. Our little known metals, equally difficult of extraction by chemical means, may yet yield to electrical persuasion and come out from their hiding-places to take part in the various industries.

Imagine for a moment the silent passage of an electric current of large amount through blocks of a carbon dipping into vats of melted ores or compounds, and the steady accumulation of the extracted metal therein, to be ladled out and cast into ingots, and an outline of these processes of extraction is had. Replace the vat of melted ore by a nearly cold vat of chemical salts and pass the current as before, and we have an outline of the application of electricity to the manufacture of chemicals, a branch of the electrical industry which appears to be capable of enormous development.

Quite recently, in fact, a large plant has been established in Europe, using water-power and producing

electricity for manufacturing a well-known chemical,—chlorate of potassium. Electric current is, so to speak, the most powerful chemical agent in existence, and as such it is destined to be applied on a larger and larger scale. Even in the process of tanning hides for leather, it is claimed that electric current passed through the vats greatly hastens the process.

In a measure, akin to the use of electricity in furthering chemical operations are the recently reported experiments on passing currents through the soil in which plants are growing. The reported results are that plants so treated develop much more rapidly than others similarly placed, but which did not receive the effect of current. Future tests will undoubtedly be made on this important subject, and should the results be confirmed and prove to be economically obtained, the outcome may be the establishment of electrical farms and we may yet partake of early electrical vegetables, even if we do not find *pommes de terre à la dynamo* or *asperges électriques* on our bill of fare.

OUR DEBT TO VIVISECTION

Lionel J. Wallace..... Westminster Review

Vivisection is the experimental side of medicine and surgery, and by it certain experiments are carried on under the only conditions which can render them conclusive. No science, except perhaps astronomy, has made any real advance without experiment, and the science of curing or mitigating disease would scarcely appear likely to be an exception to the almost universal rule.

Even the most bigoted anti-vivisectionist would admit that the art of medicine cannot be taught from books, or by theory, but that actual observation of disease and its treatment is essential. Unless, however, experiments are to be performed on the human patient, the progress of medical science must be painfully slow and uncertain if the ordinary vivisection is to be condemned. By observation

a student learns how to know and treat this or that disease, or injury, so long as it is normal in its course. By long and patient observation a wise man may learn to modify and improve his treatment, but without such experiments as those rendered possible by vivisection the wisest man is groping in the dark. Even the simplest operation performed on a dead body may differ notably in its results from the same operation performed on the body when alive. It ought, moreover, to be evident to any one thinking carefully about the matter that certain classes of disease, such, for example, as disorders connected with the nervous system, or those caused by the growth of organisms in the blood, can be studied successfully only in the living animal.

The testimony of Darwin is very decided on this point. "I am fully convinced," he says, "that physiology can progress only by the aid of experiments on living animals. I cannot think of any step which has been made in physiology without that aid. No doubt many surmises with regard to the circulation of the blood could be formed from the position of the valves in the veins and so forth, but certainly such as is required for the progress of any science can be arrived at, in the case of physiology, only by means of experiments on living animals." This, coming from one who weighed his words as carefully as did Darwin, is strong; but still stronger is the evidence of facts. Accounts of old-fashioned surgery read like a bad dream. Boiling pitch or oil, red hot knives, corrosive sublimate, used to stop the hemorrhage from the wounds, and in four out of five cases used in vain, made the surgery of our forefathers horrible. If the luckless patient survived the actual operation and escaped bleeding to death, he very often succumbed to fever, or mortification ensuing on the violent means employed for his cure. Everything is now changed. During insensibility induced by an anæsthetic

the knife does its work swiftly and cleanly; the severed vessels are securely tied; the wound dressed with some antiseptic preparation, and the patient awakes as from a sleep.

Now, to what is this change owing? Mainly to vivisection. It may seem a bold answer, but the corroborative testimony is copious and reliable. The writings and stories of such men as Jean Louis Petit, Hewson, Ambrose Paré, and Hunter, prove beyond question that by means of experiments on living animals all their most momentous experiments were made. By carefully conducted amputations performed on dogs, the best method of tying the great vessels and preventing excessive hemorrhage were found; an experiment on the antlers of a stag suggested some of the resources of collateral circulation; ligatures bound round the arteries of dogs confirmed the facts thus suggested. The successful accomplishment of a comparatively common operation, the excision of part of the intestine, was rendered possible by means of an experiment on a living animal. But it is in our own day that the real importance of vivisection has been made most apparent. The use of digitalis in strengthening the heart's action while decreasing the number of its beats; the efficacy of carbolic acid in preventing mortification and blood poisoning; the value of strychnia in alleviating the night sweats which constitute such a painful symptom in consumption, are due to vivisection. It is worth while to touch upon the manner in which the effect of strychnia was discovered.

Dr. Rokitsansky, while making experiments upon the action of drugs upon several animals, found that strychnia increased the force of the respiratory movements. He also noticed that when a dog was almost suffocated its paw began to perspire, but that when the nerve going to the paw was severed the perspiration ceased. From this he argued that the secretion of sweat depends on the nervous

influence passing through the nerves from the spinal cord to the skin, and that this action is excited when semi-suffocation renders the blood venous. But the injection, or administration of strychnia, by stimulating the respirations, caused the blood to be aerated, and the paws of the dog remained dry in spite of the nerve being undivided. A careless observer might have pronounced this series of experiments cruel and useless; nevertheless, it led to the alleviation of one of the most distressing symptoms of consumption.

It is in the domain of the nervous system that we owe most to vivisection. In all the higher animals, including man, the nervous system embraces two great divisions; the cerebro-spinal and the sympathetic. The former consists of the brain and spinal cord with the nerves which proceed from them to various parts of the body. The latter comprises a series of ganglia situated on each side and in front of the spinal column connected by commissural filaments, and distributing nerves to the different vessels. The system, considered as a whole, causes sensation, regulates the movements, voluntary as well as involuntary, and influences assimilation, nutrition and secretion. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that its powers and methods should be thoroughly understood.

Yet, until a comparatively recent period, little was known respecting the power and functions of the nervous system. As might be expected investigations made upon the dead subject added very slightly to the fund of information, and it was not until the experiments of Sir Charles Bell upon living animals that anything like a clear notion of the functions of the cerebro-spinal system was obtained. The information thus obtained, respecting the functions of the spinal cord and its nerves, is not valuable merely as so much abstract knowledge, but is of the greatest practical importance in the under-

standing, and, therefore, in the prevention or alleviation of diseases.

Thus, to vivisection we owe the power of alleviating many forms of acute physical agony, as well as the possibility of curing certain kinds of abnormal muscular energy. We owe this also—the ability to make a correct diagnosis in some cases which might otherwise prove extremely baffling. Transference of sensation from one nerve to another is not an uncommon occurrence. Pain in the knee-joint may point to something wrong with the hip, uneasiness felt in the limbs may indicate disease in the brain. Such experiments as those of Sir Charles Bell made it possible to trace the complaint from the part seemingly affected to the real root.

But while Bell's discoveries made evident many of the functions of the cerebro-spinal system, the nature and powers of the sympathetic system were still obscure. In 1851, however, a remarkable series of experiments was begun by Claude Bernard, Professor of Physiology in the College de France, which resulted in dispersing much of the mystery hitherto surrounding the action of the latter system.

But this is not all. Besides distinctively nervous disorders—such as neuralgia—colds, inflammation of the lungs and abdominal viscera, possibly influenza, sea-sickness, and several other common complaints are brought about, in a greater or less degree, through and by the nervous system. Treatment of these complaints before the investigations of vivisectionists was haphazard, and devoid of calculated method: medical men were feeling about in darkness and uncertainty. Now the treatment is scientific and methodical, and, it need scarcely be said, has gained greatly in efficacy. The stimuli which will act most rapidly and vigorously upon the nerves are known as they never could have been known before the era of vivisection, and their proper application is determined by definite, and accurate knowledge.

TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS

TURNING THE TABLES
ON MR. DEPEW

"Some years ago," says a writer in the *Trois* Free Press, who might have been imagining and might not, "I was in a small town in New York State where Chauncey Depew was billed to make a speech that night, and it happened I stopped at the same hotel he did. Just after supper the editor of the local paper dropped in to see Mr. Depew, and the distinguished gentleman proceeded to have some fun with the country journalist. He had, too, and every now and then he rounded up a sentence against the editor, by saying: 'Oh, you can't believe everything in the newspapers,' the editor having used newspaper matter very largely in his argument.

"After the speech making was over the editor met Mr. Depew in the hotel office again, and there was a big crowd present.

"Well, my friend," inquired the genial Chauncey, 'what did you think of my speech?'

"The editor hesitated a moment.

"Are you," he asked solemnly, 'the genuine Chauncey M. Depew?'

"Certainly, why not!'

"Are you the one that all the newspapers have been saying was the finest speaker, the greatest talker, the sharpest stumper and the brightest wit before the public?' pursued the editor.

"I guess I'm the one," blushed the gentleman. 'Why?'

"Oh, because you can't believe everything there is in the newspapers,' and Depew shook hands with the editor and called it square."

FRANK MILLET'S ATROCITY
IN COLOR

Everybody has heard of Frank Millet, who has done splendid work at the World's Fair. He paints pictures and writes magazine articles in times of peace, but when a war is "on," says the *Boston Herald*, he

becomes a "war correspondent," and is likely to turn up in Soudan, the Transvaal or the Balkans. But there was a time when he was not known. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good ones, but no one paid any particular attention to them.

One day he conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa standing against a vivid yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in process of production expostulated with him, and asked what he was going to do with it. They were simply astounded when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They labored with him, but in vain. They told him that the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Frank, quietly, "and they've never even done that yet." To the exhibition the picture went. It killed everything within twenty feet on either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there.

The critics got into a towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the committee that permitted it to be hung. They had squibs and gibes about it, but every time they spoke of it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir that it had made, bought the picture at a good price, and removed it to his home.

When the next exhibition came off Frank had another picture ready, one of a very different sort, and very good, but no better than the others which had been exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it, and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had

made, "an evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a young artist." The majority of them never saw that Frank had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

MUST SURRENDER
THE PASS

One of the New York theatre managers, says the Boston Budget, was down at the seashore, and while wandering about the hotel piazza ran across a friend, who "touched" him up for a pass.

The manager searched in his inside pocket and then shook his head. "I'd give you one willingly, but I didn't bring my cards. I don't see how I can do it without them." The deadhead looked blank. Suddenly the manager spoke: "I'll tell you what I can do. Instead of using a card I'll just write 'Pass bearer' on your shirt front, that will get you in all right."

The man assented, and the pass was written. That evening the deadhead showed up at the theatre, and the man at the gate nodded when he looked at the shining bosom. "All right. That's good." The deadhead passed through the gate and started into the theatre. He had only taken a few steps when the gatekeeper called him back. The man looked surprised. "What's the matter now? Isn't it all right?" The gatekeeper nodded. "Yes; but you must surrender the pass."

HOW JONES READ THE
BAROMETER

On board of a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman named Jones, says the Detroit Free Press. He was a favorite with the officers, and had in him the talent for the making of a fine officer.

The midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log, showing the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and to have the chip-log for her speed.

The captain, in company with the officer of the deck, was walking the weather side of the poop deck con-

versing, when Midshipman Jones came aft to write up the log.

The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the captain's cabin, and Jones, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the poop the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight and saw the proceedings.

When Jones came on the poop to have the log the captain said:

"How is the barometer, sir?"

Jones saluted, and said: "Steadily rising, sir, steadily rising."

The captain then asked: "And how is the decanter, sir?"

Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily falling, sir, steadily falling."

This was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said:

"Young man, your reply has saved you from punishment; but it is a long way to 'Frisco; so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."

Edwin Booth once told this story at a supper table: "Once during the days of his early struggles young Booth was 'barn-storming' down in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theatre was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected late that night, and between the acts were busy packing up.

"The play was 'The Merchant of Venice'; and they were just going on for the trial scene when they heard the whistles, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave again in half an hour. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away, they were in a terrible quandary.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "the audience will think they are being cheated, and we shall have a free fight. The only thing

is for you fellows to get up some sort of natural-like impromptu for the piece, and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here.' And he hurried away to get the luggage aboard.

"'Ned,' of course was Booth, who resolved to follow this advice. So, when old George Ruggles, who was playing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him, and said solemnly:

"'You are bound to have the flesh, are you?'

"'Bet your life,' said Ruggles.

"'Now, I'll make you one more offer,' continued Booth. 'In addition to this bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun, and a couple of the best coon dogs in the State.'

"'I'm blowed if I don't do it,' responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"'And to show that there are no ill-feelings,' put in Portia, 'we'll wind up with a Virginia reel.'

"When the company got aboard the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the end of the play, remarked:

"'I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blessed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him.'"

A CALL FOR THE STUBS One of the most prominent members of the Nebraska bar, says the Argonaut, was especially noted for the effect with which he addressed juries. When once underway, he drew upon his memory and imagination impartially, and without regard to application or circumstances, much less to accuracy, poured forth a torrent of classical and historical references which no jury could withstand. On an important criminal trial in which he represented the defendant, the district-attorney made a strong speech, in which certain checks were an important point.

The opening sentences of the

judge's answer, pronounced with great deliberation and emphasis and with immense effect, were: "Gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend has said a great deal to you about these checks; but let me ask him, where are the stubs? Gentlemen, it may be that some things are conspicuous in their presence, but there are others which are far more conspicuous in their absence. Why, gentlemen, it is related that at Rome it was the custom in the funerals of illustrious personages to carry in the processions the busts of the deceased's ancestors. And it is said that once at Rome, at the funeral of the noble Roman lady Juno, the busts of her ancestors were carried in the procession. And as the solemn procession filed through the crowded streets of the eternal city, the people saw that the bust of Brutus was wanting, and they shouted 'Where is the bust of Brutus? Show us the bust of Brutus!' (turning to the district-attorney): Where is the bust of Brutus—where is the bust of Brutus—where is the bust of BRUTUS? Show me the STUBS!"

INTERPRETING THE BALLET We fell to discussing ballets, says Jerome K. Jerome, in the Idler. He said it was surprising how few people understood the language of pantomime. He said, "I've known people—fairly intelligent people—sit out a ballet three times, and then not be able to tell what it was about. The subtle teaching, the fine moral (few things in this lax age are more instructively moral than a ballet), are lost upon the average spectator.

I took a friend of mine, once, to see a ballet at the Empire. It was a kind of terpsichorean sermon upon the sinfulness of greed and dishonesty. It showed how a wicked lawyer robbed and ruined a good young man. For a while he gloried amid his ill-gotten gains, but a large and influential body of fairies took the matter in hand, and made it unpleasant for the old sinner. They danced every night in his bedroom, some four hundred of

them—it was a big bedroom. At last he repented, and restored the good young man to his estate. Then they let him go to sleep. My friend was a City man. I thought this ballet would do him good, and I wanted to be sure that he understood it.

I said: "Can you follow it? What's she doing now?" (The good young man was in the "Fairy Queen's bower"—I forget what he had come for—and she was explaining things to him.)

My friend watched her gesticulations for a while, and then answered that he thought she was urging him to wash himself. This was disheartening. As a matter of fact, she was telling him, to quote the words of the argument set forth in the programme, that his wife was still faithful and that all would come right in the end.

Later on, the Queen of the Fairies lectured the wicked lawyer. She pointed to the ground and frowned. "What's that mean?" I questioned my companion. "Oh, that's plain enough," he replied. "She's wild with him, and is telling him to go to——" "Hush!" I interrupted, quickly, "it means nothing of the sort. She is reminding him of the days when he was a happy, innocent lad, and knelt at his mother's knees. You might grasp a thing like that."

I gave him one more chance. The good young man was standing in the center of the stage, and the "Première Danseuse Assoluta" was twiddling round and round him and wagging her head. A child would have known that she was a wicked, heartless creature, and that her object was to fascinate him, and so lure him away from his wife, home and family.

"What do you make of that?" I asked the man of business. He pondered a long time. Then a ray of intelligence drove the cloud of doubt from his brow, and he exclaimed, "I know. He's taken something that is bad for him—poison, I expect—and she is trying to save his life by making him sick." I felt that the show was doing him no practical good

whatever, so I took him down to the club and taught him poker.

WHY THE MINISTER REFUSED HIS REWARD

There is a gallant Congressman, says the *Chicago Post*, who once had the reputation of sowing wild oats broadcast. When he was first running for Congress, many breezy stories were told about him. At last, he gave it out, in the heat of his campaign, that he would speak shortly in defense of his morals. He had a big audience.

The speech every one liked, but, until the last sentence, not a word was spoken about the advertised subject. At the last, the candidate stuck his hand under his desk and pulled out several boxes of imported cigars. "Gentleman," he cried, "I am accused of having certain bad habits. Particular instances have been alleged. I wish to make some one in this assemblage a present of a box of good cigars. If there is any one here who has never done what I have done, will he please step up and take it?"

No one moved. For a long time the big crowd kept silent. But an old Baptist minister, in a far-back seat arose and said, in a high squeaky voice: "Colonel, I don't smoke."

WHEN WEBSTER WAS NOT THIRSTY

When Daniel Webster visited these parts, says the *Boston Globe*, for the purpose of delivering his Bunker Hill oration, he was entertained at the house of a Charlestown merchant. This merchant was so embarrassed by the honor that he brought out not only one but several decanters of the best liquor he had in the house. Mr. Webster carefully searched out the brandy, and poured from it a drink that would be generally termed "a bath," and drank the liquor in a few complacent gulps. The anxiously obliging merchant inquired of Mr. Webster whether he would not like a glass of water. The senator looked up calmly, and in his most magnificent tones replied urbanely: "I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty."

SOCIETY VERSE: IN A LIGHTER VEIN

O DAYNTIE WAIFTE!

An Olde Rondo.....Town Topics

O dayntie Waifte. O dayntie Waifte,
 Soe fsmooth, foe round, foe flender-neat,
 Gyrt tight about Her Heart's soft beat,
 & clofelie, louinglie nlaced!
 Inne dreams, inne dreams you are mbraced,
 Inne dreams mye arms about you meet,
 O dayntie Waifte!
 But 'if inne trouth they bee foe placed,
 Wolde Her Cheek burn with angrie heat?
 Whie fholde your Miftrefse bee foe fweet,
 Whie fholde your Miftrefse bee foe chafte,
 O dayntie Waifte?

THE MIRROR

Basil Tempest.....New England Magazine

Take thou the glass, and when therein
 Thou look'st thyself to see,
 Remember that my constant heart
 As well reflecteth thee.
 The glass will show thy face its twin;
 The truer heart of me
 Will show as well thy counterpart,
 If that thou distant be.
 The glass will let thy image fade
 When thou art far away;
 But from my heart it cannot pass,
 Wherever thou may'st stray,
 And since I keep so true, fair maid,
 Ah! let me hope, some day
 That thou wilt use me as thy glass
 And bid me ever stay.

HE HAS BEEN THERE HIMSELF

Welby Walker.....Cap and Gown

They will send you off to college,
 Pretty Prue,
 Tho' you've scarcely passed your doll age
 It is true.
 I am sorry, I am sad,
 I am worried, I am mad,
 I really must acknowledge,
 Pretty Prue.
 Ah! my charming little Sis, you
 Pretty Prue!
 You don't know how I'll miss you,
 Doubt you, too;
 For my fond heart understands

Who has saucy arms and hands,
 Who has lips to try and kiss you,
 Pretty Prue.

You need have no cause to doubt it,
 Pretty Prue.
 If you have a doubt, why, scout it;
 It's better to.
 There are maidens there to-day
 Who will give me dead away;
 That is why I'm sad about it,
 Pretty Prue.

BARTER

Anna V. Culbertson.....Boston Transcript

If all red lips that ever smiled
 Were offered unto mine,
 I'd gladly pass them if I might
 But lay my lips on thine, dear love,
 But lay my lips on thine.
 If all bright eyes that ever shone
 Looked sweetly into mine,
 I'd gladly shun them if I might
 But sun myself in thine, dear love,
 But sun myself in thine.
 If all white arms that ever twined
 Were held forth unto mine,
 I'd gladly flee them if I might
 But refuge seek in thine, dear love,
 But refuge seek in thine.
 Oh! all the love that e'er has been
 Is naught compared with mine,
 Yet gladly will I barter it,
 In fair exchange for thine, dear love,
 In fair exchange for thine.

FAIR AS A ROSE

G. D. L.....Worthington's Magazine

Why art thou like this pale pink rose
 That in the verdant hedgerow grows?
 Its petals to my lips I press
 As I thy pink cheeks would caress;
 The yellow heart its leaves enfold
 Recalls thy heart of purest gold;
 The dewdrop that upon it lies
 The sparkle of thy tender eyes;
 The briar-sweet from which it springs,
 The perfume that around thee clings,
 And as its sweets allure the bee,
 Thy winsomeness doth capture me.

THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

The Harmonizing of Beliefs.....The Independent

This will be the chief of the Congresses held in connection with the World's Fair. We have given it our hearty support from the first because we believe the idea a good one. In the first place it is original. There have been great Christian conclaves, Catholic and Protestant; but there has never been an assemblage representing all religions. Here not only all shades of Christianity, but all other great beliefs are to meet, so to speak, on the same platform, and each will be permitted to speak for itself. It will be a matter of intense interest to see representatives of the great cults of the world and hear them expound the principles of those cults.

Secondly, it is in accordance with the root idea of all religions that men should be brotherly. They have had a common origin, they have common aspirations, and common destinies are before them. Christian and Jew, Buddhist and Mohammedan, the widely separated in points of belief, will sit down together as men and compare and contrast their systems of faith, in a kindly, rational and human way. The Parliament of Religions will be a demonstration of race brotherhood, not in absolute agreement in the great fundamentals of faith, but in personal contact and free discussion.

Again, it will be a Congress for the study of Comparative Religion. This is almost a new study with the majority of our scholars. It is being pursued, with interest and profit, by a few ministers and professors among us. Missionaries have furnished most valuable materials for it. The Congress at Chicago will give thousands a coveted opportunity to hear such a series of lectures as no university in the world could furnish, and these lectures will be accessible to many

other thousands in the published results. We need to know what there is to be known about other faiths than our own. Such knowledge is indispensable to the missionary who goes to present the truths of Christianity to the disciples of Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha and Zoroaster. It were better that it should be a part of his training here than that he should go into the foreign field ignorant of the beliefs with which he must contend.

There are those who fear that Christianity will be compromised by the association of its representatives on even terms with the representatives of other religions. They say that the programme makes no distinction between the one true, divine religion and the many false and human religions; that such equality implies that one religion is as good as another, and dishonors the Gospel of Christ. This goes on the assumption that any recognition of other faiths is equivalent to the approval of them. There was a time when a Catholic could not sit on the same platform with a Protestant, or a Methodist with a Unitarian without losing something of his own orthodoxy and compromising his own faith; but more sensible views have come to prevail. We remember that Christ did not pray that his disciples should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept in the world. He does not require us not to associate with those who do not believe what we believe; but, on the contrary, to let our light shine into their darkness. That is what our Lord did. He held colloquies and conferences with men who did not believe in Him or the Gospel He preached. This is what is to be done at Chicago. The programme of the Parliament assumes what no man really denies, that there are other religions besides Christianity. We simply quarrel with words if we re-

fuse to recognize them as such. We do not approve them by giving them a chance to be heard. Christianity will be held up with equal fidelity. It will be made to appear as the one divine among diverse human systems. Its superiority will be only the more manifest by comparison.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS EVOLUTION

Lyman Abbott.....The Evolution of Christianity

The doctrine of evolution is not a doctrine of harmonious and uninterrupted progress. The most common, if not the most accurate formula of evolution is "struggle for existence, survival of the fittest." The doctrine of evolution assumes that there are forces in the world seemingly hostile to progress, that life is a perpetual battle and progress a perpetual victory. The Christian evolutionist will then expect to find Christianity a warfare—in church, in society, in the individual. He will expect Christianity to be a Centaur,—half horse, half man; a Laocoon struggling with the serpents from the sea; a seed fighting its way against frost and darkness towards the light and life. He will recur continually to his definition that evolution is a continuous progressive change by means of resident forces. He will remember that the divine life is resident in undivine humanity. He will not be surprised to find the waters of the stream disturbed, for he will reflect that the divine purity has come into a turbid stream, and that it can purify only by being itself indistinguishably combined with the impure. When he is told that modern Christianity is only a "civilized paganism," he will reply, "That is exactly what I supposed it to be; and it will continue to be a civilized paganism until the civilization has entirely eliminated the paganism."

He will not be surprised to find pagan ceremonies in the ritual, pagan superstitions in the creed, pagan selfishness in the life, ignorance and superstition in the church, and even errors and partialisms in the Bible.

For he will remember that the divine life, which is bringing all life into harmony with itself, is a life resident in man. He will remember that the Bible does not claim to be the absolute word of God; that, on the contrary, it declares that the word of God was with God and was God, and existed before the world was; that it claims to be the word of God, as perceived and understood by holy men of old, the word has spoken to men, and understood and interpreted by men, who saw it in part as we still see it, and reflected it as from a mirror in enigmas.

He will remember that the church is not yet the bride of Christ, but the plebeian daughter whom Christ is educating to be his bride. He will remember that Christianity is not the absolutely divine, but the divine in humanity, the divine force resident in man and transforming man into the likeness of the divine. Christianity is the light struggling with the darkness, life battling with death, the spiritual overcoming the animal. The end is not yet. We judge Christianity as the scientist judges the embryo, as the gardener the bud, as the teacher the pupil,—not by what it is, but by what it promises to be.

The doctrine of evolution is not inconsistent with the existence of types of arrested development, nor with deterioration and decay. The progress is continuous, but not unbroken. Nature halts. She shows specimens of unfinished work. Evolution is not all onward and upward. There are incomplete types, stereotyped and left unchanged and unchanging; there are no movements, lateral movements, downward movements; there is inertia, death, decay. The Christian evolutionist is not therefore surprised to find all these phenomena in the evolution of Christianity. His finding them there does not shake his faith in divine life, which struggles toward victory against obstacles, and sometimes seems to suffer defeat. He expects to find

faith hardened at certain epochs into cast-iron creeds; thought arrested in its development; men struggling to prevent all growth, imagining that death is life and life is death, that evolution is dangerous and that arrested development alone is safe. He expects to find pagan superstitions sometimes triumphing over Christian faith, even in church creeds; pagan ceremonies sometimes masquerading in Christian robes, even in church services; and pagan selfishness poisoning the life blood of Christian love, even in communities which think themselves wholly Christian.

"A growing tree," says Professor Le Conte, "branches and again branches in all directions, some branches going upward, some side-wise, and some downward,—anywhere, everywhere, for light and air; but the whole tree grows ever taller in its higher branches, larger in the circumference of its outstretching arms, and more diversified in structure. Even so the tree of life, by the law of differentiation, branches and rebranches continually in all directions,—some branches going upward to higher planes (progress); some pushing horizontally, neither rising nor sinking, but only going further from the generalized origin (specialization); some going downward (degeneration),—anywhere, everywhere, for an unoccupied place in the economy of Nature; but the whole tree grows ever higher in its parts, grander in its proportions, and more complexly diversified in its structure."

Consciously or unconsciously, Le Conte borrowed his figure from Christ. The mustard seed is growing to be the greatest of all herbs; but it grows in all directions; some branches pushing upward to higher planes; some growing only further and further away from the original stock, different therefrom in apparent direction, yet the same in nature and in fruit; some growing downward and earthward; some with fresh wood and fresh leaves; some halting in their growth and

standing stunted and dwarfed, yet living; some dead, and only waiting the sharp pruning knife of the gardener, or nature's slower knife of decay; yet the whole "higher in its highest parts, grander in its proportions, and more complexly diversified in its structure" than when the Nazarene cast the seed in the ground by the shores of Gennesaret.

Then, a solitary physician, healing a few score of lame and halt and blind by a touch or a word; now, throughout all lands which His presence has made holy, hospitals for every form of disease known among mankind; then, a single feeding of five thousand men, besides women and children, seated in serried ranks upon the ground—now, an organized benefaction, which, through the consecrated channels of commerce, so distributes to the needs of man that in a truly Christian community a famine is well nigh impossible; then, a single teacher speaking to a single congregation; now, unnumbered followers, so instructing men concerning God, duty, love, life, that not only does every nation hear the truth in a dialect it can understand, but every temperament in a language of intellect unconsciously adapted to its special need.

Does any Christian think that such a view is lacking in reverence for the Master? The Master himself, who said, "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go to My Father."

I may, perhaps, assume that the scientist, if he accepts religion in any sense, will not object to this view of Christianity. If he believes that man is a spiritual being and possesses a spiritual life, he will welcome the attempt to trace the development of this life according to the now generally accepted principles of evolution.

MAN'S HOPE OF ANOTHER LIFE

David Swing.....*Religio-Philosophical Journal*

It often seems to the religious student of beauty that all the arts, painting, sculpture, architecture and music are only 'the grace of the mind

asking material things to become its language. The genius of art is peace. Its statues ought to possess something of repose, its picture ought to detain not by horrors, but by some everlasting charm; its music ought to join the heart to the infinite; its arches, and columns, and domes should seem able and willing to stand forever beautiful in sunshine, calm and storm. The eye fills with tears at the thought that any of the beauties of architecture should be reared for only a day; that domes and columns must reckon their life with the hours of the ephemeral insect. All art is the effort of the mind to utter its divine peace and to express its attachment to immortality. The dearest quality in architecture is its power to whisper to us the word, "always," "always!"

It is most probable that man's hope of a second life ought to be deduced not from God's power and omnipotence, but from His grace. The Father who turns the air into music, who orders the plants to blossom, who paints the clouds in the evening, who pours beauty into the human soul until it overflows in art and literature as the Nile pours over into a desert and makes sands a paradise—this kind of a God will probably make your deathbed a place where the grace of earth is changed for the more spotless beauty of some other land. We dare not say that the Infinite ought to do this for His children, but when we read the history of grace as it lies all written out in our world, we cannot but assume that there will be seen by all of you not many years hence a world, a land, a life more deeply marked, more grandly ornamented, more richly endowed by God's grace.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF PRAYER

Edward S. Martin. North American Review

Considering how long prayer has been in use in the world and how much human energy it has engrossed, it seems a remarkable thing that

there should continue to be such uncertainty about its effects. When a boy throws a ball over a wall, he cannot tell precisely where it is going to land, but he is sure it went over and that it will hit something. When a doctor gives medicine he cannot be certain of its effect until the patient has shown it, and he cannot always be sure then; nevertheless he knows the medicine was an actual force and that it did something, though other forces may have neutralized its action. But when a man of average sentiments prays, he is not sure whether or not anything has gone out from him which has had any effect outside of his own range of perception. He is sure that his own mind has worked in a certain manner. If other persons have heard him pray, he may be convinced that his uttered sentiments have affected their minds, but beyond that everything is foggy and uncertain.

That is an unsatisfactory state of things, with which prayerful persons ought not to be satisfied. If prayer is worth using at all, and great numbers of intelligent people are convinced that it is, it is worth using with the utmost intelligence and the highest attainable skill. The kind of prayer in which the petitioner asks for everything he can think of, in the hope that some of his supplications may reach the mark, is as much out of date as those doses affected by doctors of the last generation, in which a lot of drugs were mixed, not for their combined effect, but in the hope that the right one might be among them, and might find its way to the right spot in the patient. Perhaps clumsy doctors do that way still. Not so the masters of medicine. Their diagnoses make plain to them what they want to do, then if they use a drug at all, it is sent to accomplish that particular purpose. So, in this enlightened generation, the prayers of the great prayer-masters should be rifle shots sent by an understood force at an ascertained mark. Whether they hit

or miss should depend upon comprehensible conditions. If a savage fires at the moon with a rifle, he may be surprised at not hitting it; but a man who understands about rifles is not surprised. He knows what may be expected of them. So it should be possible to understand prayer.

There are forces of nature which used to be mysterious, but which the men of our day can use and control, because they have learned how. If there are natural forces which can be reached or directed by prayer, it is not unimaginable that human intelligence may gain a more definite use, and some measure of control of them also. Men pray to God, but there is no natural force that the idea of God does not include. The more rational idea of prayer would seem to be not an argument or entreaty which influences the sentiments of the Deity, but a force which acts directly on some force which is included in God. Of prayer so considered it is as obvious a necessity that the results it seeks should accord with God's will as that the results expected from the control of other natural forces should accord with the laws of nature. Men do not expect water to run up hill and turn a mill wheel. They have found out that water runs down hill. But if the use of water was still in the experimental stage they might put their mill wheels at various points to see what results they got. Until they learned the laws of nature as they affect water, water-power would be a mysterious and uncertain force.

Prayer is still in the experimental stage. We know that it is of no use as a force, except so far as it conforms to the will of God. Yet many of us believe that it brings things to pass which would not happen without it. Electricity works in accordance with the will of God when it hauls a street car, but it would not haul the car except for the interposition of the will of man. So we constantly use prayer as though it were an objective

force, subject to the will of man in accordance with the will of God. We are pretty sure that the will of God, including and regulating all natural forces, is invariable, not subject to whims or argument or entreaty.

When we pray, then, we do not hope to alter God's will, but rather for the application to a special case of some force whose existence is suspected rather than understood, which is included, as are all natural forces, in God, but which, like other forces, is subject to our will in proportion as we understand the laws that govern it. But we don't seem to know enough about prayer yet to adapt our methods with any certainty to its possibilities. We set up our mill wheels and wait to see which way the force tends, and whether or not it will turn them. We string our wires, but don't quite know how to get the electricity into them. We cannot gear our wants by prayer to the great central force so as to get our necessities satisfied. When we have more nearly perfected our knowledge of prayer, and of the will of God, we will, perhaps, be able to do that very thing. Then, when we see a comet coming our way we may be able to pray our planet out of its course as easily as we steer a ship out of the course of another and avoid a collision. Then, when we are in such a predicament as were the passengers of the disabled "Spree," we can count with some certainty upon calm seas and succor from the nearest ship.

Man is not the supreme force of the Universe, but he is akin to it. He shares its quality. All things are possible to him if only he can learn how. If he can ever become the reverent master of scientific prayer, we may expect to see the rate of his progress indefinitely accelerated. The incurable will be cured then; the impracticable will be done; the secret of perpetual motion will be revealed; the fountain of youth will gush out. The millennium will have come, but only for those who learn to know it.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS: MELAND AND TELANG*

In the City of Pekin there were two philosophers, named Si Meland Ho and Di Telang Ho, who were generally known by the abbreviated forms of their names—Meland and Telang. They had read a great many books, discussed a great many problems, and contracted a great many habits, conspicuous among which were demure silence and deep meditation; the philosophers observing, "On the still waters of the Lake of Silence repose the swans, Sanctity and Wisdom."

Each of these philosophers had conceived an utter contempt for human kind and its enjoyments, saying, "This world is a dream; and all the men and women in it are phantoms." This contempt, says the biographer of these great men, was increased tenfold after a certain incident which happened to them at a boarding-house in the imperial city.

One evening the landlady asked them what philosophy was. They said it was not easy to explain the term, but that, in brief, it involved superior knowledge and wisdom about some of the most important problems of life. The landlady asked if they had a good recipe in the philosophy for making soup of the nest of the eider duck, which is a well-known delicacy throughout the Celestial Empire, and which, therefore, everybody, including the two philosophers, prized highly.

But the philosophers indignantly replied, "Philosophy is not cookery."

"I thought it was," said the landlady, unconvinced.

"What made you think so?" cried the philosophers, whose feelings were outraged by this reply.

The irrepressible landlady replied: "Ah! you said it had something to do with the most important problems

of life! These are three, as you and everybody else must admit—Breakfast, lunch and dinner. To devise what we can have for each is to solve the problem!"

This reply confirmed the opinion of the philosophers that human kind is more solicitous about the gratification of its animal appetites and passions than the attainment of true wisdom of life.

Each philosopher at that period in the Celestial Empire belonged to what he called his school. Now, a philosopher's school in those days was not like a boy's school, with sceptred pedagogues wielding unbounded sway over their juvenile subjects. It was a guild, the members of which entertained a certain opinion.

For instance, if a boy said rightly or wrongly, that oysters were cheap in the Autumn, and another said "No," and the two went to the philosophers, they would say the first boy belonged to the school of the Autumnal Oysterians, and the second to the school of the Non-Autumnal Oysterians.

As these philosophers constantly endeavored to impress on the minds of their pupils, each school might consist of one person or twenty persons, or two hundred thousand persons. As an example of the first, they often cited a certain man in Pekin, who said that all the old women in that city when they died, instead of receiving the burial due to people in the Celestial Empire, were converted into meat for the cats, dogs, and other inferior animals in it; for they assumed that he could be the only man who entertained such an inhuman and irreverent opinion.

As an example of the second, they cited a certain married couple in Pekin, who maintained that they were

*From "Tales of the Sixty Mandarins." By P. V. Ramaswami Raju. Cassell Co.

the most loving and happy pair in that whole great city.

These philosophers had also what they called their doctrines and laws. Now, it is not very easy to explain the meaning of these terms, as they were understood by the philosophers; but we may illustrate them. Suppose a husband quarrelled with his wife, or a wife with her husband. Meland and Telang said they quarrelled because there had been an aberration from the law of the Equilibrium of the Affections.

If the question arose whether the husband and wife would make it up between themselves, Meland would say, "Well, brother Telang, you know I believe in the doctrine of the Ultimate Separation of the Sexes; so I maintain that they will not unite."

Telang would say, "Well, brother Meland, you know I believe in the doctrine of the Ultimate Adhesion of the Sexes; so I maintain they will at last unite."

Again, if two dogs came together in the streets, or two cats met each other on the roof, or the cock crowed in the morning, or a horse reared its hind legs and kicked the groom, or some unprincipled man in authority, in a fit of rage, ordered the bastinado to the man of wealth who would not give him presents, or a lover bent the knee before his mistress, calling her his goddess, and appreciating her beauty and accomplishments in sundry other ways, or a glutton died of surfeit, the philosophers ascribed them all to certain laws, which they enunciated respectively under such learned titles as Canine Cognitions, Feline Frailties, Matutinal Intonations, Equestrian Energy, Emotional Ebullitions, Aesthetic Genuflexions, and Gastronomical Conclusions.

They had a great many other phrases, of a miscellaneous character, in their philosophical vocabulary. If a boy cried for cake, and his mother gave it to him, they called it the Logic of Tears. A wise artist they called a Philosopher of the Pencil.

A wise barber, in their solicitude to subordinate every art and profession to philosophy, they called a Philosopher of the Razor and the Strop.

In this manner these philosophers had a great many fine phrases in which they embalmed some of the most ordinary ideas and incidents of life.

One day they were walking through the streets of the Imperial city, studying life, and stocking their overburdened memories with fresh facts and phrases, and drawing moral and philosophical conclusions at every step. In a certain street they found a Manchur merchant with a shuttlecock in his hand, shouting, "I give this shuttlecock to the cleverest fighter among the boys here."

Instantly a number of little boys gathered round the merchant.

Meland said, "Ah, good brother Telang, here is a scene for study! How the boys have verified the law of Juvenile Concentration!"

Then the boys began to fight each other furiously for the prize.

Telang said it was in strict conformity with the great law of Juvenile Pugnacity.

Then one of the boys knocked the others down one after another, and got the shuttlecock, while the rest lay rolling helplessly on the ground.

Meland said, "Ah! this is in strict conformity with the great law of the Survival of the Fittest."

Then they marched a step further to study the fallen boys more closely, when a little fellow, who had been rolling on the ground, apparently in a piteous condition, started up, and at a bound wrenched the prize from the victor, and laid him hopelessly groveling on the ground.

Meland paused for a moment, and said, "Ah! what is this strange law, brother Telang?"

Telang said, "Well, brother, it is a law which we have not in our books. But none the less, is it a law; so we ought to give it a name this moment. Well, we may call it the great Law of the Revival of the Weakest."

IN GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST

THE DEVIL PLANT OF MISSISSIPPI

Carthage (Miss.) Correspondent....Philadelphia Times

There has recently appeared in this vicinity a most peculiar growth known as the "devil plant," which is so deadly as to render all insect life and vegetation in its neighborhood lifeless. It is most innocent in appearance, being of a tender green, clinging close to the earth, and sprinkled with small red blossoms, cup-shaped, and holding in their hearts a single drop of moisture. It is in this singular dew, which the sun has no power to dispel, that the plant's most blighting influence is said to lie. Bees by the hundreds have been found dead in the blossoms. Indeed, the hives of the neighborhood are nearly depopulated by the noxious flowers. A gentleman who is noted as a botanist in these parts tasted this dew and declared that it was of a sickening sweetness, without odor, and viscid like liquid gum. It was allowed to dwell on his tongue, which soon began to burn him so as to raise a blister, and the member swelled up and became discolored and very painful.

The bees have not been the only sufferers by this growth, but every insect approaching it seems to become paralyzed, and after a beat or two of the wings above this creeping upas drops dying among its cruel leaves. Cattle which have eaten of it die in a few hours in the greatest agony with a sort of exaggerated tetanus, the skin drawn tense and the eyes protruding from the head. All ordinary remedies fail to restore one in these attacks. Vegetation also seems to shun the "devil plant," and whole tracts of meadow are now lying scorched and dead from the insidious approach of this unknown growth.

Under the microscope the leaves exhibit innumerable little mouths, or suckers, of such tenacity as to sting the hand on which the leaf is

laid, leaving a dull, red mark like the wound of a scorpion. The people of the vicinity say this plant is the forerunner of disaster, it having made previous appearances just before the outbreak of the war, and on each occasion of the coming of yellow fever. An effort has been made to burn it out, but, protected by its singular dew, this has failed. The dead bodies of cattle which have died of eating it on being examined show that the digestive organs are swollen to four times their natural size, and look as if they had been burned; the heart is congested, and the blood of a dark, unusual tinge, with an odor like benzoin. The plant is of rapid growth, covering acres in a few days, requiring little hold, and going over every obstacle in its way, the roots being of thread-like fineness, and extending only an inch or two below the surface of the ground, but exhibiting extraordinary tenacity once they seize hold of a spot, enwrapping pebbles, old roots, etc., like clinging fingers.

THE CULTIVATION OF ORCHIDS

Nancy M. Waddle.....Ladies' Home Journal

Rare specimens of orchids which are sought for in distant lands, and subjected to all the risks of importation, are not cheap. Several years ago an English collector, Baron Schroeder, paid over \$1,600 for a single specimen of *Cypripedium stonei*, a native of Borneo. Although possessing several specimens of this species the ardent collector was anxious to keep the dealers from obtaining possession of it, and thus paid so extravagant a sum to hold it all his own. There are many orchid enthusiasts who have longed in vain for the possession of a flower they consider beyond their reach, a common and erroneous idea being that these superb beauties of the tropical and semi-tropical world are the luxury of the

very rich, that they only flourish in houses built specially for them, and in a temperature akin to that of a Turkish bath, and that they require the constant supervision of a gardener skilled in their culture.

Orchids are of two kinds, epiphytal and terrestrial. The epiphytal orchids, which are found clinging to the bark of trees and clustering up among the branches, must not be confused with parasitic growths. The epiphytes draw no nutriment from the trees to which they are fastened, but being air plants absorb nourishment from the moisture in the atmosphere. The terrestrial orchids grow in the earth, like our native fringed orchids and lady's slipper, or in moss on the surface of the ground, like the calopogon. Among the epiphytal orchids are the cattleyas, probably the most superb variety known, the laelias, dendrobiums, vandas, oncidiums and many others. Terrestrial orchids comprise the cypripediums, the celanthes, bletia and phajus, etc. To give an idea of the vast number of orchidaceous plants let me state that of the types I have mentioned there are many species, as, for instance, in the cattleyas, there are the cattleya labiata, the *C. mossiae*, the *C. trianae*, etc., etc.

It is not likely that the orchid will ever become so cheap in price as the chrysanthemum, the carnation or the rose, for the reason that they are slow and difficult of propagation, and although the dealers have successfully propagated them, still a large proportion of the plants on sale are imported, but their cost is moderate, and any one who buys plants can afford an orchid or two. Orchids do not need a special house, provided they are given the temperature necessary to their growth. Many of them will grow and bloom in a window or an ordinary conservatory. They are not at all exclusive, but seem to enjoy the company of other plants. Any amateur may successfully grow them, if he is willing to study and observe their requirements.

The most important step for a beginner is to select a list of orchids whose requirements he will be able to meet. Having decided on the varieties he wishes to procure, the next step is to make a study of their habitat. A "cool orchid" from the mountainous region of Venezuela, or the high altitudes of Mexico, would become weakened and fail to flower in a tropical temperature. These cool orchids require cool, moist and partially shaded places. The tropical orchids, of course, are at their best in warmth and sunlight.

The first orchids grown in this country were at the Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, about 1818. But it was only after 1865 that orchid growing became a popular fad, and now, in addition to professional growers, there are hundreds of private collectors.

Do not kill your orchids with kindness. There is nothing better for them than a little wholesome neglect. Water freely when the pseudo bulbs are forming, but after the bulb has ripened give only enough water to keep the plant from becoming dry. The water should be of the same temperature as the atmosphere in which they are grown. Avoid pouring it on the young growth, and do not let it collect on the leaves, as it may rot them. Orchids love a moist atmosphere. Show caution about repotting; if it is necessary it should be done when the new growth begins. Other plants die unless rooted in the soil; orchids spring into beauty with only enough of earth to fasten them.

FLOWER GARDENS OF GRASSE

Making Perfumes.....Albany Telegram

The bulk of the perfumes sold the world over still come from France. They are manufactured there from flowers on a large scale at several places south of the latitude of Lyons, but the great center of the industry is at "Grasse," a pretty little mountain city perched on a sunny slope at the head of a valley twelve miles long which opens upon the Mediter-

anean coast at Cannes. There is a branch railroad from Cannes up the valley to Grasse, and the whole country thereabouts, although rugged and sterile to look at from a distance, has grown fat and rich out of flower farming and perfume manufacture, carried on for more than a century.

As a rule, the best blossoms are small or medium in size, simple in form and grown upon ground sheltered by adjacent hills from cold winds, but, nevertheless, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. By simple in form, the single natural flower, not the double, artificially developed violet or tuberose of the fancy gardeners is understood.

The flower growers and perfume distillers of southern France have no fear of any competition. They think that because they inherited this industry from their ancestors, and because no other country has ever taken it up successfully, no other country or people ever can or will. But there is nothing mysterious about the business, and nothing impossible to any man or community who will choose a suitable soil, location or exposure in, well, say California, and go about the business intelligently and with energy. As arranged in France, the business of flower farming and perfume manufacture are essentially distinct.

A few companies and firms at Grasse have small flower farms, but the bulk of their blossoms are bought like hay, from the peasant farmers who come to market with loads of roses, violets, jonquils, and other flowers, which they raise and sell like lettuce and cabbage. The flowers are gathered in the evening or early morning while the dew is on them, and the scene in the pretty little city as the long trains of blossom laden carts come in soon after sunrise is charming.

The flower harvest begins in February with violets, which, with the jonquil and mignonette, continue until the end of April. May and June bring the roses and orange

blossoms with thyme and rosemary. Jasmine and tuberose keep the distillers and farmers busy during July and August, lavender and spikenard in September, and the acacia in November and December. From November to February the manufacturers round up the business of the year, and it is then that the heaviest shipments of pomades and perfumery oils are made to Great Britain and the United States, which, after Paris, are the great patrons of the perfume-makers of southern France. Only the simple, most natural variety of flowers are used. The roses that are grown by tons for this purpose are the plain, pink June rose that every country schoolboy in America has presented blushing to his schoolma'am.

The single white jonquil, the wild violet, the single tuberose are the only ones known to the perfumers. For orange blossoms, a small, bitter, non-edible variety is used, which makes up for its poor fruit by producing a wealth of blossoms that are large, white and heavy with perfume. There is nothing in the growing of flowers that any peasant farmer of ordinary intelligence cannot readily master. It is in the manufacture from the gathered blossoms that the greatest skill and experience are required. The perfumes of commerce are in one of the four generic forms, viz.: Pomades and perfumed oils, which are made by absorption, or essences and essential oils, which are made by distillation.

Every large establishment is provided with apparatus for all these processes. The first two classes—pomades and oils—are used simply as vehicles to absorb perfume and retain it for transportation. Pomades are made from roses, tuberose, jasmine and some other alien species.

Before the season begins each manufacturer provides himself with a large number of wooden frames, set with plate glass. These frames are about two feet square and their sides are perhaps five inches wide, so that when piled up edge to edge they form

a series of closed chambers five inches deep and two feet square. Over the plate glass on both sides is spread a thin coating of refined grease—a mixture of purified lard and tallow—which, when the boxes are piled one above the other, forms the floor and ceiling of each separate chamber thus created. All is now ready for the flowers. As these arrive each morning they are assorted and the petals carefully picked from the stamens and pistils, which are thrown away.

Over the bottom of each frame or chamber above described is spread a layer of petals and the frames piled one upon the other, so that in each chamber the layer of flowers has above and beneath it the layer of white grease which absorbs the perfume until the petals become limp and withered. They are then removed and replaced with fresh ones, and this is repeated each morning until the pomade attains the required degree of perfumed strength. It is then carefully removed, packed in earthen jars, sealed, labelled and ready for export.

Olive oils are used in a similar way, except that instead of being poured on the bottom of the frame they are used to saturate pieces of coarse cotton cloth, which are then spread upon wire nettings in tight frames three or four feet square. Thus prepared, these frames are filled with petals as in the preceding process, the refined and odorless olive oil absorbs the aroma of the flowers and becomes, like the pomade, a vehicle for the retention and transportation of the perfume.

The latter process is especially applied to roses and acacias. To extract the odor from pomades or perfumed oils they have simply to be saturated with alcohol, which, with its stronger affinity, absorbs the perfume, leaving the grease or oil to be used for ordinary purposes.

It naturally requires a large quantity of flowers to make a comparatively small amount of perfume. The process of filling the pomade frames with fresh flowers goes on daily for several

months before it attains the desired strength. It is by this method only that the delicate aroma of the choicest flowers can be extracted and preserved without change for transport.

The process of distillation, which yields essences and essential oils, is altogether different. In this the flowers are thrown into large copper retorts with water, in which they are boiled, the perfume going over in vapor into condensing coils, as the ordinary distillation of high wines from grain. But the heat often changes the more robust and vigorous odors that will stand the test of fire without deterioration. The "flower waters" of the perfumers' shops are made by placing alcohol in the condensing tank, which condenses and absorbs the odorous vapor until it becomes fragrant.

Most of the popular handkerchief extracts are made by skillfully combining the odors of several different flowers, which form a harmony of perfumes, and often, by becoming the pet fragrance of society for a season, make the fortune of the lucky inventor. Thus "Patchouly" and "Jockey Club" had an extraordinary vogue and filled the pockets of their inventors.

Southern France, it is said, will not be alone in future to retain a monopoly of this fascinating and profitable industry. The next country to attempt it will probably be the United States, and for these reasons: Our country contains every variety of soil and climate which are possible within the north temperate zone. Our people are enterprising and are given to attempting new things.

At present our country is the largest consumer of French perfumes. As a people we have a hunger for luxuries; and fragrant odors are a luxury. Our laws impose a 50 per cent. duty on these fragrant imports, and their production, if it can be done in the states, will be immediately and largely profitable. The requisites will be to find in Texas, New Mexico, California, or among the hills of the Carolinas or Tennessee, soils of the right quality

in position which are sheltered from the northern winds, where severe frost is rare or unknown. There are plenty of such places where flowers can be grown as easily as grapes or potatoes.

WILD PLANTS IN MIDSUMMER

A Botanist's Stroll in Shady Places.....Phila. Ledger

The wild ginger is an odd and uninteresting wood plant with dwarfed flowers. There are two velvety round, green leaves, and between them, close to the ground, and sometimes partially buried beneath it, on an extremely short stem is a dark brown or maroon three-parted flower. The flower never rises higher. Close to the ground it buds, blooms and withers, doomed never to rise higher. Out from the interstices of pyramidal heaps of stones, which the farmers pile here and there, creeps the downy dalibarda with roundish green leaves on slender stems, and white flowers resembling those of the strawberry, but more elegant.

In similar rocky places grows the flowering raspberry, erect and shrubby, with showy dark-crimson flowers and lovely half-blown buds resembling those of the wild rose. Under the shadow of the pines rises the ghostly Indian pipe, or corpse plant, which, like the painted cup of June, is a parasite, but it fails to turn stolen juices to so good an account. July brings us the lonely, belated sisters of the *Arethusa*, the *pogonia*, with its pale pink terminal flower of faint, delicious perfume, and, the brighter *calopogon*, with its cluster of rose-purple flower. July brings, too, representatives of the aristocratic orchid family, the white orchis, the green orchis and the lonely fringed orchis of lilac hue beautiful as it is rare.

Late in the month come many flowers of yellow, harbingers of Autumn. The velvety mullein and ephemeral rock rose, the wild indigo and loosestrife, the evening primrose, the butter-and-eggs, all match in tint the yellow butterflies that flit from one to another, and leisurely sip sweets

from the depths of the open corollas. Have you ever noticed the partiality that yellow butterflies display for yellow flowers? Suppose we go back for a little to the pond where the water lilies bloom, to examine those more plebeian plants, the bladderworts.

Think of a plant that lives and blossoms and dies without a root! Such is the bladderwort, with graceful purple blossoms swept along, the sport and plaything of every breeze. The fresh water eel grass is one of the most curiously interesting plants. The grass-like leaves, are half an inch wide, and from one to two feet long, being entirely under water. The flowers are separated, the staminate growing on one plant, and the pistillate on another. The stamen bearing flowers are crowded together in a head which is borne on a very short stalk, and is hence held close down to the muddy bottom. Each white pistil-bearing flower is raised by a long thread-like stalk that permits it to float on the surface of the water. Without the pollen the seed contained in the pistil cannot be perfected. But how is the pollen, held fast in the stamens at the bottom of the pond, ever to reach the pistils?

Have we caught nature making a mistake at last? Let us watch and take note of what transpires. The staminate flowers when in the right state to discharge the pollen, as if endowed with intelligence, spontaneously break away from their short stems and rise to the surface, where they expand and shed the pollen on the white floating flowers, then wither and die. Nor is this the last act in this tragedy of the loves of the flowers. The floating blossom, as if struck with remorse at having held herself so far aloof from her true lover, henceforth forswears the world and withdraws into solitude and seclusion. In other words, the long, slender stem coils up spirally, and the fertile flower is drawn under water down to the bottom of the pond, where the remainder of its existence is passed.

HISTORIC, STATISTIC, AND GENERAL

WHAT CONGRESS COSTS THE NATION

Expense of Law-Making.....Globe-Democrat

The extra session of Congress will take out of the impoverished treasury a big sum in cash. Though many of the expenses of the National Legislature run on during its absence from Washington, they jump to maximum when it sits. To make laws costs Uncle Sam a pile of money annually. The pay alone of members of the House amounts to \$1,800,000 a year, and they get \$130,000 extra for mileage. To help them transact their business they require a small army of clerks, doorkeepers, bookkeepers, pages, messengers, etc. The salary list for this force of assistants runs up to \$730,000. This does not include the office of the sergeant-at-arms, which is a sort of bank through which the salaries of the Representatives are paid. To run this financial institution an outlay of \$16,000 is needed. An additional \$26,000 provides for the support of the House post-office, through which as much mail matter passes as comes into and goes out of a good-sized city.

The number of Senators being much smaller, their annual pay amounts only to \$440,000, with an addition of \$45,000 for mileage. There is an expense of \$5,460 for employes in the office of the Vice-President. The office of the secretary of the upper house, which does the banking and attends to much of the clerical business of that august body, costs \$64,500 in salaries. Clerks and messengers to the various committees draw \$163,500. The sergeant-at-arms, doorkeepers, and other helpers get an aggregate of \$118,600. There are further expenditures of \$30,700 for the document and folding rooms, \$18,200 for the Senate post-office, and \$16,000 for stationery.

This brief statement by no means comprises all of the expenses involved

in running Congress. Among many things left out, which are paid for out of the contingent funds, is the item of salaries for the official reporters. These are the men who write out the reports of proceedings and debates which make up the daily publication called the Congressional Record. There are five of them on the floor of the House, who sit at a table in front of the Speaker's desk. It is their duty to report every word that is said from the opening to the adjournment. Being all of them rapid stenographers, they manage by taking turns. As quickly as No. 1 has got 1,000 words put down he holds up his thumb and No. 2 takes up the thread, very likely in the middle of a speech, while No. 1 goes down to a room on the floor below, where he dictates the 1,000 words to two shorthand writers—500 words to one and 500 to the other.

While the two shorthand writers are copying off their notes quickly in typescript, reporter No. 1 goes back to his seat in front of the desk. Meanwhile No. 2 has finished his 1,000 words, and held up his thumb to No. 3, who in his turn takes up the thread, while No. 2 goes downstairs and dictates—and so on until No. 5 holds up his thumb to No. 1, and the business goes on as before. This arrangement renders it possible to have a complete typewritten report of the House proceedings ready for the printer a few minutes after that body adjourns. It is the same way with the Senate. Thus each Congressman finds on his breakfast table next morning a copy of the Record, comprising a complete report of everything that was said and done in the National Legislature on the day before. These skilled stenographers get \$5,000 a year each.

There are ten of them, and so it costs \$50,000 a year for the writing of the Congressional Record, the

stenographers paying their own assistants. The printing of this interesting daily publication is done at an expense of nearly \$150,000 annually. During the last fiscal year it used up 325,000 pounds of paper and 1,053 pounds of ink. For the titles and ornamentation on bound copies 150 pecks of gold leaf were required, valued at \$1,009. Five barrels of flour were consumed in the shape of paste for binding. During the session of the last Congress the outlay on the printing of bills and joint resolutions for both Senate and House was \$71,800. During the two sessions 10,837 such documents were presented to the House, and 4,056 to the Senate. Bills have to be printed and reprinted at all stages of their progress, so that a single one may have to be put into type a score of times before it becomes a law.

Among the advantages which a Congressman enjoys is the expectation of a costly eulogy in case he dies during his term of office. In such an event custom demands that his virtues shall be embalmed in book form at the expense of the Government. During the last fiscal year nine Representatives and Senators were thus honored, at an outlay of \$46,462. The most extravagant of these publications came to \$10,812. The expenditure for eulogies runs from \$2,500 up. From 10,000 to 25,000 copies ordinarily are distributed. Fifty are presented to the family of the dead statesman; most of the others find their way sooner or later to the junk shop. Each one must have a portrait, the engraving of which costs \$34.

Congressmen have caused great waste of the public funds by scattering the publications issued from the Government printing office broadcast where there was no use for them. As a result of this practice, thousands and thousands of volumes every year were sold to dealers in waste paper all over the country without having even been taken from their wrappers. This abuse has been done away with

to a great extent by recent legislation. Among the materials consumed by the public printer in the last year, mentioned in his account, were three gross of fire balls, \$50 worth of eggs, 84 yards of blue jeans, 206 gallons of benzine, \$16,171 worth of gold leaf, and \$2,090 worth of imitation gold leaf. Lithographed and engraved illustrations for the reports and executive documents of both House and Senate cost \$8,824.

Congress is fairly economical with respect to its expenditure on religion. The salary of the House chaplain is only \$900, while the chaplain of the Senate gets the same amount. The two branches of the National Legislature spend twice that much in the course of a year on packing boxes. These are made by carpenters at the Capitol, and being handsomely put together, are found very useful for stowing dresses in, and for other purposes of transportation which would otherwise require trunks. Out of the contingent funds the "junks" of special committees are paid for. Often they are very enjoyable as well as very expensive affairs, costing many thousands of dollars. Statesmen who travel thus at Uncle Sam's cost are usually liberal with themselves. It is quite interesting to look over their printed accounts of disbursements. They always travel in drawing-room cars, put up at the best hotels, and enjoy the choicest of whatever is to be had.

It costs a lot of money to run the building which Congress occupies for business purposes. The Capitol is under the charge of Architect Clark, who is allowed \$65,000 a year for keeping it in order. Seven carpenters are employed all the year round in making repairs, while six painters devote their exclusive attention to the many acres of wall surface inside and outside of the structure. Four plumbers do nothing but mend and renew the arrangements for water and gas, while a skilled coppersmith attends to the roof and sees that it does not leak

anywhere. Half a dozen gardeners and a score of assistants are always at work on the surrounding grounds, while twenty-five laborers are engaged every day of the year scrubbing the corridors of the great edifice, washing the steps, etc. All this has nothing to do with the keeping up of the two wings, so far as their interior arrangements are concerned. The care of these devolves upon the Senate and House respectively. Furniture and repairs require an annual outlay of \$18,000 to which must be added about \$35,000 for fuel and gas. The wages of engineers, elevator conductors, and workmen come to \$32,500 extra. The pay of the Capitol policemen is \$39,000 per annum.

SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

A Century's Growth.....The London Times

It is computed that at the opening of the present century there were 21,000,000 people who spoke the English tongue. The French speaking people at that time numbered about 31,500,000, and the Germans exceeded 30,000,000. The Russian tongue was spoken by nearly 31,000,000, and the Spanish by more than 26,000,000. Even the Italian had three-fourths as large a constituency as the English, and the Portuguese three-eighths. Of the 162,000,000 people or thereabouts, who are estimated to have been using these seven languages in the year 1801, the English speakers were less than 13 per cent., while the Spanish were 16, the Germans 11.4, the Russians 18.9, and the French 19.6. This aggregate population has now grown to 400,000,000, of which the English speaking people number close upon 125,000,000. From 13 per cent. we have advanced to 31 per cent. The French speech is now used by 50,000,000, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by 40,000,000 the Russian by 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000, and the Portuguese by about 13,000,000. The English language is now used by nearly twice as many people

as any of the others, and this relative growth is almost sure to continue. English has taken as its own the North American continent and nearly the whole of Australasia. North America alone will soon have 100,000,000 of English speaking people, while there are 40,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In South Africa and India, also, the language is extending.

CURIOSITIES OF BANK OF ENGLAND

An Historical Institution...Frank Harrison's Magazine

One of the first objects of interest upon entering the building is the bullion office, where all the gold and silver that enters or leaves the bank passes through to be checked. On the right is the gold, on the left the silver. The prominent feature of the room is the "Grand Balance," or scales, constructed by the Messrs. Napier. This marvelous instrument is a ponderous and peculiarly-built weighing machine standing nearly seven feet high and weighing about two tons. The whole is under a huge glass case, access being gained thereto by a sliding panel. The scale is worked by hydraulic power, and is the most sensitive weighing machine in existence. On each side the scales are fitted with weights amounting to 400 ounces. The gold is made up in 400-ounce bars, and the difference of one-thousandth part of an ounce can be detected. By a manipulation of the machine, so tiny a thing as a postage stamp can be weighed, for on the same being placed upon the scale the index will jump a distance of no less than six inches. It is the only balance of its kind in the world, and cost exactly £2,000. The silver scale is not so finely balanced, and the two are respectfully christened "The Lord Chief Justice" and "The Lord High Chancellor."

In another room are several machines for weighing sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Each machine consists of a complicated system of counter weights, and is not unlike a sewing machine as to its lower half, the whole

being completely inclosed in glass. A long feeder, like a tube cut in half down its length, and made of brass, is set at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is filled with a long roll of sovereigns. These turn as they slip down on to a circular movable plate, slightly larger than a sovereign. If the coin is of the right weight, it slips down a metal tube into a till below. Should, however, it prove to be lighter than the standard the delicate machine turns to the left and condemns it to the guillotine. These machines weigh coins at the rate of twenty-six per minute, and a day's weighing at the bank amounts to about £100,000.

Another interesting feature is to be found in the vaults containing the defunct paper circulation of the bank. Some idea can be gained of the quantity when we say that there are over 77,000,000 in number, and that they fill 1,400 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach two and a half miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach a height of five and a half miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is little less than Hyde Park; their original value was over £1,750,000,000; and their weight exceeds ninety and a half tons. Among them is a note for one million pounds, also the first bank-note ever issued (one for £500), and another for £250 left at the bank for 111 years, whose accumulated interest raised its value to £60,000.

The printing of the existing paper currency is an interesting process. The notes are struck off two at a time on hand-made paper, which, upon being cut, gives three rough edges and one smooth one to each piece of paper—a distinguishing feature of a Bank of England note. The paper is manufactured at the bank's own mill, and the production of it is intrusted entirely to the members of one family. The ink used in printing the notes is made from the charred stem of the

Rhenish vine, which is believed to produce the richest black of any ink in the world. Each strip of paper has to be strictly accounted for, the whole process being, at every moment, under effective supervision.

The bank can boast of possessing the wealthiest room in the world, in the shape of a kind of vault surrounded from floor to ceiling by iron safes containing rows upon rows of gold coin in bags of £2,000 each, and pile upon pile of bank notes. The amount of specie contained in this room alone is not less than £80,000,000 sterling.

Not the least interesting feature in connection with the bank is the fact that the whole system, from beginning to end, is under constant police espionage, in addition to military protection, and the electric arrangements are so complete that communication with all parts of the building can be effected at a moment's notice.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CALENDAR

Measurement of Time... Goldthwaite's Mag.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by 4, it is not divisible by 400, without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it; the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule made in 1582. The Nineteenth Century will not end till midnight of Monday, December 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century and when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the old century at midnight of December 31, 1899. But, as a century means 100 years, and as the first century could not end till a full 100 years had passed, nor the second till 200 years had passed, etc., it is not logically clear why the Nineteenth Century should be curtailed and broken off before we have had the full 1900 years. The 1st of April and 1st of July in any year, and in leap years the 1st of

January, fall on the same day of the week. The 1st of September and the 1st of December in any year fall on the same week day. The 1st of January and the 1st of October in any year fall on the same week day, unless it be a leap year. The 1st day of February, of March, and November of any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be a leap year, when January 1, April 1, and July 1 fall on the same week day. The 1st of May, 1st of June, and 1st of August in any year never fall on the same week day, nor does any one of the three ever fall on the same week day on which any other month in the same year begins, except in leap year, when the 1st of February and August fall on the same week day.

Here is a simple way to find out on what day of the week any date of this century fell: Divide the year by 4 and let the remainder go. Add the quotient and the year together, then add 3 more. Divide the result by seven, and if the remainder is 0, March 1 of that year was Sunday; if 1, Monday; 2, Tuesday, and so on. For the last century do the same thing, but add 4 instead of 3. For the next century add 2 instead. Christmas of any year always fall on the same day of the week as the 2d of January of that year, unless it be a leap year, when it is the same week day as the 3d day of January of that year. Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon that happens on or next after March 21.

THE LOUDEST NOISE EVER HEARD

Sir Robert S. Ball.....*Youth's Companion*

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, the twenty-seventh of August, 1883.

As that dreadful Sunday night wore on, the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions suc-

ceeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at ten o'clock on Monday morning a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, three hundred and fifty-five miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search, they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succor. The reports were sounds which had come all the way from Krakatoa.

At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find what was the matter. The sounds had traveled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of nine hundred and sixty-nine miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise that ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquillity had been disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatoa, seventeen hundred miles away. Look on your atlas for the Chagos Islands. Their distance from the Straits of Sunda you will find to be upward of two thousand miles.

GOETHE ON LIFE AND CHARACTER*

It is no wonder that we all more or less delight in the mediocre, because it leaves us in peace; it gives us the comfortable feeling of intercourse with what is like ourselves.

Reading ought to mean understanding; writing ought to mean knowing something; believing ought to mean comprehending; when you desire a thing, you will have to take it; when you demand it you will not get it; and when you are experienced you ought to be useful to others.

We should know one another better if one man were not so anxious to put himself on equality with another.

One need only grow old to become gentler in one's judgments. I see no fault committed which I could not have committed myself.

If I know my relation to myself and the outer world, I call it truth. Every man can have his own peculiar truth; and yet it is always the same.

It is only when a man knows a little, that he knows anything at all. With knowledge grows doubt.

Error is continually repeating itself in action, and we must unweariedly repeat the truth in word.

At all times it has not been the age, but individuals alone, who have worked for knowledge. It was the age which put Socrates to death by poison, the age which burnt Huss. The ages have always remained alike.

A great work limits us for the moment, because we feel it above our powers; and only in so far as we afterwards incorporate it with our culture, and make it part of our mind

and heart, does it become a dear and worthy object in our life and thought.

To live in a great idea means to treat the impossible as though it were possible. It is just the same with a strong character; and when an idea and character meet, things arise which fill the world with wonder for thousands of years.

You can force anything on society so long as it has no sequel.

It is said that no man is a hero to his valet. That is only because a hero can be recognized only by a hero. The valet will probably know how to appreciate his like—his fellow-valet.

An intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, a wise man hardly anything.

The true is Godlike: we do not see it itself; we must guess at it through its manifestations.

Kepler said: "My wish is that I may perceive the God whom I find everywhere in the external world, in like manner also within and inside me." The good man was not aware that in that very moment the divine in him stood in the closest connection with the divine in the Universe.

To be and remain true to one's self and others, is to possess the noblest attribute of the greatest talents.

Friendship can only be bred in practice and be maintained by practice. Affection, nay love itself, is no help at all to friendship. True, active, productive friendship consists in keeping equal pace in life: in my friend approving my aims, while I approve his, and in thus moving forward together steadfastly, however much our way of thought and life may vary.

* From *Maxims and Reflections of Goethe*.
Translated by Bailey Saunders (Macmillan).

CELEBRITIES : AT HOME AND ABROAD

APPEALING TO
BEN BUTLER'S
SENTIMENT

Here is one of the numberless stories told of Ben Butler: The narrator had an important law case on, and believed that Ben Butler was the man to win it. Butler was in Washington, so he went to the capital, and after two days succeeded in obtaining an interview with the general, who declared that he was overwhelmed with work. He would not take the case for \$1,000 a day.

"General," said his visitor, as Butler turned abruptly to his work, "I was born in the same town with you."

He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected, so far as the visitor saw.

"Do you remember little Miss —?" And the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took them."

"And I am the boy who sent them," said the general.

He held out his hand.

"I guess I'll take your case after all," he said. And he did, and won it.

BESSEMER'S INVENTION
FOR FORGERY

Rene Bache, in the *Times-Democrat*, tells this story of one of Bessemer's inventions. Sir Henry Bessemer's discoveries in steel-making brought him great wealth and many honors. He came to London a poor boy from a country village. In two years he was pursuing a method of his own invention for taking copies of antique and modern bas-reliefs in a manner that enabled him to stamp them on card-board, thus turning out an infinite number of embossed copies of the highest works of art at small cost. This process, if made known to the unscrupulous, would have opened a wide door to fraud; for by its means there was not a government stamp nor a paper seal of a corporate body which any common clerk could not forge in a few moments to absolute perfection. The disclosure of it at that time would have shattered the whole system of

the British Stamp Office. The secret has been carefully guarded to this day. At the period referred to it was reckoned that the British government lost \$500,000 annually by the fraudulent transfer of old stamps to new deeds and other legal papers, the tax being thus evaded. Bessemer invented a new system, which was adopted by the government, but he never got even thanks for it.

HENRY IRVING'S
LONDON HOME

Irving has an elegantly appointed residence in Grafton street, says a writer in the *Chicago Post*. But the furniture suggests the scholar and the man of refined tastes rather than the man of fashion. Rare old paintings and artistic bronzes are in profusion. Here are quaint bits of china, old plate with a history, rugs from Turkestan, old leather from Spain. Above the door which leads to Irving's study is a raven, though not the weird and stately creature which Poe immortalized. In a prominent niche rests a fine bust of Ellen Terry.

All about are books, books, books. Obviously the tenant of this mansion has little need of the library at the British Museum. Here are no less than thirty different editions of Shakespeare, among them some very early ones. One of the latter was formerly owned by the Duke of Bedford; it was the third published, and would be cheap at \$2,500. In the bookcase are memoirs of Garrick and Macready; above it is a bust of Kemble.

Souvenirs of mighty histrions lie upon tables, or hang upon the walls. Relics of Kean are especially numerous—the russet boots which he wore in "Richard III.," the big sword he carried in "Cymbeline," the little green silk purse found in Kean's pocket after his death, and found quite empty. Robert Browning gave

this to Irving. Another interesting curio is an authentic autograph letter of Mrs. Siddons, a letter in which she poetically accepted Lord Avon's invitation to dinner. "Look you," Mr. Irving will say, "this woman could freeze the soul of her butler by the tragic way in which she would call for mustard. Yet see what a delicate chirography was hers." And such it is—excessively dainty.

Here are two watches which Irving prizes highly. One was worn by Kemble, and the other by Edwin Forrest. The hands of the latter stand at twenty-two minutes past six, the moment when Forrest passed away from a stormy life. In the smoking room hangs the last portrait of one of Irving's dearest friends in earlier years, the gifted Charles Mathews. In the dining-room is a striking portrait of Siddons, queen of tragedy, and a landscape of "The Shoulder of Mutton Inn" in Wales, where she was born. The mansion is alive with histrionic associations, while scores of dramatic souvenirs and trophies of Mr. Irving's travels crop out in every nook and cranny.

TYNDALL AND HIS VIEWS
ON PRAYER

Kate Field, in her Washington, says this of Tyndall: Twenty-odd years ago Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, wrote a very clever essay on the advisability of testing the efficacy of prayer in sickness. He suggested that the wards of a hospital be equally divided between prayed-for and not-prayed-for, while absolutely like medical treatment, nursing and diet should be administered to both. At the end of a week it should be decided by impartial judges whether one division had any advantage over the other, and if so, which.

The suggestion was never carried out for more reasons than one, and would not now be revived had not an interesting letter dated January 13, 1872, to Sir Henry Thompson by Professor Tyndall fallen into my hands. It does infinite credit to the heart of a

great man, and will be read with pleasure by all:

MY DEAR SIR HENRY: I have read your paper with very considerable interest, for I regard it as a thoughtful, well-stated and able production.

I am very tender to the feelings that find vent in prayer, knowing them to be often associated with qualities of character of the highest kind; but it can do no good to dispute the fact that our national displays of prayer appear for the most part gross and heathenish to a great number of intelligent people. In fact, a prayer for physical ends, whether they be of life or property, is held by many of us to be worse than futile. I have therefore no objection to the first part of your paper. Yours faithfully,

JOHN TYNDALL.

TOLD OF MEMBERS
OF PARLIAMENT

Sir John Lubbock, M. P., in a recent address described some amusing incidents in the House of Commons; among other things he says: A member from the other side of the Tweed, alluding to the vote of £2,000,000 in support of the Afghan war, described it as "a flea-bite in the ocean." Another, while advocating an increase in the European troops employed in India, remarked, "You may depend upon it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army." Mr. Sullivan once delivered a speech on the relative merits of Irish and Scotch whiskey. He was complaining that Scotch whiskey was introduced into Ireland and passed off as "genuine Irish." "The stuff," he said, "is so hot that it goes down the throat like a torchlight procession." In 1879 a young Irishman got up very late to speak on a particular subject. (He, Sir John) was sitting about six feet from him, and, to his surprise, was unable to hear a word he said. He persevered gallantly, with profuse gesticulation, and he was on his legs about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time no one heard a single word. He believed that the

gentleman in question, who was very nervous, was simply speaking to himself, and thought he was talking aloud.

HOLMAN HUNT'S
STRUGGLES IN ART The career of Holman Hunt, says *The Million*, illustrates the proverb, "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." When a school-boy of twelve, he told his father that he wished to become an artist. But his father, holding the opinion that artists were a dissolute, reckless set of fellows, would not listen to his son's wishes, and placed him as a clerk with an auctioneer and real estate agent.

The usual result followed. The clerk drew portraits instead of auction announcements.

The auctioneer was himself fond of art, and painted whenever he could get a chance. On days when there was little to be done, he and his clerk used to shut themselves in the office and paint. The tables were turned upon Hunt's father; the employer, instead of instilling into the boy commercial principles, was encouraging him to become an artist. Hunt left the auctioneer to become a book-keeper in a Manchester warehouse. His duty was to sit in a little back room, looking out on three blank walls, and make entries in a ledger. But another artistic friend turned up in the person of a fellow clerk, who occasionally designed patterns for the firm's calicoes.

Hunt tried his hand at designing, and attained sufficient proficiency to justify the friend in making use of several of his designs. When he had nothing to do, Hunt drew flies upon the roughened surface of the ground-glass window. Day by day the number increased, till one day one of his employers, coming in, said: "I cannot make out how it is; every day I come into this room there seems to be more flies in it," and stepping toward the window, he took out his handkerchief to brush them away.

Hunt's father allowed him to spend his small salary in taking lessons of a

painter, thinking it would amuse the boy and keep him out of mischief.

One day the son told the father: "I will be an artist, and nothing but an artist, and if you keep me in a clerkship till I am twenty-one you'll only be taking away so much of my chance of doing any good in the future."

The father, secretly proud of his son's resolution, told him to go to the Academy, but he must support himself. He applied for admission, as a student, to the Academy schools, sending in several drawings of antique statues. They were rejected. He tried again, and the Academy again refused to admit him. Then his father told him that he was wasting his time and must go back to a clerkship. Hunt tried a third time, was accepted, and entered the school at eighteen years of age. His paintings, among which are "The Light of the World," "The Shadow of the Cross," and "The Scapegoat," indorse his choice of art as his profession in life.

AUDUBON'S ACCURACY
IN DETAILS A young artist once called upon Mr. Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him some drawings and paintings. Audubon, says the *Youth's Companion*, was much interested, and after examining the work, said:

"I like it very much, but it is a little deficient in details. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and color, but you have not arranged them correctly as to numbers."

"I never thought of that," said the young artist.

"Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now, upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Nature does her work perfectly. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will see that the scales are the same number. All partridges are made alike."

This is how Audubon became great—by patient study in small things.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

THE BOOKWORM

Mary F. Robinson.....London Sunday Sun

The whole day long I sit and read
Of days when men were men indeed,
And women knightlier far;
I fight with Joan of Arc; I fall
With Talbot; from my castle wall
I watch the guiding star.

But when at last the twilight falls
And hangs about the booklined walls,
And creeps across the page,
Then the enchantment goes, and I
Close up my volumes with a sigh
To greet a narrower age.

Home through the pearly dusk I go,
And watch the London lamplight glow
Far off in wavering lines;
A pale, gray world with primrose gleams,
And in the west a cloud that seems
My distant Appenines.

Oh, Life so full of truths to teach,
Of secrets I shall never reach.
Oh, world of here and now;
Forgive, forgive me, if a voice,
A ghost, a memory be my choice,
And more to me than thou!

JIMMY'S WOOLING

Will W. Harney.....San Francisco Report

The wind came blowing out of the West,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West;
It stirred the beech trees out of rest
And rocked the blue bird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With a wee light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in lindsey gown—

As Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in lindsey gown,
He watched the soft cheeks, changing
brown.
And the long dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

And Milly's heart was good as gold,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh, Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more than that he had never told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The wind came gathering up his bands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came gathering up his bands,
With the cloud and the lightning in his
hands
And a shadow darkening all the lands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
Where Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under a thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cosy twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast;
A wild bird fluttering home to nest,
And then I swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout
As if for a wedding day.

EXILE

Charles W. Stoddard.....San Francisco Examiner

Under heavy eyelids lie
Growing breadths of tropic sky;
A cloudlike incense in the west;
An isle upon the ocean's breast;
Long, crested waves that haste to reach
And perish on a snow-white beach,

A shining shallop, trim and frail,
Borne down upon a spicy gale;
Two lovers in the ocean vast—
The lovers loving were at last
Within the shadow of the sail.

Under heavy eyelids creep
Fitful shadows fraught with sleep;
Subtle odors in the air
Pause and tremble everywhere;
Melancholy night birds sing;
Fireflies are on the wing;
Fragrant dells of turf and fern
Where the cactus blossoms burn;
Two lovers fleeing from the past—
Two lovers loving well at last
Shall never to the world return.

AMONG THE SEA GULLS

Laura Garland Carr..... Boston Transcript

When daylight fades from land and sea
And sunset glows are paling,
When fishing smacks sail slowly home
With all their dories trailing,
When long waves, breaking on the
strand,
Grow sullen in their thunder,
And creeping winds, through swirling
sand,
Sweep human records under.

When fitful shades among the dunes
Take on a ghostly notion,
And phantom forms, with phantom tread,
Steal upward from the ocean,
When peals of elfin laughter ring
From out the reedy grasses,
And tones that mock and tones that rail
Assail the darkening passes—

Then watch the sea gulls coming in
Along the lonely beaches,
Where rumpled sand fields stretch away
In dim and dusky reaches,
Where mottled eggs on hummocks lie
In threes and threes together,
And big-eyed fledgelings skulk and hide
Unsheltered from the weather.

They come in ranks, they come in files,
In friendly flocks and single,
In lines that pointing, have no end,
But far in darkness mingle.
With swings and curves, with swoops and
swerves—

No halting, no retreating—
They come and come, till all the air
Is rife with wings a-beating.

And "p-r-e-e, p-r-e-e, p-r-e-e"—no sound
of glee,
But doleful beyond telling—
In long-drawn notes from rasping
throats,
The awesome strain is swelling.
With craning necks and peering heads,
With sidelong shunt and shuffle,
The living mass swings in, swings out,
Without a jar or ruffle.

Aye coming, coming without pause,
From far o'er land and ocean—
We look till thought and being fade
In that wild din and motion;
Feelings of loneliness and dread,
Nightmare-like, chill and bind us.
We break the thrall, we speed away,
Nor cast one glance behind us.

TRUE TO NELL

Samuel Minturn Peck..... Times-Democrat

Oh, lasses, cease your witching smiles—
Bind not your locks for me;
In vain you weave those winsome wiles—
My heart's no longer free.
The while I praise your lips and hair
I yield not to their spell;
And though you're fair, yes, very fair,
I must be true to Nell.

Oh, I'll be true to Nell;
No lass the flame can quell;
Though heaven should quake
And mountains shake,
I will be true to Nell.

Your eyes are bright, but not so bright
As bonnie Nell's to me;
Your brows, like lily buds, are white,
But Nellie's you should see.
To ease your pain perhaps—but, oh,
Pray keep the secret well—
A kiss or two I may bestow,
But I'll be true to Nell.

Oh, I'll be true to Nell,
Yet if you will not tell,
A kiss or two
I'll grant to you,
But I'll be true to Nell.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

STREET SCENES IN CAIRO

R. Talbot Kelly.....Black and White

Very few people, I imagine, carry away any very distinct first impression of Cairo. Its sunlight dazzles the eyes, as its ever-changing panorama of living pictures perplexes the mind. Ablaze with light and color, its kaleidoscopic views are a constant surprise and delight, one picture merging into another and never repeated. All is movement and sparkling color, picturesque costume and quaint streets, beautiful vistas trembling in the soft light; camels and donkeys, and wonderful bits of *genre* and picturesque incident, very difficult to describe.

Cairo has two entirely different phases, the Esbikiyeh, or modern quarter, in which are most of the hotels; and the purely native town, with its fine old mosques and bazaars.

In the Esbikiyeh, the Orientalism of the city is lost to a large extent, broad boulevards and Italian villas, shady foot-walks and well-watered streets lending it a Continental appearance, and showing little of Eastern life save the ubiquitous donkey boy, occasional camel trains and their Arab drivers, and the constantly passing natives in bernooze and turban. Greek and Italian *cafés* abound; seats and tables distributed all over the pavement, and far into the street, with their groups of swarthy Maltese, Greeks and Levantines, dozing in the sunlight, to the soft bubble of the *Sheesha* they are smoking, or eagerly playing "Tric Trac" or dominoes for the price of their coffee or vermouth! Animated and interesting these scenes are, but certainly not Oriental.

Very good carriages (*arrabiyehs*) ply incessantly. The drivers wearing that abominable modern mixture of "tarbooshe" and black coat, and on the box an armful of *bercine* (or clover) as fodder for the horses. This *bercine* is of a peculiarly vivid green,

glinting prettily in the alternate shade and sunlight, and forming a very grateful opposite to the fez, whose former quiet claret color has given way to one of brilliant red.

Seated at one of the little tables of the *cafés*, one can spend hours watching this everlasting movement of natural pictures, till the mind refuses to be further surprised, and remains torpid under the influence of a southern sun playing upon such seductive color. The very *dirt* of Cairo is picturesque, and a ragged and well-worn *gelab*, faded into a thousand variations of its original hue, is a delight to the artist. Look at this magnificent Arab coming along, his bronze face shining in the sun, and set in a framing of ivory whites and blue! And there goes another with spotless turban and silk *khafstan* glinting from below his black *arbiyeh*. Every face and figure is a study, and every group a picture delicious to the artist, and well nigh impossible to reproduce.

It is, however, in the Arab quarter that the Orientalism of the place must be sought. Orientalism almost unmixed and entirely distinct from anything to be seen in the Esbikiyeh, where English and American tourists promenade the streets, trying, by the aid of a sun helmet, to imagine a tropical heat never experienced in Cairo in the Winter months, and superciliously looked down upon by the passing camels, or effectually "removed" should they be careless in their sightseeing. These camels wear an expression of peculiar contempt, and very apropos was the remark of a friend, who "did not like camels; they were too aristocratic!"

Naturally one wished to pay a visit of respect to the tomb of the late Khedive, fondly remembered by all who had any knowledge of his character and worth; so, taking donkeys, we started for the Tombs of the

Khalifs, among which is the unassuming resting-place of Egypt's late ruler.

This donkey-riding is a time-honored custom, possessing great charms for those whose dignity allows of this convenient and congruous mode of travel, and no one who has not enjoyed a donkey ride in Cairo can imagine the wild excitement incidental to the pursuit. Charging helter-skelter through the crowded *Muski*, warning passengers to get out of the way by loud cries of "Ya Meenek" (to your right), or "She Malék" (to your left), dodging carts and *arrabiyehs*, there is a certain exhilaration about it, and a vague speculation as to your chances of running over a child, or in turn being spilled by a camel.

Emerging from the town, a dusty road between mountains of rubbish brings you to the Tombs of the Khalifs, shining in the sun against the Mokattam hills behind. Here, among generations of kings, is Tewfik Pasha's last home—a quiet burial place surrounded by a stone wall, and at present without any monument to mark the dignity of its inmate. Here, in the adjoining graveyard, all the halt and the maimed, blind and ragged of Cairo are daily fed by thousands, by order of the Khedive. I cannot attempt a description of the wretchedness and rags to be found here, nor the varied physiognomies to be seen, as, men on one side and women on the other, they "worry" the bread and meat distributed by servants under the direction of the police, while "sakkahs" all the while are busy giving water to the thirsty.

After visiting the actual burial place of the Khedive (where hired mourners sing doleful chants the whole day through), and partaking of coffee and a cigarette, I return again to the dear old streets of Cairo. These are, of course, narrow and tortuous, swarming with human and all sorts of animal life, and laden with that indescribable odor inseparable from the East. Wherefrom these smells arise I know

not, but they have a quiet intensity which pervades everything; and it is a literal fact that I have smelt Cairo four miles away. But in spite of smells, how I love its streets and bazaars, where every turn presents a picture and every incident a study.

To really enjoy these scenes they must be lived in and quietly *absorbed*. Walk about by yourself (leave your "Baedeker" at home) and see just so much as your own insight detects, and revel in *that*. Oriental life cannot be properly appreciated under the guidances of a dragoman, who hurries you from point to point, ignoring the living history of the place so carelessly passed *en route*.

How I enjoyed my first run around these dear, dirty streets after several years of absence, receiving the friendly recognition of many Arab friends of former days. Here is a little *café* consisting of a hole in the wall, two or three "dekkas," and a curtain across the street. Here I had been wont to take my coffee in former days while painting hard by, and very warm was the greeting I received from Moorsi Kharth when I called to exchange greetings once more. Down the street, seated cross-legged in their little shops are many more friends who will rise and *salaam* when I appear, and invite me to sit with them and have a cigarette and *café*.

It is in this way that Arab life may be learnt, and pleasing incidents arise now and then which afford insight into the character of a people whose gentleness, hospitality, and warm-heartedness is frequently unnoticed under their veil of fatalistic impassiveness.

THE MYSTERY OF MASHONALAND

A Lost History.....Cassell's Magazine

It is recorded that King Solomon brought to Palestine by the way of the Red Sea, 992 B.C., a quantity of gold, weighing about 3,330,000 pounds. Where did he get it? In those early days the Red Sea was the great waterway of Arabian commerce; its surface was covered with speeding

argosies from India and China, and Africa. The Arabians were the great ocean carriers; the frequent references in the Bible and in old records to Arabian gold being to gold carried by Arabians not mined in Arabia. As a matter of fact, there was very little gold in Arabia itself. Where, then, did they get the gold they took to Palestine, and Syria, and Egypt, and old Rome, as we know they did?

The answer to these questions seems to be furnished in the discovery of the remarkable mines in South Africa, which were brought prominently to notice by the Mashonaland Expedition, and which have since been thoroughly explored, measured and studied by that archæological expert, Mr. J. Theodore Bent.

Now, it is to be remembered that when the Portuguese reached Sofala, on the Mozambique coast, towards the close of the fifteenth century, they found the Arabs in possession of the coast line, and engaged, among other occupations, in the export of gold, which they obtained from the natives. These Arabs preserved traditions of wonderful mines and mighty buildings in the interior, stories which they communicated to the Portuguese, but which the Portuguese had not the curiosity or enterprise to go and investigate. And here arises another point of interest. The word Sofala is held by some to be a derivation from the Greek word Sophira, which is merely Ophir, with the prefix S. Again the great river which waters this magnificent and mysterious country is called the Sabi, or sometimes the Sabia—a name which is strangely suggestive of Sheba, whence came the great Queen, who brought 120 talents of gold to Solomon. It is possible, then, that in Mashonaland we may locate both Ophir and Sheba, but our present purpose is merely to report what has been actually discovered there of pre-historic date.

Thirty years ago, or more, Karl Mauch, the German traveller, brought

home stories so marvellous of gigantic ruins which he had found in the "desert" of South Africa that they were generally discredited. He said that 4,200 feet above sea-level he found on a granite hill the ruins of an ancient building. The walls, built of small hewn blocks with twenty-foot beams of dark stone projecting, he reported to be in places thirty feet high. But his story was received as a "traveller's tale," as was also his report of a gold-field in Matabeleland, eighty miles long, by two or three miles wide.

Mauch's reports, however, were confirmed by finds near Fort Victoria, within fifteen miles of the ruins, and other gold-fields have been discovered in Mashonaland, which show that millions of tons of rock and earth must have been overturned by these ancient miners. No doubt they had abundance of slave labor, and the crushing stones which have been found near some of the old mines show that the slaves must have been chained in rows close to the workings.

Were they the subjects of the great Queen of Sheba? And was this Ophir? These questions are of special interest. It is not our purpose to enter upon a course of historical speculation. Whether this be Sheba or not, it is certain that the ruins and all which belongs to them are not of African origin, and could not have been placed here by any known African race. The art and the religion are both foreign to the country. Both art and religion are Arabic; and Mr. Bent concludes that the builders and workers of Great Zimbabwe came from the Arabian peninsula. But when they came, how long they remained, when, why, and how they went, there is no record, even in tradition.

DELIGHTS OF LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND

Edward Wakefield.....Cosmopolitan Magazine

It is a mistaken impression that New Zealand is an island off the coast of Australia. It consists of two principal islands, separated by a

deep strait thirty miles wide, a lesser island similarly separated from the more southern of the main islands, and a number of smaller islands or islets, including the Chatham islands, Auckland islands, Kermadec islands and others. These are spread over an area about 2,000 miles from north to south, and lie 1,200 miles to the southeast of Australia, from which they are divided by vast ocean depths.

New Zealand is one of the most picturesque countries on the face of the globe, and it has, without any exception, the best climate. It seems to have been created specially for a tourist's paradise, and every year the stream of visitors to its natural wonders and beauties is becoming greater. It is destined to be the Switzerland of the southern hemisphere. Though little more than 100 miles wide at any part, it has immense mountain ranges towering up into peaks over 13,000 feet high, and glaciers of a magnitude that is only equalled in the polar regions. The west-coast sounds are gigantic fiords which throw those of Norway into insignificance. There has recently been discovered in that locality a waterfall measuring 1,904 feet from the point where a glacial river comes over a precipice to the point where it vanishes, amid clouds of vapor, into a mysterious pool.

The whole face of the country in these wild parts is covered with an evergreen robe of magnificent forest, cypresses and yews 200 feet high, varied by tropical-looking tree-ferns, palms and ti-trees (*cordylinum*), all tangled together with flowering creepers and vines, while the earth is hidden by an undergrowth of shrubs and ferns of the most wonderful variety and splendor. A great part of the North island is volcanic, Tongariro and White island—the latter twenty-five miles from shore—being immense active volcanoes, and the whole region abounding in grand extinct or dormant craters, hot lakes, boiling springs, geysers and fumaroles not

inferior to those of the Yellowstone region of America.

One of the great charms of the country is that it contains nothing hurtful, no snakes or scorpions or centipedes or venomous creatures of any sort, and no wild beasts. Nothing can be more delightful than the sensation of plunging into the dark recesses of the dense "bush," rolling among ferns and dracenas, every plant of which would be worth a guinea in London, or following the course of some glittering torrent where the sunlight only struggles in golden flecks through the massy leafage above, in the absolute assurance of perfect safety.

Yet the fauna of the islands are not less interesting in their way than the flora are exquisite and novel. New Zealand must have been the last place left by the flood, and some parts of it must have been spared altogether, so antediluvian are the creatures and the plants. It was the home of the moa, the gigantic *dinornis*, a wingless bird, covered with hair-like plumes, standing twelve or fourteen feet high, on legs as thick and strong as those of a horse. No living specimen of this monster has ever been taken since the European occupation, but countless skeletons and bones have been found and are always being found, as exploration progresses, as well as eggs, some with chicks in them, feathers, and parts of the skin. There are, moreover, three varieties of the apteryx, or wingless birds, still extant and common enough, the black and the brown kiwi and the weka—the last a most entertaining fowl.

Then there are the kakapo, or ground parrot, a huge green bird of owl-like solemnity, that lives in caves and conducts itself in a most extraordinary fashion, and the kea, or mountain parrot, a cruel bird of prey which fastens on the back of sheep when caught in the snow or otherwise disabled, and tears through their wool and flesh till it gets to their kidney

fat, which it greedily devours, leaving the wretched sheep to die in agony.

New Zealand is rapidly becoming the rendezvous of sportsmen from all parts of the world. There is excellent deer-stalking—the true red deer (*cervus elephas*), stags being often got that turn the scale at 400 pounds or even 450 pounds, which is fully 100 pounds heavier than any stag in the Highlands of Scotland—and equally good boar hunting. The wild boar of New Zealand is the descendant of porkers put ashore by Captain Cook 120 years ago, and has long since gone back to the original *sus scrofa*. Boars are not uncommon five feet in length, with a shield of gristle and bristles that no bullet will penetrate, and shining white tusks as sharp as a razor, almost meeting over the snout. Hares are shot, coursed, or hunted with hounds as in England, the hunt clubs going afield in green coats, red striped waistcoats and gilt buttons, and the huntsmen in royal scarlet, with black velvet caps as of yore.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

America's Sahara.....Philadelphia Press

In some respects the great American desert is a curious anomaly. Thirty years ago it was a very stern reality to many who sought the Golden Gate via the overland route, and spent weary days and nights along the tortuous defiles of the Santa Fe trail. About the same time there was in our school geographies a wide expanse—on the map—dotted with little marks which gave it a desolate aspect.

In some of the books this was marked "The American Sahara," and that conjured up to our young minds a veritable African desert, with its interminable reaches of sand and its too infrequent oases. In others it was labeled the "Colorado Desert," and so Colorado became the synonym of all that was flat, stale, unprofitable.

Then came a transformation. Railways were projected and built toward the setting sun, and the desert disap-

peared from the map; and, *mirabile dictu*, we were told that it had likewise disappeared from the land; that the railway had proved itself a rain-maker, and that a copious precipitation of that important article, which falls upon the just and the unjust alike, was making the arid hunting grounds of the wily Apache a paradise.

This does very well as a fairy tale, but the bald fact remains that we possess still a desert as grim and absolute as the Sahara. It may be remembered that some surprise has been expressed that General Lew Wallace, never having been out of America, should have been able to write as accurate a description of a desert as that which occurs in the admirable opening of "Ben Hur." But this surprise grows less when one visits this region and remembers that Wallace spent years within it.

Until about 1850 very little accurate information was obtained about this desert. People who had crossed it and lived to tell the tale hardly had their stories credited.

But in the year above named a United States surveying party, under the command of Lieutenant Wheeler, made a thorough scientific exploration, and established its character beyond further question. In speaking of a desert we are apt to imagine a level, sandy plain. This we have here, but we have more also. There are ragged mountain ranges, extinct volcanoes, vast expanses of black, bristling lava beds and chasms which serve to remind us of what the earth was when chaos reigned. And each of these features, while themselves vast marks upon the face of nature, yet exist without impairing the general character of the desert, for the region claimed by it is of such immense territorial extent that it might constitute an empire.

Fifteen hundred miles long from north to south, and half that in width, it stretches and into Mexico, and includes portions of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona,

Colorado and Texas. As it varies in topography, so does it in the qualities or degrees of barrenness. Parts of it produce some vegetation; grease-wood, cacti and Spanish bayonet will live where anything will, and these are frequently found. But there are great areas where no plant of any sort will grow.

In some portions of the desert it is hotter than anywhere else in America, perhaps than anywhere else in the world. The mercury runs up in the Summer as high as 135 degrees in the shade. This is an atmospheric condition that is hard to realize by us who fume whenever the mercury registers among the nineties. Life, at such a time, is almost insupportable by either the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and these sands are left alone to the sun. Among the chief characteristics of this desert are the rivers, the oases, and the winds. The Colorado is almost the only one among all the streams that is like an ordinary river.

This has some water in its bed throughout the year, although the quantity varies suddenly and enormously. And it also has, what at first may not seem very peculiar, a source and a mouth. In this, however, it differs from most of the rivers of the desert, for, while their sources are definite enough, it often happens that they lose themselves in the sands and come to an ignominious end while yet a long way from the sea, toward which all respectable rivers are supposed to be bound.

The oases of this desert differ from those of the Sahara, being the narrow valleys watered with the flowing streams, while those of the latter are caused by natural springs. But both serve the same purpose, making green spots where the traveler may rest and refresh both himself and his beast, and so gather new strength and courage for the hardships and dangers that lie beyond.

But, after all, the wind and the sand are the great features of the

desert. The two are inseparable in the mind, for when the wind blows, which it almost always does, the sands are likewise disturbed.

Because of this we do not hear the wind called a "simoon," or even a "wind-storm." That is what it is; the sand-storm is about over the land, and woe be to the man or beast that encounters it unprepared. It cuts and pierces, and blinds and stings and stifles. One cannot face it at its worst. If caught out upon the open, they must lie down and bury their faces in the earth and draw a blanket close about their heads and remain thus until it passes.

The sand drifts about like snow. Towns are being uncovered that have lain buried for a century; others that now rear their six feet of adobe walls proudly above the plain, will be covered to-morrow or next day, and they who come after us will uncover again a hundred years hence the ruins of a prehistoric race and time. But sands do not merely shift upon the level plain. Far up, upon the heads of rocky cliffs, hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet above the level great masses of sand are thrown by the sweeping wind, which lifts it as with a scoop and scatters it far aloft. Tons upon tons, acre upon acre, of surface, fathom upon fathom of depth, there it lies. Let who will play pitch and toss with the god—with Kabi-bonokka, the north wind. One part of the desert is called the "Journey of death." Other names applied locally to certain areas are equally suggestive. One is "Death Valley," in California; another, just beyond Pioche, is the "Land of thirst." If these names are more suggestive than the bare appellation of the desert, so are these places the concentration of all that is evil, horrid and forbidding in all that area. The stories of deadly misadventures that have occurred within them rival in horror the tale of suffering in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and no awful detail could overdo the terror of the situation.

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Rome on "The Happiness in Hell".....19th Century
Spiritual Phenomena: E. W. Wilcox.....Arena.
Vatican and United States: E. McGlynn.....Forum.
What Makes a Presbyterian? B. L. Agnew.....Chaut.

Scientific and Industrial:

Aerial Navigation: J. Fleury.....Chautauq.
All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection.....Cont. Rev.
At the Throttle: Cleveland Moffett.....McClure's.
Diplomacy of the Isthmian Canals.....Harper's.
Grandfather Thunder: A. L. Alger.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Hypnotism: Judson Doland.....Lippincott's Mag.
Menage Scientific Expedition: W. S. Harwood.....Chaut.
Polar Probabilities of 1894: A. W. Greeley.....N. A. Rev.
Prehistoric Jasper Mines: H. C. Mercer.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Recent Science: Prince Kropotkin.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Lesson of Heredity: H. S. Williams.....N. A. Rev.
The Machinist: Fred J. Miller.....Scribner's.

Sociologic Questions:

A Word to Wage Earners: A. Carnegie.....No. Am. Rev.
American Standard of Living.....Chautauquan.
Census and Immigration: H. C. Lodge.....Century.
Children of the Streets: E. Hogan.....Cal. Illus.
Clothes Historically Considered: E. J. Lowell.....Scrib.
Criminals Not Victims of Heredity.....Forum
Do Women Dress for Men?.....Worthington's.
Follies of Fashion: Mrs. Parr.....Pall Mall Mag.
Food Waste in American Households.....Forum.
Isolation on Prairie Farms: E. V. Smalley.....Atl.
Needed Prison Reforms: F. C. Eldred.....No. Am. Rev.
Modern Spirit in Penology.....Pop. Sci. Quart.
Penal Sentences: G. Rayleigh Vicars.....Gentleman's.
Reformatory Prisons.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Scientific Cooking: M. A. Boland.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Society, the Remnant: Mrs. Linton.....Pall Mall Mag.
South Carolina Liquor Law: W. G. Chafee.....No. Am.
Southern Ute Indians: V. Z. Reed.....Cal. Illust.
Theory of the Inheritance Tax.....Pop. Sci. Quart.

Wealth of New York: T. F. Gilroy.....No. Am. Rev.
Woman Question in Japan: H. E. G. Fletcher.....Godey's.
Woman's Excitement Over "Woman".....Forum.

Sport and Recreation :

Business of Horse Racing.....F. Leslie's Pop. Mo.
By Canoe from Lake George.....Outing.
Cycling Round Paris: R. H. Sherard.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Devil Fishing in Jamaica.....F. Leslie's Pop. Mo.
Family Camp in the Rockies: C. R. Conover.....Outing.
Football on Pacific Slope: J. Craig.....Outing.
International Yachting Contests.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
Lenz World Tour Awheel.....Outing.
Riders of Egypt: T. A. Dodge.....Harper's.
Through Erin Awheel: Grace E. Denison.....Outing.
Woodcock Shooting in Illinois: Dace.....Outing.

Travel and Adventure :

A Dutch Exterior: W. L. Alden.....Pall Mall.
A Foreigner's Misconceptions: L. A. Sheldon.....Calif.
A Russian Summer Resort: I. F. Hapgood.....Atlantic.
Across the Plains: J. W. Tate.....Overland.
American Life Thro' English Spectacles.....19th Century
An Albert Dürer Town: E. R. Pennell.....Harper's.
An Early Day Memory: W. S. Hutchinson.....Overland.
Art Pilgrimage—Malta.....Art Interchange.
An Imperial City: Lepel Griffin.....Pall Mall.
At the Pribilof Islands: J. S. Brown.....Worth.
Champs Elysées: Claude Phillips.....Mag. of Art.
Down Love Lane: Thos. A. Janvier.....Harper's.
From Buffalo to Bremen: J. H. Vincent.....Chautauq.
Iceland: T. G. Paterson.....Magazine of Art.
Japan and Foreign Powers: E. A. Cheney.....Arena.
Malay Peninsula: Alfred Keyser.....19th Century
Memories of Augsburg and Innsbruck.....Peterson's.
New England Nooks: Mary G. Umstead.....Peterson's.
On St. Augustine Road: B. Torrey.....Atlantic.
Palermo: Florence Freeman.....Monthly Packet.
Russian Jewry: Hall Caine.....Pall Mall Mag.
Smuggling: John Craig.....Calif. Illus. Mag.
Students' Holiday on Mt. St. Michael.....Art Inter.
Temecula Canyon: T. S. Van Dyke.....Outing.
Texas: Samuel Bell Maxey.....Harper's.
The French Palaces: R. H. Titherington.....Munsey's.
Tides of Bay of Fundy: G. Kobbé.....Scribner's.
To California in '49: H. O. Hooper.....Overland.
Unter den Linden: M. G. Watkins.....Longman's.

World's Fair Flatters :

Anthropology at the World's Fair.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Chicago's Disting'd Visitors: H. C. C. Taylor.....Cos.
Electricity at the Fair: Murat Halstead.....Cosmop.
Ethnology at the Exposition: F. Boas.....Cosmop.
First Impression: Walter Besant.....Cosmop.
Foreign Buildings: Price Collier.....Cosmop.
Foreign Folk at the Fair: J. Hawthorne.....Cosmop.
Government Exhibit: F. T. Bickford.....Cosmop.
Industrial Art: George F. Kunz.....Cosmop.
Locomotion at World's Fair.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
Mines and Metallurgy: F. J. V. Skiff.....Cosmop.
Outsider's View of Woman's Exhibit.....Cosmop.
Points of Interest: Benj. Harrison.....Cosmop.
Sights at the Fair: G. Kobbé.....Century.
State Exhibits: William Igleheart.....Chautauq.
The World's Fair.....The Art Amateur.
Transportation, Old and New: J. B. Walker.....Cosmop.
Uncle Sam in the Fair: C. King.....Lippincott's.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY DOINGS

Charles G. Leland resembles a Viking chief in nineteenth-century dress, with his gaunt, massive frame, snowy hair and beard, and, more than all, his frosty blue eyes, with their shrewd, fearless expression.—Prof. James Darmstetter, Orientalist in the College of France, won the prize of £800 awarded by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres for the best work or invention calculated to do credit or be useful to the country within the last ten years.—Theodore Tilton's new volume of poems, is entitled *The Chameleon's Dish*, a book of lyrics and ballads founded on the hopes and illusions of mankind. The motto is from Hamlet, when the Danish prince tells his uncle the king how he fares—"Of the chameleon's dish; I eat the air, promise-crammed."

The *National Review* has passed from Alfred Austin's control to that of Leo Maxse.—Kipling's only sister is one of the best Shakespeare scholars in England.—As each sheet of manuscript of Empress Eugenie's memoirs, now in preparation, is finished it is placed under lock and key. Nobody has seen a page, and the memoirs will not be made public until twenty-five years after the Empress' death.—After completing the novel which he is now writing, a story of New York life, Edward Eggleston will confine himself to historical writing.—The St. Paul Pioneer Press says: "It is a favorable scheme of George Macdonald, and one deservedly popular, to take a seemingly hopeless character and subject it to influences which mold it into something strikingly like an archangel."

Dr. Nansen, who has just sailed from Christiania to find the North Pole, has with him a phonograph, into which his wife has sang all his favor-

ite songs, and in which their little baby has also uplifted his voice.—After completing his work on *Lourdes*, Zola may write some stories for children, or carry out a pet scheme of his and write a history of French literature on an entirely new plan.—Jean Ingelow, now sixty-three years old, has her home in a pretty house at Lexham Gardens, South Kensington. Writing is still her work, botany her recreation, and her great pleasure giving weekly dinners to poor persons discharged from the hospitals.

The *Houyhnhnm* is in future to be published quarterly as the organ of the English "Swift Society," originated by the Hon. Stuart Erskine.—Sully Prudhomme says of Guy de Maupassant's writing: "Maupassant's style seduces me by its simplicity combined with power; the relief of it is made of precision. Nothing in it cries out, nothing gesticulates. He effaces himself before the things that he represents, confiding to them alone by the sincerity of the expression, the charge to excite emotion."—The Palazzo Verospi in Rome, where Shelley lived, is to be marked with a marble tablet.—Three hundred and twelve thousand copies of Drummond's *Greatest Thing in the World* and 114,000 of his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* have been sold.

Octave Uzanne, the fortunate Paris editor and author, suspended the publication of his art periodical for a year in order to visit the World's Fair and to see this country.—Edwin Lasseter Bynner, the author of *The Begum's Daughter*, *Zachary Phips* and *Agnes Surridge*, died recently in Boston.—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin says her story, *Timothy's Quest*, was founded on a sentence heard from a little child:

"They don't seem to need any babies here."—A friend was visiting Oscar Wilde and found him hard at work "cutting" superfluous dialogue from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a minute or two, "What right have I to do this thing? Who am I that I should tamper with a classic?"—Prof. James Geikie says that Stead's new quarterly, *Borderland*, "may tend to increase the population of our lunatic asylums."

Black and White, the London weekly, says: "Miss Deland has an almost Hawthorne-like touch in dealing with such old world characters as survive in New England country towns, fanciful, faddish, unaccountable; as deeply encrusted with idiosyncracies as are the old stone roofs of their homes with lichen; as sealed to the influences of the outer world as their old family linen presses are full of the faint smell of lavender."—One of the rooms of the Press Bureau, at the World's Fair, has by way of wall paper, the title-pages of all the leading publications of the world, and the effect, says the *Pittsburg Bulletin*, "is not so distressing as one would suppose."—Prof. Henry Drummond's book on *The Evolution of Man* is not to appear for a year.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, although he is best known as the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, does not approve of afternoon tea, which he describes as "gibble, gabble, gobble, and git."—Mrs. Oliphant, now sixty-five years old, lives at Windsor, near the castle. She is an indefatigable worker and her powers show no signs of failing.

Concerning the recent "poetizing" on the marriage of the Duke of York, the *New York Tribune* says: "The rhymes—they cannot be called poetry—evoked by the marriage of the Duke of York go to show either that there is really no material in England for a laureate worth having or that the true poets of England are not inspired by

royalty in these days. Greater twaddle than has been written about the event could hardly be found."—Although the name, "Oliver Pen, F.R.C.S.," appears on the title-page of Charley Kingston's *Aunt*, of which a new edition has just been issued, it is known to some that "Oliver Pen" is Sir Henry Thompson.—Arvede Barine has read the famous correspondence between Alfred de Musset and George Sand, the publication of which is prohibited by the Musset family, and says: "This correspondence is one of the most precious psychological documents of the first half of the century."

Prof. H. H. Boyesen's judgment is that the criticisms of the press, so far as literary work is concerned, are, with few exceptions, quite useless to the author.—Giovanni Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the story on which both the opera and play of that name were founded, has been translated into English by Alma Strettell, for the Pseudonym Library.—George Ebers says: "Among the greatest educational powers are quietude and introspective reflection, which in this progressive age, that tends so strongly to association, are so difficult for all to obtain."—The monument soon to be unveiled over the grave of the poet James Gates Percival at Hazel Green, Wis., has been set in place. It bears inscriptions testifying to Percival's eminence as a poet, linguist, scientist and "man without guile."

Anne Pratt, a distinguished botanist, author of *Flowering Plants and Ferns of Great Britain*, died recently in England at the age of eighty-eight. Her first book was published nearly seventy years ago.—Only twenty years ago Emile Zola was a clerk in the shop of Messrs. Hachette, on the Boulevard St. Germain, at 80fr. a month (about \$16); now he is a millionaire.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a slow writer. It took her ten

years to write *Later Lyrics*, and she was two days sometimes correcting a single word in a poem.—Marion Crawford thinks that "so far as India is concerned, we might all leave this field to Rudyard Kipling. He knows India as no one else knows it, and no one else can picture it so perfectly as he."—Norman Gale is preparing a volume of *Orchard Songs* for early publication.—Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of *Spartacus* to the Gladiators, the schoolboy's favorite declamation, is still preaching on Sundays in his church at Harpswell, Me., although he has passed his eightieth birthday.—Walter Besant says that Mark Rutherford has written "three of the most impressive books of recent years."

Sir Joseph Hooker is publishing, with the aid of the staff of the Herbarium at Kew, *The Index Kewensis*, giving the names of all flowering plants, to be published in four quarto volumes. The work was undertaken at the request of Darwin.—W. T. Stead has practically completed his plans for the issue of the new illustrated pocket daily, to consist of from thirty to forty pages of the same size as the *Review of Reviews*. There will be no betting news and no Stock Exchange news, but space will be given to religious movements. Arrangements are being made for the issue of the paper in five European capitals.—Daudet says to those who come to consult him about literary work: "No matter how occupied you are with your present way of earning a livelihood, if you have it in you to write you will find time to do it."

The progress of modern invention and discovery and applied sciences is constantly adding new words to our language. The words and phrases under the letter A in Worcester's Dictionary are 6,933, in Webster's 8,358, in the Century 15,621 and in the Standard now in process of publication 19,736.—The Archbishop of

Canterbury's son, only twenty-five years old, has just made an astonishing success with a first novel, *Dodo*, a story of a woman of society. It went into a second edition within three weeks, and is to be published in French.—Ibsen had the rather discouraging test of carrying an unsold edition of one of his early works to a grocer to be sold as waste paper.—Prince Krapotkin, a man of profound learning, and of high standing as a scientist, will visit this country in the Fall. Despite his noble birth he is one of the most active Nihilists in Europe, and a bosom friend of Stepniak.

James Payn is as great a cockney as Charles Lamb. He never goes away from London unless forced to, and thinks the stories told by enthusiasts of the delights of country life a delusion and a snare.—The late Miss Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, was so extremely conscientious that she read every story, to which she was at all attracted, three different times, in as many different moods, before she recognized its right to be printed, and then only if it passed each test.—Two books which have been translated into more languages than any others except the Bible are Dr. Smiles's *Self Help* and Samuel Warren's *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*.—A catalogue of a portion of the library of Edmund Gosse, soon to be printed, will contain notes on about 900 books relating to the seventieth and eighteenth centuries. Only sixty-five copies will be printed, and fifty of these will go to subscribers.—Mario Urchard, the dramatist, author of *My Uncle Barbasson*, of which Vizetelly published an English translation, died recently in Paris, at the age of sixty-nine.

Dr. Timothy Stone Pinneo, widely known as the author of Pinneo's grammars and the reviser of the McGuffey readers, died in Norwalk, Conn.—Labouchere calls Rudyard

Kipling a "British braggart of the blatant type."—Signorina Ada Negre, the new Italian poet, who has just been awarded a pension of 1,800 francs a year, is only twenty-one years old, and has supported herself and an invalid mother by arduous and ill-paid teaching in the national schools.—Gladstone and George Augustus Sala are said to be the only two men in Great Britain who can speak Italian without a trace of accent.—Perhaps no other living French author has so large an income from a single book as Georges Ohnet, the E. P. Roe of France. He received over \$100,000 in a single year from the novel and play of *The Forge Master*.

Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh University, is the original of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.—Rev. James Wood, editor of Nuttall's Standard Dictionary, has just completed, after a labor of three years, a Dictionary of Quotations, containing 30,000 references and a classified index.—Tolstoi says that poetry prevents the author from giving a clear, intelligent and comprehensive expression to ideas.—Thomas Archer, who wrote the new book on Fleet street as *The Highway of Letters*, died recently in England at the age of sixty-two.—A spiritualistic periodical published in London gravely announces that it has "secured the exclusive collaboration of William Shakespeare in the spirit world," and that the public is warned that alleged communications from him appearing in any other paper are spurious.—Hall Caine, author of *The Bondman*, will come to America next season to see the production of *Mohammed*, the play he has written for E. S. Willard.

Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic of the *London Telegraph*, will write a book on his recent trip around the world, with the title, *Round the World to the World's Fair*.—The *Minneapolis Journal* says: "A new Southern writer of ex-

cellent promise has appeared in Francis Lynde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who shows a disposition to stick to the delineation of Southern scenes and to evolve characters out of ordinary Tennessee backwoods folk."—The author of "*Alice in Wonderland*," Lewis Carroll, has two hobbies: children and amateur photography.—Dr. Hans von Bulow has no admiration or even toleration for the prevailing style of light opera. He says the composers may be divided into two classes—those who plagiarize from the hand organs and those who write for them.—Zola announces that when he has completed three works on which he is now engaged he will seek a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He says his investigations into the life of all classes of the people ought to render his services valuable, although he is no orator.

Arthur Waugh says the English Illustrated Magazine, which recently passed into the hands of Edward Arnold, is to come into the possession of the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*.—Charles Dudley Warner says that he has found many men who were not able to subscribe for a paper, but he has yet to discover one man who is not able to edit one.—Francis P. Pascoe, who died recently in England, had been known to a limited circle for nearly half a century as one of the most eminent zoologists of the age. He was an intimate friend of Owen and Darwin, and their enthusiastic and valued fellow-worker.—Dr. Arabella Keneally, author of *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*, entered the medical profession with the express intention of bringing its resources to bear upon fiction.—"Only a man, yet faithful as a dog," is the succinct expression of an English novelist in one of his recent works.

Chas. Robinson, of the *North American Review*, has written a history of European political parties, which will

be published in October.—Anthony Trollope's first novel was written in twenty-four days, in order to obtain the money to give his wife a change of air ordered by the doctors.—The long novel upon which the author of *The Story of an African Farm* is now engaged, is to be named *From Man to Man*. It is a study in the comparative ethics of men's treatment of men, and their treatment of women.—Dr. Conan Doyle, author of *The Refugees*, is collaborating with J. M. Barrie in the libretto of a new opera to be produced at the Savoy, London.—Cy Warman, whose name has been appended to clever verse in the *New York Sun* and other papers, has collected half a hundred of his poems and published in a little book entitled *Mountain Melodies*.—Professor Ray Lankester, of England, asked for his opinion of Stead's new psychical magazine, *Borderland*, replied "I do not consider you are in any way qualified to deal with this question."

The old Whittier homestead at Haverhill has been made to resemble as nearly as may be the home as it was in the poet's boyhood; and the number of pilgrims who visit it is daily increasing.—Eugene Field says: "I am going to write a sentimental life of Horace. We know mighty little of him, but what I don't know I'll make up. I'll write such a life as he must have lived."—Lady Burton has kept all her husband's books classified, as he kept them himself, with a catalogue; and has separate shelves ticketed and numbered; for example, *Sword*, *Gypsy*, *Pentamerone*, *Camoens*, and so on. Sir Richard Burton's papers, she says, fill five rooms.—The new English edition of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, which is sold at half a crown, is the thirty-seventh that has appeared in England.

Verses by the Way, by J. D. Hosken, gives a taste of the powers of a young poet who has been discovered plying

the vocation of a postman in a Cornish village. "The postman-poet," as he is affectionately called by his admirers, has published one or two classical dramas which have pleased discerning critics; his lyrics appear in *Longman's*; and Gladstone has acknowledged his merits by a grant of £100 out of official funds.—Henry Irving, on reading J. M. Barrie's *Window in Thrums*, at once saw its dramatic possibilities and conceived a warm desire to enact the part of Tammag Haggart. The author was easily persuaded to fall in with this view, and the play may be ready before next Summer.—Tolstoi hopes to live long enough to complete one more novel, to be named *God in the Man*, and dealing with society under present conditions. Literary gossip says it will be very Socialist and Communistic in its sympathies.

The *Glacialist's Magazine* is a new English monthly devoted to glacial geology.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote a novel when she was 9 years old, to which she gave the fine title, *Mimmie Tighthead* and Mrs. Dudley.—The Rev. Edward Everett Hale says that Ralph Waldo Emerson, on one of his ocean trips, committed Milton's *Lycidas* to memory to while away a few otherwise unprofitable days.—Paul Bourget, author of *Cosmopolis*, who is now in this country, was disappointed to find that his latest novel, *Un Scrupule*, has not found an American translator and publisher. He proposes hereafter to submit his new manuscripts to American publishers before he issues them in France.—The late J. A. Symonds appointed as his literary executor his friend Mr. Horatio Brown of Venice. The task will be no sinecure, for Mr. Symonds left behind him a large quantity of unpublished work.—Labouchere has for many years set aside a part of the profits of the *London Truth* as a sinking fund for the defence of libel suits, and it is said to amount to something like £60,000.

THE PROMISE OF THE EYES*

I was seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, whither I had come to enjoy alone and uninterrupted a lovely October afternoon.

The gray transparency of a Parisian atmosphere lent a glamor to the Autumn hues, like filmy gauze over the face of some rich Eastern beauty, and the seductive harmony of the colors acted like magic music on the spirit. In the distance, the bare trees looked like vague blue smoke against the pale sky, and, near at hand, the fallen leaves, damp in shadowed places or dry and crisp in the sun, showed all the shades from purple and rich copper to gray and gold. My gaze was fastened upon the horizon, and I was completely wrapped in that peculiar sadness which exquisite harmony of any kind is apt to produce. Suddenly I heard, close to my ear, in a strange voice of full, sweet quality:

"*Est-ce que ton cœur remplit la promesse de tes yeux ?*"—"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?"

I turned and beheld sitting on the bench beside me a young man who was regarding my face with a strange and intense interest. He was evidently a Frenchman; I should have known that, even if I had not noticed his beautiful, musical pronunciation; his eyes were almond-shaped and very brilliant, owing to the bluish color of the whites and the profound black of the pupils; his complexion a rich olive, his features straight and chiseled, and above his sweet, almost childishly innocent mouth a soft dark down was visible.

His face, turned toward me, was that of an enthusiast, a martyr *in posse*; he was evidently an extremist, and, like many who are very intense, inclined to narrowness of ideas. There was something in his expression that attracted and fascinated me, something

*Pauline Hoffman in *The San Francisco Argonaut*.

that freed me from any fear, that seemed to place me outside of conventionalities and in another world.

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?" he repeated gravely and as though the answer were of great importance.

"What is the promise of my eyes?" I asked, interested, and losing all sense of the strangeness of his question, for the moment.

"A promise sublime and tender," he said; and continuing, after a few moments' pause: "Your eyes promise to render some one perfectly happy; to remove for him who passes his life at your side all trouble and care. They promise to give him pure, eternal joy, unmarred by sadness, to make for him a heavenly Paradise upon this weary earth. Swear to me that this promise will be kept."

"But really, monsieur," I answered, frankly, "I think it will not. Such a vow is not possible—I—"

"It is just as I feared," he interrupted me, with a deep sigh. "Well, then, there is but one thing left for me to do. I must close your eyes forever."

"But why?"

"Because they deceive."

"But that is not my fault."

"No, it is not your fault, poor child; but, all the same, I must extinguish that false promise forever. I must kill you."

He drew from his pocket a small knife of fine Eastern workmanship, with a shining, curved blade and ivory handle. I looked about us; we were entirely alone and in such a secluded part of the park that it was not likely that any one was even in hearing distance; the situation was becoming serious; it was necessary to make an effort.

"Monsieur," I commenced, timidly, "I will empty my eyes of that promise."

"Impossible."

"I will try—try to fulfill it."

"That is the first falsehood you have spoken," he replied, severely; "you know that you cannot fulfill it."

"I will close my eyes myself forever—forever if you wish."

"Your eyes are stronger than you; nothing but death can control them."

"And do you really wish to kill me?" I asked, temporizing, while I looked about anxiously for some chance of escape.

He grasped my hand and held it firmly, turning his face deliberately away from mine while he answered resolutely, "I must."

"Why?"

"To prevent you from killing many others. You are as a child armed with a sharp sword. You will stab the hearts of many men. It is better that one die than many."

"But, Monsieur, I have done nothing, I have done nothing."

His fingers clinched my wrist like iron, his features were pitiless, he would not look at me; the stillness about us was frightful.

"You may not be guilty," he said, gloomily, "but I am appointed your executioner. Between your heart and your eyes there exists a fearful lie; the one will not, can not give what the others promise. It is the duty of every honest man to fight and to put an end to lies. In the name of Truth"—here he raised his knife to his lips, kissing the blade with a solemnity that caused me to shiver violently, so violently that I could not control myself, in my fear—"I sacrifice you—"

"Wait, wait, monsieur, one moment," I cried; "one last request, then do with me as you will."

"Only one," he assented, pausing as though for just a moment, his hand still raised above me with a murderous gesture.

"You are going to kill me on account of what you read in my eyes, are you not?"

"It is for that I sacrifice you."

"Well, then, before—before you kill me allow me to look in yours."

"That is just," he murmured to himself, and, turning his head toward me, his brilliant eyes, burning with a secret fire, met mine.

With all my might I tried to read in those mysterious orbs; I endeavored to look within those windows of the soul to discover, if possible, the motives that inspired my strange companion, to find a clew to his actions, something that would tell me how to influence him. My eyes plunged and lost themselves in those clear depths as in a still lake shadowed by mountains; deeper and deeper sank my spirit in those translucent wells of darkness, searching, searching, and not finding. Those brown waves were endowed with Lethean potency.

Under their strange spell I forgot my danger, the world, myself, everything; I was drowned in oblivion, seeking the source of those bottomless springs, searching the depths of his soul.

I was aware of nothing that was going on around me, and so I did not notice the change that must gradually have come over the young Frenchman's face during our long mutual gaze. His brows contracted, his features relaxed, his lips trembled, and the hand that held the dagger fell nerveless by his side. I saw nothing of this and was in another world until a sudden, shrill cry from him brought me back to consciousness.

"It is too late, I can not," and he dropped my hand with a groan, bursting into tears. "It is too late; I wished to save others, but I have only lost myself. I have gone too near the flame."

I arose as in a dream, and walked slowly down the path covered with yellow, rustling leaves. The young man made no sign, no motion to detain me. At the turn of the road I looked back at him; he was still sitting with his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, his whole figure convulsed with sobs, the picture of complete despair.